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Motion Picture

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ANITA PAGE

'm *No* SAINT

...says

CLARK GABLE

The *Truth* About MARY ASTOR'S Secret Marriage

PN1993
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THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME, men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, betrayed their country, gave up their lives! Here is one of the truly great dramas that has come out of the war—based on the incredible adventures of Mata Hari—called the most dangerous woman who ever lived. Who but the supreme Greta Garbo could bring to the screen this strange, exciting personality! Who but Ramon Novarro could play so well the part of the lover who is willing to sell his honor for a kiss! See these two great stars in a picture you will never forget.



It was beyond the powers of mortal man to withstand the lure of this siren.

The lives of a million men—the destinies of nations—these were the stakes she played for.

Greta GARBO IN MATA HARI Ramon NOVARRO

with

LIONEL BARRYMORE

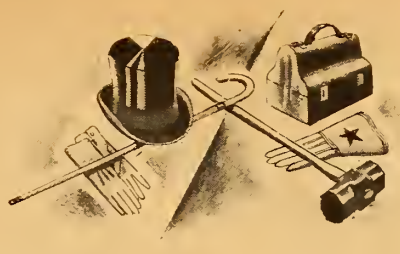
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LEWIS STONE

Directed by

George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



HIGH-HATS or OVERALLS!



This man is the typical millionaire! He has an imported car—servants—money. Yet all his wealth can't help him if his teeth and gums are not healthy.



This man has muscles of steel. But his gums, being soft, trouble him. "Pink Tooth Brush" is no respecter of people. For all people, millionaires and workmen, eat soft, creamy food.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" doesn't care who you are



Women especially should be concerned about the looks of their teeth and their husband's teeth. Follow the new dental developments. Use Ipana and massage. Beauty of the teeth, preservation of the gums in a healthy state will reward you.



This is Ipana Tooth Paste. Use it on your teeth. Massage it into your gums. Keep your gums firm and healthy with Ipana and massage, and you will be delighted with the fine, clean appearance of your teeth—the only teeth you will ever have.

You may live on Easy Street, or work like a slave—either way, you can have plenty of grief from soft gums. "Pink tooth brush" can happen to *anyone!*

As a child, you had good, sound gums. But now? No! Why? Because, like all the modern world, you eat soft foods. And soft foods don't give your gums enough work to keep them vigorous and firm.

Gradually your gums have become lazy, touchy, and tender. They probably leave traces of "pink" on your tooth brush. And unless you set them to work right now, gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea might follow. And why endanger the health of sound teeth?

Get after "pink tooth brush"—beginning today. Brush your teeth with Ipana—twice each day. But each time rub a little extra Ipana into your gums.

You'll notice more sparkle in your teeth—and your gums will be harder and healthier. Go on using Ipana with massage—and *forget* about "pink tooth brush"!

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Marlene Dietrich



CLIVE BROOK



"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

with CLIVE BROOK, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Eugene Pallette. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg

All men desired her, this ravishing, mysterious creature whose scarlet life held many men—whose Love only one had ever known! Parted, they meet again, on the Shanghai Express—seething with intrigue, desire, hatred—hurtling through the night with a dead man at the throttle . . . Marlene Dietrich in the year's greatest melodrama—another Paramount "best show in town!"

象形

Paramount Pictures

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Motion Picture

FEBRUARY
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LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIII, No. 1



CHEASLEY ANALYZES SYLVIA SIDNEY

We continue in this issue the series of character readings by Clifford W. Cheasley, noted numerologist and author of many books on the science of numbers.

His subject this month is Sylvia Sidney, who has received such wide acclaim for her artistry in the outstanding feature films, "Street Scene" and "An American Tragedy."

You will want to read this interesting character analysis . . . you will want, too, a brief general Numberscope of your own when you see how easy it is to obtain one. Just turn to Page 42 in this issue.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS



The tricky part of this picture of Arletta Duncan is not the fact that she has on snowshoes which made her "faw down," but that she has on a warm—yes, we said warm—ermine bathing-suit and tam and a gay woolly muffler. Now let it snow!

WRITE 'EM AND REAP A MONEY PRIZE

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York.

$20.00 Letter

Beauty Not Everything

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It afforded me a great deal of pleasure to learn that Hollywood, the center of pulchritude, voted so that this year's awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the two best performances of the year went to Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore, who are neither beautiful nor handsome. Evidently even the great film center of the world, which is filled with beautiful women and handsome men, has come to the conclusion that beauty isn't everything and that the character actors who always give excellent and human portrayals are coming into their own.

I really believe that if all the motion picture fans were asked to vote as were the 700 Academy members on that occasion, they would also have voted Marie Dressler's performance in "Min and Bill" as the outstanding feminine characterization of the year and Lionel Barrymore's work in that famous court-room scene in "A Free Soul" deserving of similar distinction among the male actors.

It is especially interesting to note that Marie's and Barrymore's rôles, for which they were awarded the trophies, were "drunken" rôles.

Marie Dressler is far from beautiful and Lionel Barrymore is not the handsomest male in Hollywood, but they are both first-rate character actors. *K. A. Pod.*

$10.00 Letter

An Open Letter to Clark Gable

WICHITA, KAN.—You are breaking down the morale of my home. My daughter, aged 13, has become such a worshiper of you that we, her parents, must hear your praises sung morning, noon and night. In fact, we're fed up on you.

Your picture on the table beside her bed must be kissed before she retires. Her dad goes to bed unkissed. Dozens of pictures of you are carried in her pocketbook. She has been pestering us to death to buy her a horse because you like horses. Three times we have had to spend good money for her to see "Sporting Blood." Her father, a former dramatic critic, who won't enter a movie house because he's tired of everything that smacks of the theater, must now be dragged by this young daughter to any movie house where Clark Gable is showing, against his will but too weak to resist the child's entreaties.

What are we going to do about it? What would you do with a child Gable-complexed? Would you like to adopt her?

Mrs. R. E. W.

$5.00 Letter

Can't Understand Garbo's Actions

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I am curious to know why Greta Garbo avoids people. Many stories have been written about her and the peculiar way she has of being indifferent, but I just cannot figure it out.

There are no two ways about it—she is a finished actress, and a real lady. It is a joy just to watch her move across the screen, and the public adores her. Then, why does she hide away, and refuse to be even civil to folks when they hunger for just a word of greeting from her? Many of her actions, to my way of thinking, seem rude. The time she walked out on the manager of the theater in Sweden, when the audience was shouting and applauding for a tiny speech. When she was shopping in the States in a five-and-ten-cent store, and a woman recognized her, and she roughly brushed her aside and fled. Just why does she act this way? Someone once said, "Politeness is the oil that lubricates society"—are her actions really rude, or, perhaps, doesn't she realize what wounds she inflicts?

Few are fortunate enough to achieve the heights she has. How many girls, if given the chance to change places with her, would be sweet and gracious when approached? Triumph is short-lived, so I think it would be well for her to make the most of it, because, when her day has passed, she won't even be a sweet memory. We have enough bitter things in life—the world cries for the sweets.

Of course, she may have a very good reason for ignoring people and being the Hermit of Hollywood, but I must have the wrong slant on things, because I just cannot understand. Is it because she wants to be "different"? *Ruth Barnett.*

(*Continued on page 104*)



Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A *revolutionary* discovery contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste for more than six months.

Your dentist will tell you Pepsodent's policy has always been to improve constantly—"no fixed formula" to hamper progress. Research laboratories have a habit, in this modern age, of quickly obsoleting prior ideas. As new dental advances have come, Pepsodent has been the first to adopt them.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time through a notable new discovery that possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. **The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive FILM.**
2. **The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or luster.**
3. **The new material is *safe*—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.**

Having made this new discovery we faced an equally great problem. How to combine it in our present formula without altering appearance or sacrificing the famous flavor that has made Pepsodent so long preferred by millions. We mastered this. In *taste* and in *looks* it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new.

Keeps teeth lovelier—safely

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

These facts are interesting: this discovery followed 7 years of research . . . 3 tons of raw materials were used in laboratory tests . . . we held a competition from among the ablest minds in chemistry . . . new equipment had to be *invented*, then erected . . . the process is a carefully guarded secret.

The idea was simple: to combine super *film-removing power* with super *safety* and yet retain the original appearance and taste of Pepsodent. A paradox! A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of every toothpaste manufacturer for the last decade.

Pepsodent has solved it!

Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Note how smooth and creamy. It is safe . . . utterly safe . . . on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today's outstanding scientific toothpaste.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR



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What The Stars Are Doing
And Where They May Be Found

BY MARION MARTONE

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Wayward*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Arliss, George—playing in *The Man Who Played God*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *Panama Flo*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—playing in *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—playing in *The Impatient Virgin*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *First Cabin*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bancroft, George—playing in *Through the Window*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bankhead, Tallulah—recently completed *The Cheat*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Barrymore, John—playing in *Arsene Lupin*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore, Llonel—playing in *Arsene Lupin*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *Alias the Doctor*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—playing in *Salomy Jane*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—latest release *The Champ*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—playing in *Lady with a Past*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Salomy Jane*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—recently completed *Panama Flo*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Roar of the Crowd*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in "*Widow's Might*"—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Boyd, Bill—recently completed *Bad Timber*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Boyd, William—playing in *Confession*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Brent, Evelyn—playing in *High Pressure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *The Roar of the Crowd*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—latest release *Palmy Days*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Carroll, Nancy—playing in *Wayward*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *One Hour with You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Churchill, Marguerite—latest release *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Clive, Colin—latest release *Frankenstein*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Confession*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Colman, Ronald—latest release *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Compton, Juliette—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cook, Donald—playing in *The Man Who Played God*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—recently completed *His Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—playing in *Limpy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—latest release *Possessed*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Dagover, Lil—recently completed *The Woman from Monte Carlo*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Daniels, Bebe—latest release *The Honor of the Family*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davies, Marion—playing in *Polly of the Circus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dee, Frances—playing in *This Day and Age*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—latest release *The Dove*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Denny, Reginald—playing in *Courage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dove, Billie—recently completed *Cock o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Dance Team*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Frontier*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Durante, Jimmy—playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Ellers, Sally—playing in *Dance Team*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Evans, Madge—playing in *Courage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—recently completed *Union Depot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in "*After Tomorrow*"—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *Alias the Doctor*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Fox, Sidney—recently completed *Murders in the Rue Morgue*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *Through the Window*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Polly of the Circus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—recently completed *Delicious*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—latest release *West of Broadway*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—latest release *New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Tarzan*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Prestige*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *The City Sentinel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—latest release *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hersholt, Jean—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Two Kinds of Women*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—recently completed *Maker of Men*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *Two Kinds of Women*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *The City Sentinel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hyams, Lella—playing in *Freaks*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hobart, Rose—recently completed *Maker of Men*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *One Man Law*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 10*)

Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here

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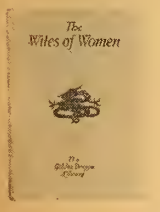
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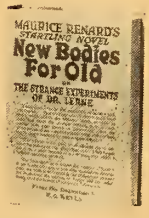
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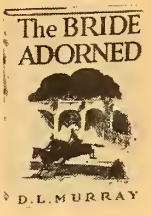
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HE
tried to "get" the
REPORTER
why?

"X Marks the Spot"

Wanted for murder—hunted and hounded by the police—and yet he turned on the man who tried to help him cheat the electric chair! "X Marks The Spot" is one of the most exciting newspaper dramas of the decade.

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LEW CODY
SALLY BLANE WALLACE FORD
FRED KOHLER MARY NOLAN

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

What The Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 8*)

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Her Cardboard Lover*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kent, Barbara—playing in *Emma*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kirkwood, James—playing in *Charlie Chan's Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *Disillusion*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *No One Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Lady with a Past*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *One Hour with You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *The Roar of the Crowd*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Manners, David—playing in *Lady with a Past*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

March, Fredric—recently completed *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Marsh, Marian—playing in *A Church Mouse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Meighan, Thomas—playing in *First Cabin*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *Gay Bandit*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *Prestige*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Courage*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—latest release *Cock o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Negri, Pola—recently completed *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—recently completed *Devil's Lottery*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Charlie Chan's Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *Gay Bandit*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Final Edition*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Charlie Chan's Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Oliver, Edna May—recently completed *Ladies of the Jury*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—recently completed *Under Eighteen*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *The City Sentinel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Poweli, William—playing in *High Pressure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Prevost, Marie—recently completed *Blonde Baby*—Columbia Pictures Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—playing in *Girl Crazy*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—recently completed *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—recently completed *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Charles (Buddy)—playing in *This Day and Age*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—latest release *Ambassador Bill*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 104*)



HE
tried to shield the
SLAYER
why?

"X Marks the Spot"

A fiendish killer at large—a chance to win fame by exposing him! Why did the star reporter protect the slayer? Why didn't he turn him over to the police? "X Marks The Spot" is sensational—different—compelling.

Directed by Erle C. Kenton
Produced by Sam Bischoff

"KEEP YOUR EYES ON TIFFANY PICTURES"

TIFFANY
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Every Good Boy Deserves Fun



LOOK!

Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way

JUST see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the sentence, "*E*very *G*ood *B*oy *D*eserves *F*un" —and there you are. Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is *e*. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is *g*.

And the spaces—just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it? Thus whenever a note appears in the first space, it is *f*. Whenever a note appears in the second space, it is *a*.

You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No long hours of tedious practice. No dull and uninteresting scales. No "tricks" or "secrets"—no theories—you learn to play real music from real notes.

You don't need a private teacher this pleasant way. In your own home, alone, without interruption or embarrassment, you study this fascinating, easy method of playing. Practice as much or as little as you like, to suit your own convenience, *and enjoy every minute of it.*

You learn from the start—Previous training unnecessary

So clear and simple are these fascinating "music lessons" that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—only the most essential principles are taught. Clear, concise, interesting and attractive—that is how each lesson is presented to you. And at only a few pennies a day!

You'll be amazed at your progress! You "get on" so quickly, so easily, to everything that almost before you realize it you are playing tunes and melodies from notes.

The surest way to popularity

Don't be just "another one of the guests" at the next party you go to. *Be the center of attraction!* The most popular one at a party is always the person who can entertain—and there is no finer and more enjoyable kind of entertainment than music.

Learn music this simple way and amaze your friends. Once you can play you will be surprised how popular you become. In amateur bands and at parties you'll find new pleasure and popularity.

Never before have you had such a chance to become a good player—quickly—without a teacher. And this method does not mean that you will be able merely to read notes and play a simple tune or two—but it means you will become a *capable and efficient player.* Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

No alibis now for not learning to play your favorite instrument

Like having a phantom teacher at your side every minute, encouraging you, teaching you, smoothing the way so that it becomes so much easier, so much quicker for you to master your favorite musical instrument.

You simply cannot go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then by graphic illustrations and diagrams you are *shown* how, and when you play—you *hear* it.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

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Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
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Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.*

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The Movie Circus



MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

ADD to Hollywood's fast-growing cultural movement, the announcement that **Betty Lani** is opening her Hawaiian Hula Studio. We're simply aquiver over it, my dear.

Speaking of culture, with the influx of Britishers, even our Hollywoodese is changing. Time was when one knew what people were talking about. Now conversation is so gummed up with "lift," "tram," "petrol" and "motor conveyance" that one needs an interpreter. We're putting our name in for **Ronald Colman.**

On second thought, if **Ronnie's** too busy, we'll take **Raymond Milland,** the oh-so-suave-and-subtle lad with **Constance Bennett** in "Bought." He's from London where he was known, theatrically, as **Jack Milan.** Also **Jack Raymond,** we're told. He'd be a matinée thrill even if his name was Izzy Schwartzenheimer-himmelkampfbach.

However, I don't think **Clark Gable** need worry unduly.

This cultural movement may have a throttle-hold on Hollywood, but it works in the reverse, too. Lest it sound too ritzy, we suppose, **Herbert Somborn,** restaurateur, demoted his Hi-Hat Café to plain Brown Derby.

It might have been culture or merely myopia, but **Virginia Cherrill's** lorgnette flourished overtime at the Thalian Club's Cocoanut Grove dinner dance. There's nothing like specs on a stick to add to a girl's ritz appeal, unless it's a mink coat, and **Virginia** had both. Another damsel (unknown) wore a clump of gardenias tied to her right wrist with white ribbon. By the time she got her fork loaded, she needed a derrick to raise her arm to her waiting, ruby lips. All in all, it was a pretty swell party with **Charles (Buddy) Rogers** working off a few vaudeville jokes before starting to play nine instruments (not all at once) in **Jimmy Grier's** Greater Cocoanut Grove orchestra. **Buddy's** practising up for New York.

"What will you have me play?" **Buddy** hurled at the audience, and somebody yelled "'**Tschaikowsky's** March of 1812!'"

Was our **Buddy** nonplussed? Our **Buddy** certainly was not.

"Would you know it if you heard it?" he flashed back. And merry laughter was heard on all sides.

It would have, as the story goes, been a warm night for **Rudy Vallee** if he had been there. **Buddy** has sex, sax and clarinet appeal, to say nothing of the other seven instruments.

Personally, we have a kind of failing for the **Jimmy ("Schnozzle") Durante** brand of humor, although Hollywood is as yet undecided whether to laugh, unanimously. Some gentle folk think it's a little ribald—(sniff!).

At the M-G-M studio one of the publicity slaves wrote a news story about the Schnozzle which was printed in a New York paper. It told how Schnozzle came West to play opposite **Greta Garbo,** and **Clark Gable** got the job. **Durante** liked it so well when he read it that he's telling folks that that was just what did happen to him and he's going to write one of his famous narrative songs about it.

Half of his hilarious humor lies in his utter disregard for pronunciation. At present he's calling **Clark Gable** his "Nemiss," which is Schnozzola for "Nemesis," and Hollywood would like to know what he thinks it means.

East-side New York's **Durante** must be on the road to success, for **José Crespo,** Spanish actor, is willing to accept him as a fellow countryman. "Doo-ran-ta?" queried **Crespo,** "he is a Spaniard, no?"

Maybe Marlene Dietrich—now fondly called "Marlegs"—was responsible for the return of high stockings, and maybe she wasn't. In any case, you'll see Helen Twelvetrees and six other little dancers dressed thusly in "The Second Shot"—in which, as above, Helen is the center of attraction

Bob Montgomery, Mary Brian and **Billy Bakewell,** all nice young people, made the same microphone noise at the Chinese Theater open-

(Continued on page 89)

Introducing the First Star *of* 1932



MARIAN MARSH
in "UNDER EIGHTEEN"



"I see the first star . . . The first star sees me . . . she's under eighteen . . . amazingly lovely . . . a creature of fire and emotion . . . blonde . . . petite . . . talented . . . This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final" . . . *You* made Marian Marsh a star . . . Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love . . . Superb drama! Superbly acted!" » » » » »

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyon and Maude Fulton . . .
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought"



WARREN WILLIAM
REGIS TOOMEY
ANITA PAGE
NORMAN FOSTER
JOYCE COMPTON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Your Gossip Test

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. Why is it that a very popular blonde movie queen is very unfriendly toward the company to whom she is under contract?

2. Can you give the name of the star who died following an appendicitis operation?

3. Do you know the Hollywood couple whose romance is at an end?

4. Who is the motion picture actress who recently wed her third spouse?

5. Do you know the name of the movie star who died from pneumonia which developed after a throat operation?

6. What movie star "eloped" to Las Vegas to be married several months before she had planned to do so, with the groom denying the marriage?

7. Why was production held up on the Tom Mix picture which is to mark his return to the screen after an absence of several years?

8. Can you name the actor whose tragic end has been called a mystery and do you know the name of the Hollywood beauty who was prostrated at the news of his death?

9. Who are the two movie stars who received the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performances of the past year?



10. Can you name the two tennis players shown in the picture above?

11. Who is the movie player who is planning to take her six-months-old baby on a vaudeville tour and include it in her act?

12. Do you know the name of the young chap who has been escorting Lois Wilson around these days?

13. Why has one of the very popular and recently wed cinema queens gone to Europe?

14. Who are the two motion picture figures who were united in wedlock by a double ring ceremony?

15. Can you name the young man who is now a popular motion picture player who once worked as an office boy on a New York newspaper?

16. What actress took off ten pounds in order to get a certain rôle, and now, because she made a hit, has a seven-year contract?

17. Who is the movie star who was recently terrified by threats made by an escaped lunatic?

18. There have been rumors that all is not well concerning a certain French movie star and his wife. Do you know who they are?

19. Do you know the name of the motion picture director who recently married a dancer?

20. Which movie couple has run into a raft of are-you-going-to-be-divorced questions since taking a European trip?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 90*)

She LIES and He KNOWS It!



She Says She Is Lonesomely Waiting, But He Knows the Truth

AM Yues

My Darling—
Every night I am
longing for you, wishing
you were here I
have seen no one since
you left - do not care
for anyone but you —

What is it in the handwriting of the above letter that denotes this woman as fickle and unfaithful?

HANDWRITING *CANNOT* BE DISGUISED!

This young lady's letter reads sweetly enough—but her fiancé knows graphology! He has studied her handwriting and *knows* that she is deceiving him. The engagement will be broken off.

Handwriting is an accurate reflection of character. *It cannot be disguised!*

As everyone knows, palmistry, phrenology, astrology and cards are of doubtful value in themselves, in fortune telling. They are uncertain and unproven.

Handwriting, however, is the mind on paper! To one who knows a few simple facts it reveals the truth as well as if a full, honest confession were made.

EASY TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT FRIEND OR ENEMY

"*Character Analysis from Handwriting*" teaches the science of applied graphology. The 300 examples, rules, tables and alphabetical index make it easy for anyone to learn this amazing new science. After 10 minutes reading you can begin to know the truth about people from the way they cross their "t's" and dot their "i's."

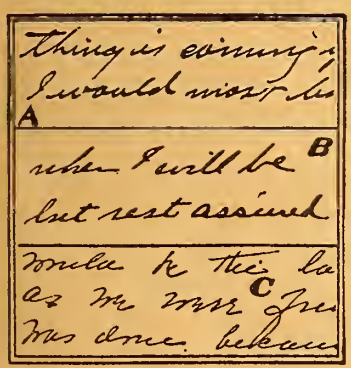
EASY TO UNDERSTAND

This handy volume (200 pages, 6x9, cloth bound, gold stamped), by the world-renowned expert, Albert J. Smith, is described by literary critics as "the most thorough and authentic—yet, the simplest and most easily-understood book on graphology ever published."

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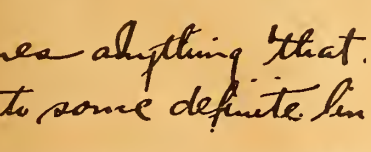


thing is coming
I would most be
A

when I will be B
but rest assured

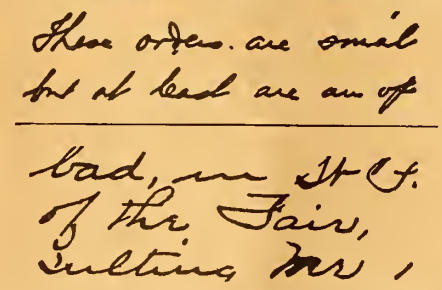
make it this la
as Mr Mrs Jones
has done. because

The three specimens of handwriting shown above were clipped from the original letters of applicants for a position of trust. One is a crook and thief; another is insane; the third is an intelligent and capable person who was engaged and is regarded favorably. Which one would you engage, if they all applied by letter for a position of trust?



was anything that
to some definite lim

A young lady of estimable character was engaged to the man who wrote the specimen of handwriting shown here. He was a handsome, bright, entertaining chap, a glib talker and extremely sociable. Can you tell from his handwriting why she felt obliged to cancel the engagement?



Their orders are small
but at least are an off

bad, as St. L.
of the Fair,
Suiting Mr,

A New York firm advertised for a good road salesman. Two men applied for the position by letter. One was a "crook" and thief and the other was thoroughly reliable, and as capable a salesman. The firm selected one of the two men, because of his appearance. After three months' service, the firm discovered treachery, dishonesty and dissolute habits in their choice. Which of the two men would you have selected, judging them by their handwriting?

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That's Hollywood!

BY MARK DOWLING
AND LYNN NORRIS



THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW TILL NOW ABOUT THE MOVIE TOWN AND ITS PEOPLE

TO **Marie Dressler** everyone gives credit for the wittiest saying of the month. At a dinner, several speakers thanked Vice-President **Curtis** for his graciousness in visiting Hollywood. "We're the third biggest industry in the country and it's time we got recognition from Washington," **Marie** said, when they called on her. "As for graciousness, **Mr. Curtis** is lucky to have been invited here." She had a lot more to add, she told us afterward, if they hadn't limited her to three minutes.

The studios, while we're on the subject of speeches, are congratulating themselves on the recent unemployment relief program you heard over the radio. Politicians may rant and rave, but the movie stars spoke shortly, humorously, and to the point.

George Arliss told an anecdote in which he mentioned his studio by name. "And Warner Brothers has *not* instructed me to advertise them in all my public speeches," he added.

Partying in Hollywood has been gay and hectic this winter. One famous couple went away and left their house full of guests, who kept inviting more. No one knows where the hosts will sleep when they return.

As to guests, **Ruth Chatterton** is intellectual and is apt to burst into French at any moment, whether you can understand her or not. **Judith Wood,** one of this year's Wampas babies, says she acts vulgar because she's well-bred enough to know it's the thing to do. **Neil Hamilton** is an amateur magician, and does tricks.

Charlie Chase plays the banjo and does tap steps, **Billy Bakewell** makes puns, **Betty Compson** is a swell sport, and in the wee hours, will tell you all about the good old days.

Marie Dressler likes bridge parties and has been known to vanish into the kitchen to reappear with a batch of excellent waffles made with her own—count them!—famous fingers. **Lilyan Tashman** makes the best wisecracks of anyone around, and **Buster Keaton** smiles.

To the talented **Anna May Wong** was paid the highest salary ever given an actress for appearing on the stage out here. They wanted her for "On the Spot," the melodrama she scored in when it played New York and London. She named her price—a high one. They asked her to lower it. "If you can't afford my salary, why not offer the part to my sister—she's not so well-known and asks less," **Miss Wong** retorted. But it was her part and they finally paid.

Carrying on the royalty tradition: **John Barrymore's** favorite on the Warner lot was a comical English prop-boy who used to be a bugler for the **Prince of Wales** . . . Even though his parts have been gangsters and racketeers, **Eddie Robinson** is a nervous fellow who starts at the sound of a shot, and a good scare is apt to cost him sleep.

Making a gangster film, by the way, is all the more difficult because the sound and the visual scenes can't be taken at the same time. Too many noises confuse the "mike," which is capable of registering only one sound at a time. The whine of each bullet and the bursting of each tear bomb must be recorded separately, to be combined on one film by double exposure.

A prize for the most alert reporting of the month goes to columnist **Louella Parsons,** who said, on November 19th, that **Lew Ayres** and **Lola Lane** are "looking forward to a certain blessed event." **Lew** and **Lola** were married on September 15th.

Half a million dollars' worth of automobiles, one studio estimates, drives up each morning to deliver their stars to work. At M-G-M they are more conservative. **Greta Garbo** still drives the Lincoln she bought five years ago, and of course there is **Buster Keaton's** Austin.

Only two stars there have Rollses—**Marion Davies** and **Norma Shearer** . . . **Norma,** in case it interests you, makes up for the screen more perfectly than any other actress in Hollywood. Takes her an hour or so. **Joan Crawford,** on the other hand, doesn't bother with hers and can be ready for shooting in five minutes.

Taking advantage of the current craze for animal pictures, **Tom Griffith,** the producer, went out to our own Death Valley and filmed gila monsters, self-burying toads, and a group of Indians sitting around the fire eating a rattler they had killed and cooked a little while before. Death Valley still earns its name. While there, the company found a few-days-old corpse of a prospector, which they photographed and fitted into the picture.

Notes on premières, which have been coming thick and fast this winter! **Laura La Plante** seems to be the darling of the crowds that sit from four in the afternoon until the opening, to see the stars. They invariably break through the ropes to get her autograph . . . Stars of the picture don't always get complimentary tickets but they are expected to bring large parties to the show anyway . . . For a recent opening they built a bridge over the street, like Venice's famous Bridge of Sighs, and the stars walked across it to the theater. Witty wag

(*Continued on page 87*)

You'd think prosperity was back, the way Kathryn Crawford is bubbling over with mirth. Maybe it's Hollywood that strikes her so funny—for Hollywood forgot her for almost a year and then hailed her as a "find" in "Flying High." She's using her sense of humor now in "Emma"

"LOOK HERE, EM!"

Our family could save $18 a year on Tooth Paste



"With six of us in the family, each using a tube of 50¢ tooth paste a month—we're spending $3 a month, $36 a year. If we changed to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube—we'd save $18 a year, just on that one item.

"Economy isn't the only reason for changing, either. The Vandergriefs use it, and they could afford to pay any price.

"Lillian Vandergrief's teeth are as perfect as any you ever saw. And she told me her family uses Listerine Tooth Paste because it does a better cleaning job than any other brand they've tried.

"In fact, I'm sure our teeth would be helped as much as our budget—and you can see that means *plenty!*"

Teeth So Clean They Surprise You

If you want to know how clean and bright your teeth can be, begin using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its results will be a revelation to you.

This is especially due to a remarkable *special polishing agent.* It works wonders on your teeth, in half the usual brushing time.

Tartar, tobacco stains, and every other discoloration, vanish entirely. Dirt and decay are gone. Your teeth gleam with all their natural brilliance.

Yet your tooth enamel cannot be scratched or damaged in any way. Powerful as this polishing agent is, it is scientifically gentle in action, and protects your teeth.

And you will be delighted, too, with the fresh, invigorated after-taste it leaves in your mouth.

You *Gain By* Our *Economies*

We can give you such an unusual dentifrice, at such an unusual price—for two reasons. First, we use the most modern and efficient methods of manufacture and distribution. Second, the demand is so great that production is on a huge, cost-cutting scale.

Over four million people, in just nine years, have become steady users of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it, and its economy and cleansing power will surely make a regular customer out of *you.* Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Look at what your $3 will do

FOODS

7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon, 10 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops, 2 chickens, a large roast, 12 jelly rolls, coffee rings, cheese cakes or angel cakes, 6 qts. olive oil, 20 quarts milk, 180 oranges, 20 lbs. lard, 150 lbs. potatoes, 147 lbs. flour, 40 lbs. prunes, 60 lbs. sugar, 36 packages rice, 15 lbs. coffee, 3 lbs. tea, 30 loaves bread, 6 doz. eggs, 7 lbs. butter, 6 lbs. cheese, 60 packages biscuits, 30 cans soups or beans, 30 large cans evaporated milk, 30 cans tomato juice, 15 large cans peaches, 12 large cans (pears or pineapple or fruit for salad), 20 large cans spinach, 20 cans Golden Bantam Corn, 30 cans spaghetti, 20 cans cocoa, 10 jars marmalade, 20 packages pancake flour, several lbs. of candy, 15 qts. ginger ale or other beverages.

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, hat, sweater, gloves, knickers, pyjamas, underwear, bathrobe, kimono, collars, muffler, raincoat, sneakers, moccasins, slippers, shoes, rubbers, galoshes, girdle, negligee, summer or house frock, dress material, bloomers, neckties, shirts, cuff links, belt, suspenders and garters (all 3), overalls, lumber jacket, one or two dress shirts, infant coat and bunting (both), 1 infant sweater, 2 infant shirts, 1 infant blanket.



ARE Frenchwomen MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN American Women?



Read this interesting interview with

Mrs. James J. Cabot

of Boston and Paris

WHAT IS THE TRUTH? Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?

"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But . . . Frenchwomen are clever! They are expert in the art of make-up and are always fresh and charming because they think nothing of renewing their make-up half a dozen times a day.

"Each time they cleanse their skin completely . . . They rarely allow water to touch their skin, but prefer cold cream for cleansing.

"This lavish use of cold cream is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's.

"Not only is Pond's Cold Cream the purest and best for cleansing—but it is so economical it reconciles French chic with a New England conscience.

"Another little nicety of the French toilette," Mrs. Cabot tells us, "is the use of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up. How subtly rouge and powder may then be blended!

"I have a dry skin, so I find Pond's Vanishing Cream ideal!"



"The longer I use Pond's four preparations, the better I like them," Mrs. Cabot says.

Follow these four steps for the exquisite care of your skin:

1. Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent . . . white or peach.

3. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, close and refine the pores, firm contours, promote fresh natural color.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. This disguises little blemishes and forms a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white.

Tune in on Pond's program, Friday evening 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist. WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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E. R. Richee

SYLVIA SIDNEY

If you knew Sylvia in the flesh, you'd seldom see her so moody. Usually, she's dazzling the local lads with her spontaneous smile—and not giving any of them any encouragement. Seeing her like this, you know she's either still living her rôle in "Ladies of the Big House" or homesick for New York. Will she return to Broadway in 1933, as Cheasley predicts on page 42?



No, ma'am, that isn't any stage smile. The world's most agile actor is all through acting on stages—even studio stages. As happy as a schoolboy playing hooky, he's hopping all over the globe, filming a sequel to "Around the World in 80 Minutes." But he'll be back to welcome the Prince of Wales to the Olympics

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



MARY PICKFORD

While her husband is obeying those gypsy impulses, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is keeping the home fires burning, and seeing Pickfair remodeled for the royalty expected for the Olympics. Between times, she's aiding the unemployed, writing a weekly column, and hoping you'll soon see her in another "Coquette"-ish picture



Hurrell

Breaking out in a boyish grin, Joan looks the most natural she has in years. She's all through being a blonde; she's auburn again. She's through starving for the sake of a pound or two. And vacationing with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the heroine of "Possessed" seems to be through denying divorce rumors. Can't you see she's smiling?

JOAN CRAWFORD



Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY

Looks happy, doesn't he? But what luck he has had lately! The day he flew his 'plane to New York for the première of "The Champ," his home burned. And no sooner was he back than he was lost in a mountain snowstorm. Now he's trying to get a rest. Isn't it about time he and Marie Dressler teamed up again?



Don Diego

GLORIA SWANSON

There's a dreamy look in the Swanson eye, and a dreamy smile on her lips—and the secret is that she is head over heels in love. Having finished "Tonight or Never," and having made doubly sure she is married to Michael Farmer, the Glorious One has gone abroad for a long honeymoon—and to rehearse some lullabies



Otto Dyar

KAY FRANCIS

If there's anything Kay hates, it's to be called "the best-dressed woman on the screen." She spends little for clothes, and always buys them plain. Yet she can't shed the title. Maybe her well-dressed hair is the reason. What can a poor girl do to make the customers concentrate on her ACTING in "The False Madonna"?



The next time you go to Baffin Bay or Tierra Del Fuego, just mention the name of Chevalier to the natives and you'll find you have something in common. Like Chaplin, he "gets across" the world over. While waiting to see him in "One Hour With You," mull over the story opposite, in which he reveals his suppressed desires

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Chevalier —Not a Rarin' Romeo

If life were unconventional, you'd see Chevalier living up to his reputation as a love expert. But, as things stand, he's not kidding himself that he's any rarin' Romeo. His heart may sing and his eyes may twinkle, but his kisses go under the head of good, clean fun. You see, he's happily married. Read this story and discover the French idol's real opinion of himself—and his suppressed desires

By FAITH SERVICE

MAURICE CHEVALIER admits that if life were unconventional, he would be like the character he plays on the screen. He would make love to every pretty, passing woman. He would make those eyes, those naughty eyes, to every smiling beauty who looked his way. (Plenty of them do!) "And then," he says, "where would I be?"

Now, this is something of a sensation. We might modestly say, a scoop. Because, in story after story after story, Maurice has been described as the French *Babbitt*, the Mirthless Millionaire, the ponderous Saint of Paramount-Publix. You have been asked to believe that the lilting, laughing *Lieutenant* is, in reality, a sober, sedate business man with not a twinkle in his eye and not a champagne bubble in his heart.

Maurice says otherwise. And Maurice ought to know.

Chevalier Confesses

He'd like to be, in real life, the playboy of love that he is on the screen.

He thinks it's unnatural for a man to be true to one woman—but he is, himself. He has reasons.

At heart he's *The Smiling Lieutenant;* in action, he's a French *Babbitt*.

He believes that an actor is better off without sex appeal—that he need not be young or handsome to be successful. But he must have charm. He doesn't read novels—he reads plays and learns about life from those who live it.

He would not change the marriage laws—though they are not natural laws. They do provide protection, if not pleasure, for the vast majority of people, mostly women and children.

He wants babies.

By the time he's fifty, he hopes to be like George Arliss.

He finds Hollywood more restful than his home in Cannes, France.

He confessed that, if there were no conventions, he would not try to resist a pretty woman signaling to him that she would like to go places arm-in-arm with him. He said, "The laws that men have made are not natural. Men are not monogamous. We are all of us like the animals at heart. And women are alluring. What is the answer?"



Richee

Well, Maurice answers by obeying those "unnatural" laws in action, if not in spirit. His heart sings the merry tune of *The Smiling Lieutenant*, but in everyday life he does not cheat. Never a breath of scandal has touched the debonair Monsieur. He loves his wife, the former Yvonne Vallée, who has appeared in French versions of his pictures. He trusts her. She loves him. He gives her reason to trust him, too. His actions are those of a *Babbitt*. His impulses are those of a man who sings, "I want to be keesed."

What He'll Be Like at Fifty

HE knows, he says, that he cannot always be "lieutenanting." There will come the day, alas, when he will be fiftyish. What then? Well, then, he hopes to be retired to his villa in Cannes—with the same wife. He hopes they will have "some bab-ies." He hopes that he will be engaged in international business, having to do with matters theatrical. Or, if these things do not come to pass, he looks forward to doing something in the nature of an Arliss.

George Arliss triumphantly confirms the Chevalier belief that an actor *is better off without sex appeal*—that he need not be young or handsome in order to be sensationally successful. But he must have *charm*. Chevalier lays great stress upon this quality. And that, he says, is precisely what George Arliss gives to the enormous crowds of people, both young and old, who flock to see him.

"I think," Maurice observed,

(*Continued on page 83*)

"I'm No Saint," Says Clark Gable

Speaking straight from the shoulder, the new Great Lover admits he has taken his fun where he has found it—but he wouldn't talk about his love life if he had one. He's "not that kind of guy." He wants the world to leave his past alone, not because he's ashamed of it, but because it's his own business. And he says he's no second Valentino, and gives his reasons

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"DAMN a man who kisses and tells!" Clark Gable leaned across the table, his heavy brows drawn down, his gray eyes blazing. "There was a certain actor who was quite a lady-killer in his time—you know the man I mean. Well, he wrote a book and in it he didn't seem to take very much trouble to conceal anything. Do you suppose I want to be that kind of guy?

"Who asked me to be?" Gable leaned back and smiled. "That's all they *do* ask me. That's why I've quit giving out interviews. Every time anyone interviews me, he—or usually she—begins to ask a few questions about this or that and before I know it he's trying to get me strung out on what they call my 'love life.' Say, I didn't know I ever had a 'love life' until I began to get a few breaks on the screen! And I'm the one that *should* know!"

He isn't trying to deny that there have been many girls in his life. There have been—and he cherishes the memory of several of them. There was a childhood sweetheart, back in Hopedale, Ohio, who married another chap after Clark went to Akron to work . . . there was a girl in Akron who was his constant companion for two years . . . then after Clark was bitten by the stage bug, and was playing in third-rate road shows up and down the land, there was a little Southern girl, who gave him his first real encouragement as an actor . . . there were many fly-by-night acquaintances, most of whom he cannot now remember . . . there was his first wife, Josephine Dillon, dramatic coach, who taught him the fine points of acting . . . there is Rita Langham, his present wife, whom he calls his "ideal woman."

Doesn't Seek Great Lover Rôle

BUT Clark does not talk about them. He is even sorry he has revealed these few harmless reminiscences. He did not seek the title of "the Great Lover" on the screen; and he is going to make sure that no one writes him down as a Great Lover in his private life. He does not entertain. He and Mrs. Gable seldom go out. At the preview of "Susan Lenox" in a small town near Hollywood, he was recognized by women fans in the audience and was affectionately mobbed by them. He flees from such demonstrations. By staying at home, he avoids advances from Hollywood's professional men-baiters; he avoids the women who would crowd around him only for the publicity; he avoids all accusations that he, himself, is seeking publicity. He's after privacy.

"On the level," continued Clark, "I don't like to have people asking me about the women I've fooled around with, trying to dig into my past. I'm willing to talk to people, and the press has given me some great breaks—but whose business is it what I did before I got up out of the ruck? Why can't they leave my past alone? And so far as that is concerned, whose business is it what I do now, after I take my greasepaint off?"



Those Who Knew Him When report that Clark Gable used to be underweight, and built himself up by outdoor exercise. Incidentally, one of his great loves is his pipe

"Well, they're calling you 'a second Valentino,'" I countered, "and when a man's a great screen lover, he has to have a past. Women know that a man with all that sex appeal didn't let it go to waste all his life."

"I'm No 'Second Valentino'"

"YEAH, and sex appeal's something else I didn't know I had until I read about it," grinned Gable. "But this 'second Valentino' stuff is the bunk. Rudy must have been quite a fellow with the ladies and on the screen he had what it takes. He was a romantic sort of a chap, always at ease with women—knew just the things they liked and never felt uncomfortable, no matter how thick they got. Now, I can't go for that sort of thing. Some of the stuff they print about me almost makes me blush. I like women, but they make me uncomfortable unless I know them pretty well. Sure, I'm glad they like me on the screen, but I'm no Valentino, and I know it."

"What's the matter with your past that you don't want to talk about it? You aren't ashamed of it, are you?"

"No, not any more than most fellows." Clark hunched those thick shoulders of his. "But I suppose we have all done a few little things we wouldn't do over again. Not that I've ever stuck up a bank, betrayed any innocent girls, or broken up any homes—but little things, you know. I've bumped around a bit, and I haven't been exactly a saint or a hermit, either. Most of us are like Kipling's man, I suppose, especially if we've hit the bumps a little—we've taken our fun where we've found it, and found a few serious affairs, too. We wouldn't be human if we didn't.

"But just because a fellow happens to get a break in pictures, why should he be supposed to spill all that stuff for the public to read about? I don't care whether a man's an actor or a plumber, his past belongs to himself and those who have shared it with him. How would you like to sit down and tell your life's history, truthfully, tell about all the women you've known? How would it look in print?"

"Well, there are a few little things that. . . ."



IF you knew Clark Gable in real life, you'd find him much shyer and even more likable than on the screen. He isn't out to impress anyone—except perhaps Mrs. Gable—that he's a Great Lover

Getting It Off His Chest

"I didn't know I ever had a 'love life' until I began to get a few breaks on the screen!

"Whose business is it what I did before I got up out of the ruck? And so far as that is concerned, whose business is it what I do now, after I take my greasepaint off?

"Sex appeal's something else I didn't know I had until I read about it. But this 'second Valentino' stuff is the bunk.

"I suppose we have all done a few little things we wouldn't do over again. I've bumped around a bit, and I haven't been exactly a saint or a hermit, either.

"Between you and me, she (Mrs. Gable) knows I'm a pretty tame egg.

"Why don't people give us a break and, so long as we please 'em on the screen, take the attitude that it's not what a man *was* that counts, but what he *is*?"

Gable's Idea of a Cad

"SURE!" he agreed. "And then the women! When I read stuff like that which the other fellow spills, I put him down as a cad. If a chap has to capitalize the pleasant memories and the pleasant moments that women have been sweet enough to give him—boy, he'd better stay with the pick and shovel. Anyhow, that's how I look at it."

"Women who see you on the screen get a kick out of you because you look dangerous," I ventured. "You have that treat-'em-rough and tell-'em-nothing attitude and they like it. They think that life for Mrs. Clark Gable must be one thrill after another."

"Yeah, and there *you* go. Leave Mrs. Gable out of this. But between you and me, she knows I'm a pretty tame egg. I've

(*Continued on page 81*)

Girls from the "Follies" who've Made Good on the Screen

The ex-"Follies" girls who are now in the movies all have that *manner* which makes them stand out. That's why they're in demand in Hollywood—and why some of them quickly become stars. Look at Marion Davies, Dorothy Mackaill and Billie Dove! While Ziegfeld discovered their beauty and developed their personalities, they had to show talent to get where they are. Did you know that nearly a hundred of his girls have made good on the screen?

THE Ziegfeld "Follies" . . . the *Rue de la Paix* of American Femininity . . . the glittering show-window from which the shrewd motion picture magnate selects his hypnotic stars. The world and his brother stop in their tracks and turn to stare at the parade of the Ziegfeld beauties now in the Hollywood spotlight, as they go down the avenue.

Marion Davies. Dorothy Mackaill. Billie Dove. Ina Claire. Marilyn Miller. Joan Blondell. Lilyan Tashman. Irene Dunne. Mary Nolan. It is a brilliant procession! The glamour, the aloofness and the desirability of the girls who have benefited from the singular magic of the Ziegfeld touch form a shining aura about their lives.

Claudia Dell. Claire Dodd. Peggy Shannon. Ruth Etting. Louise Brooks. Juliette Compton. Helen Morgan. Susanne Fleming. Claire Luce. Mildred Lunnay. Lina Basquette. Eleanor Hunt. On they march in double file! It is a long parade. And unquestionably an endless one, for the Ziegfeld wizardry shows no symptoms of an imminent breakdown.

Girlhood—the ordinary, every-day girlhood you see in any American home, school or night-club—is drawn to the Ziegfeld sanctum for approval, rehearses for five weeks under the master's direction, and on opening night emerges through the glitter as a paragon of form and pulchritude. The girl who passed unnoticed yesterday, to-day becomes the sought-after Venus, the object of every young millionaire's desires, the unit of measurement by which artists standardize feminine elegance, and, lastly, the recipient of a hundred and one Hollywood offers for picture stardom.

More of the Glorified

BLANCHE Mehaffey. Polly Walters. Christine Maple. Geneva Mitchell. Shannon Day. Noel Francis. Barbara Weeks. On and on they come, these glorified American girls—headed for Hollywood!

What is this glorification process that practically overnight turns the slightly-above-the-average-girl into a far-famed fascinator? What legerdemain goes into the glorification process? The answer is—Florenz Ziegfeld!

The Ziegfeld X-ray eye pierces to the innermost epidermal layers to uncover for the stage and screen many stars who



If Billie Dove hadn't had the good fortune to catch the eagle eye of Ziegfeld—and to become a "Follies" girl—would she be "the most beautiful woman in Hollywood" to-day?



Ziegfeld did not discover Marilyn Miller (left), but it was as a Ziegfeld star that she gained her greatest fame along Manhattan's brightest canyon. That's how the movie magnates noticed her

By PAUL YAWITZ

otherwise might never have reached first base. With it all, more than a hundred "Follies" graduates have been given their chances to make good in Hollywood during the past fifteen years. And more than a score and a half of this number *have* made good.

Letters deeply embedded in its curved, stone façade proclaim the massive edifice at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-Fourth Street in New York City to be the Ziegfeld Theater, home of the celebrated "Follies." On the sixth floor of the building are Mr. Ziegfeld's lavish offices. Surrounded by his gallery of photographs and his inevitable elephants, carved of ivory and jade, the graying revue producer interviews from fifty to a hundred girls every day of his working year—blondes, jets, platinums, brunettes, and titians from every highway and hamlet in these United States.



Ina Claire's wit, beauty and titian hair had their first real chance when Ziegfeld gave her a contract. From there on the road to fame was easy for Ina—both on Broadway and in Hollywood

One Out of 100 Makes Good

AND out of each eight thousand of these applicants for glorification, he has discovered (or perhaps it would be truer to say he has developed) an average of two girls whose ultimate destinies led them to film stardom. And one out of every hundred girls who make the "Follies" has become a prominent figure on the screen.

When you consider the tens of thousands of girls who storm the citadels of Hollywood every hour of the day and also the depressingly small percentage who achieve the heights, you will readily agree that Mr. Ziegfeld's average is far higher than that of the majority of the Hollywood executives and casting directors.

But it must not be forgotten that Mr. Ziegfeld's principal concern is the selection of feminine beauty for his stage productions. In this direction, his average is much higher. For every two girls who scale the film pinnacles through the medium of his choice, there are ten who gain recognition on the stage. His records for the past fifteen years bear out this statement to the letter.

Mr. Ziegfeld has cast for his shows many young girls whom other producers have passed up in the whirling speed of Broadway's routines. He has an uncanny selective skill in detecting beauty, which frequently is hidden beneath poorly begotten coiffures and ill-fitting dresses.



If Marion Davies is worth millions to-day, it's because she was worth a few hundreds a week to Florenz Ziegfeld in his "Follies" only a few years ago. She started in the chorus



When Dorothy Mackaill, just over from England, went to the Ziegfeld offices to ask for a job, the office girl thought she was "dumb." Ziegfeld thought differently—and proved that the office girl was the dumb one

It Paid Her to Wait

IT wasn't so many seasons ago that a slender blonde girl with braids down her back waited outside the glorifier's office for three days. He was busily engaged in the casting of a new "Follies" and it wasn't an easy matter to gain his attention. The girl's simple woolen dress, her unrouged lips, and her generally uncomely appearance failed to impress the secretary who kept her waiting in the hope that she would become discouraged and leave of her own accord. But she returned each morning, after having dried the tears of the previous day of disappointment.

On the evening of the third day, the secretary informed Mr. Ziegfeld that the only way to get rid of the tenacious lass was to see her. Her presence in the waiting room had finally become a nuisance. So the door to the producer's office was opened and she was

ushered in, her mincing steps betraying the tension of her hopeful wait. After a long moment of silence, she collected herself sufficiently to burst forth with one vocal assault. "I'm just out of a convent, Mr. Ziegfeld, and I want to get into your show."

The producer surveyed the applicant for a full minute. "How long have you been waiting to see me?" The girl told him. "Well, just for that I'll give you twice as much salary as the rest get," he announced. The girl nearly fainted. The suddenness of his offer after three days of waiting in the outer office was unbelievable.

Ziggy Picks Them in Person

MR. ZIEGFELD then called in his secretary. "It's up to *me* to do the choosing," he said. **"Hereafter I'll decide whether a girl is beautiful enough for the 'Follies' or not! This little girl is one of the most exquisite beauties ever to come into this office and I'll prove it to you."**



Claudia Dell

A few weeks later when Imogene Wilson made her début on the stage on the opening night of the "Follies," New York critics picked her out from among the large cast of show-girls for special mention. "One of the most startling beauties ever to appear on the American stage," was the pronouncement of a morning newspaper.

Imogene's fascinations had been buried beneath her convent simplicity, but the Ziegfeld X-ray found them, dressed them, and centered them in the proper spotlight. Later the famous show-girl became involved in the newspaper scandals of Frank Tinney, the stage comedian, and she fled to Europe to escape. Upon her return she changed her name to Mary Nolan. And you know the rest.

Then there is the case of Barbara Weeks, a dark little dancer who wormed her way into Ziegfeld's attention when he was producing "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York. Barbara was a sprightly terpsichorine whose chief ambition was to dance in the big Broadway revues. In "Whoopee" she achieved the goal she had set for herself. So far as she was concerned, she was sitting on top of the world. Life was wonderful!

Barbara Took Ziegfeld's Advice

THEN came the announcement that the show would close, that Mr. Cantor would go to Hollywood to produce it in the form of a talking picture and that Mr. Ziegfeld would supervise the entire production. Barbara took the news stoically and prepared to search for another job in New York.

However, Mr. Ziegfeld had had his eye on her for some time. "If you care to," he told her, "you may go to the Coast with us and be in the chorus of the picture."

"But that only means leaving New York, Mr. Ziegfeld. And I don't want to do that. I'd rather stay here and get into some other musical revue. Thanks just the same," she replied.

The glorifier then made a prediction. "If you go to the Coast, I'm willing to bet you'll be there less than six months before a producer 'discovers' you. You'll have a contract in your safe deposit box that will mean thousands of dollars to you, besides all the fame."

Barbara wavered when she learned that jobs were scarce on Broadway and finally went to Hollywood under duress. The prediction came true. Warner Brothers "discovered" Barbara in short order, took her out of the chorus and provided her with a gilt-edged contract. Ziegfeld knew what he was talking about. And the episode built up his average.

They Thought Mackaill Was Dumb

DOROTHY MACKAILL made her first appearance on the Ziegfeld scene one cold autumn afternoon, in a white chiffon dress and a drab make-up that made even the elevator man wonder how she got into the building. Her complete lack of self-assurance prompted the information girl to announce her as the "dumbest dame that ever wanted to see the boss." But Dorothy did see the boss, and, what's more important, the boss *did see* Dorothy.



Juliette Compton

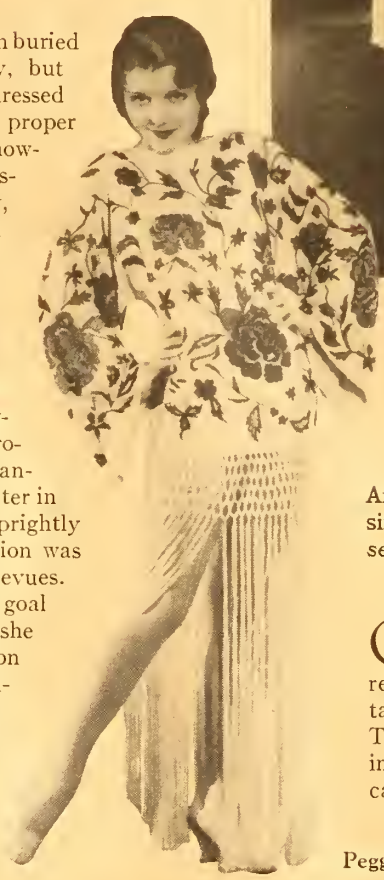
So she got the job. But the description of her by the information girl carried into the dressing-rooms, and for the first few months of the show Dorothy was considered the patsy of the company. Then came newspaper publicity. The writers had found a new beauty. A startling beauty! A ravishing beauty!! A terrific beauty!!! They used up a season's superlatives.

And they discovered she was not so dumb as her original self-consciousness had led people to believe—that in fact she was an unusually brilliant individual. And then came the film contracts. Dorothy has prospered ever since. And all because Ziegfeld was the only one who *could see her*. That meant the world would *pay* to see her.

From Waitress into "Follies" Girl

ONE wintry afternoon Mr. Ziegfeld and his dance-director lieutenant, Ned Wayburn, wandered into a white-tiled restaurant in Rochester, New York, where the "Follies" was taken for its initial try-out, before its appearance on Broadway. The young waitress who served the two gentlemen with steaming coffee attracted their attention with her refined smile and carriage. Ziegfeld always has his eyes open for beauties.

"Would you like to join the 'Follies'?" Ziegfeld asked her.



Peggy Shannon

(*Continued on page 89*)



BRIMFUL OF APPEAL

It may be an off-year for you and the folks, but Carole Lombard's in the black. (Black velvet, at that!) And the velvet isn't a bit smoother than Bill Powell's appealing bride, who has brains as well as beauty—and doesn't wear a high hat, you'll notice. Carole's the girl that Paramount will offer you in place of Ruth Chatterton, who has just gone over to Warners' The big Lombard future starts with "No One Man"

The Hollywood Frivolities of 1931

You Furnish the Music—We'll Supply the Words—for the Great Annual Laugh Parade

By GLADYS HALL

Lest you forget the follies and foibles of Hollywood in the year of the Great Depression, we here review the events that even the natives found amusing—for the most part. Maybe they'll be a warning for the next twelve months. You never can tell—especially in Hollywood. Anyway, it's all in fun. We want this understood, just in case Hollywood doesn't know a joke when it sees one.—Editor's Note.

THERE may be a depression in finances—but there is no depression in the great annual parade of Hollywood Frivolities, Follies and Vanities. Still, as in 1930, free-lance photographers are crawling under hedges in an effort to snap a shot of Garbo at her sun-bath. The Great Garbo, herself, still maintains her pose (natural? artificial?) of the Silent Sphinx. Clara Bow has again flooded the press with breakdowns and retirements and that dear romantic hysteria for which all Hollywood reporters have Clara to thank. But, in the meantime, we have had many a brand-new addition to the Big Parade, to make you realize that neither drought nor pestilence nor flood can down the all-too-human beings of Hollywood.

The best, biggest and bunkiest of the 1931 Follies was the Swanson premature marriage to Michael Farmer—so premature that it had to be performed over again. Why *did* she do it? And why did she commit the most foolhardy folly of all and tell reporters, your correspondent included, that she was not married to Michael or that, if she were, she must have been unconscious when the ceremony was performed? Perhaps that is another folly angle—perhaps she *was* unconscious.

Then there is poor Constance Bennett's salary—some thirty thousand dollars a week when working for Warner Brothers. If that isn't being bought *and* paid for, then I don't know the red Indian on a penny. And for what? heatedly ask the adherents (and employers) of Garbo and Dietrich and even Joan Bennett, among others.

The Lilyan Tashman—Edmund Lowe—"extra" girl fisticuffs. 'Tis a folly, surely, to step in out of that California sun, right into a married actor's dressing-room. But if Lil had spared the nail, she might have spoiled the front page.

Lil Tells the World

LIL'S declaration: "I'm going to have a baby—within three years at the latest." I don't know—babies have been called Little Troubles, but it's kinda Lowe to call 'em Little Follies.

Mary Duncan's secret marriage, quickly followed by reports that all was not well in the home of the Lewis Woods.

Mary Astor's secret marriage to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, shortly before she was to sue an air company for damages as the widow of director Kenneth Hawks.

Grace Tibbett's sudden divorce, "giving Lawrence up to Fame."

All secret marriages. *All* sudden divorces. In Hollywood.

The Wampas Baby Star hooey when no Fox candidate—not even Linda Watkins—was elected, and the Fox press-agents got good and mad and walked out on the Wampas (the Hollywood press-agents' fraternity) 'n' went 'n' elected their own candidates, under the caption "Débutante Stars."



Any and all personal appearances. And I'm reasonably sure William Haines will agree.

Doug Fairbanks' entry into the British Open Golf Tournament. And the persistent efforts of certain reporters to

Illustration by Eldon Kelley

pin divorce intentions on the celebrated couple up at Pickfair.

Connie Bennett—marrying Gloria's ex-husband in style, after Gloria had quietly gone to Yuma to re-marry Michael Farmer.

Jean Harlow—suspected of not wearing undies. Ditto Lily Damita. And—sh!—Marlene Dietrich.

The Loves of Lupe

LUPE VELEZ and her Garee. Their parting, just when they had everyone guessing they must be secretly married. The sad stories Lupe gave to the Press in explanation thereof.

The diamond bracelet given Lupe by one of the Men Higher Up.

Lupe and John Gilbert . . . John Gilbert and Lupe . . . their trip across the continent together . . . their return from Europe on the same boat. . . . grinning at the pier.



Claudette Colbert's option not being taken up "because she lacks sex appeal"!

The Dorothy Lee-Jimmy Fidler nuptials and Dorothy's conduct in the brief rôle of the Fidler wife. Here is one part for which Dorothy should never have been cast. She missed her cues. Just after her husband tells assembled guests in their home that she is working, a wife does not appear at the witching hour in company with a red-headed football hero (Marshall Duffield).

Dorothy Mackaill's "engagements." To Walter Byron. To Joel McCrea. To director John McCormick. And then to Neil



There wasn't any frivolity when Lilyan Tashman discovered an "extra" girl in Edmund Lowe's dressing-room, as you can see above. The other figures, in the usual order, are Bill Hart, still holding out on us fans; Dorothy Lee, arriving at her husband's party with Marshall Duffield; Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper turning backs on each other; Marlene and Maria Dietrich dressed like Josef von Sternberg; the parade of gangsters, followed by Janet Gaynor, representing sweetness and light; and Jackie (Not a Midget) Cooper



Miller—who made her agree to live on his salary and then eloped with her.

John McCormick's marriage to Mrs. Janet Gattis. Their honeymoon, during which his Colleen-Moore complex reached fever heat and he spent the honeymoon gazing at the portrait of his former wife. He did more mooning than honeying.

Fifi Dorsay's plunge into an Indianapolis fountain as a publicity stunt.

Clara Bow becoming a blonde. Likewise Joan Crawford.

Ina and John Become Pals

INA CLAIRE suing John Gilbert for divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty—and then going gaily to parties with him, very much arm-in-arm.

Charlie Farrell's sudden marriage to Virginia Valli, without giving Janet Gaynor a hint of his plans.

(*Continued on page 94*)

News *and* Gossip



Maurice ("One Hour With You") Chevalier wanders over to the "Shanghai Express" set for a chat with Marlene Dietrich. Marlene, he heard, was homesick. That makes them pals

HOLLYWOOD has heard of many operations for enhancing beauty and correcting facial defects—and doesn't register any surprise over them. Having faces lifted is an old story to the town. But when a certain contract player had an operation performed on his ears, he had the town buzzing. And what did the surgeon do? Well, he took the ears and made them stick out so as to increase the actor's resemblance to Clark Gable!

HELEN CHANDLER has her own rules concerning deportment and she doesn't want you to think she is a "throwback" to the devilish nineties—not at all. She is modern about everything, but strutting around in nighties, bathing suits and teddies. She loves nice things, but she won't wear *these* nice things in any of her pictures—so there! By being a stickler for modesty, she has lost some very fine screen parts, but she has done it deliberately rather than change her personality.

NEIL MILLER, who is now the husband of Dorothy Mackaill, did not take his spouse to Honolulu (the old homestead) and settle down. Instead Dot took Neil to Hollywood, where he grabbed himself a job as headliner at the Embassy Club. He has long been a radio singer with a crooning voice—and he can be heard nightly rendering the air with "I Apologize" and other melodies of the moment. Dorothy was with him when he made his début and can usually be found at a ringside table every night. Neil was a bit embarrassed the opening night when Bert Wheeler followed him on the bill. Bert, just naturally, stole the show—but Neil practised up on those Hawaiian ditties, intending to wow 'em as he did at Waikiki.

WHICH reminds me that Dorothy and Neil are living on Neil's salary as a crooner. They have taken a two-room apartment (facing the rear) at the Chateau. We saw them dining the other night in a delicatessen lunch! Who said romance is dead in these hyah hills? If Neil's crooning satisfies, he'll probably get into the money like Rudy and Bing. Incidentally, these boys married movie actresses, too.



Richee

Using his head, Paul Lukas keeps his girl-friends from putting theirs together. But Dorothy Hall and Judith Wood are just two who pursue that nice mustache in "Working Girls"

WHEN the Club opened the other night, Elsie Janis was among the guests. It was the first time she had entertained in public since her mother's death. Entertained, you ask? She didn't put over any songs and dances and witty sayings when introduced, but delighted everyone with a few impromptu imitations of celebrities present.

BY the way, there is a new portrait hanging on the walls of the Embassy in place of the camera study of Connie Bennett that formerly occupied the space.



Roberta Gale (below) is rehearsing for a Hollywood New Year's party. She's just a li'l 17-year-old from down Florida way—acting in "The Dove"

Coburn

of the Studios

It is that of Jeanette MacDonald. The Bennett picture really disappeared, you know, and the inside story of its disappearance was told us by a newspaper man who swore that he saw this happen with his own eyes. A blonde movie vamp, said he, entered with friends, paused to look at Connie's face, then removing her slipper she smashed the glass of the Bennett picture with the high French heel! And that, my friends, is one way of removing something you don't like!

CHEVALIER and Jeanette MacDonald were discussing a kissing incident which they shared in Paris. It seems that Jeanette called her former starring partner of "The Love Parade" onto the platform and kissed him in full view of a gasping audience. Why they gasped at a single, harmless little kiss Jeanette couldn't imagine, until Chevalier explained that a kiss on the cheek would have been taken as a matter of course, but a kiss on the lips meant only one thing and that was—*oo la la!*

"I could keek myself," said Chevalier, ruefully, "because I din' do one thing. But I din' theenk of eet till afterward. I should have turn to the audience and said, 'If Mees MacDonald meant what you theenk she meant, thees is 'ow I would 'ave kees her!' And then I would 'ave given you one beeg movie kees!"

"I like the new picture," Chevalier told Jeanette, "*The script' eet smell good*—"

After doing "One Hour With You" in English, they'll do it in French—and keep up the union in Chevalier's next picture.



Will Walling, Jr.

Joan tells Doug, Jr. not to lean back that way—she just painted the inside of his chair, too. But Doug, the wisey, thinks she's kidding—the way she does as his co-star in "Union Depot"

THE annual tennis tournament held at the Peter Pan cottage of Herbert Brenon at Malibu was a huge success this year. Over a hundred movie celebrities contended for the prizes, using all the courts of the Malibu colony. And the prizes were well worth a struggle. The first prizes—won by Gilbert Roland and Bonnie Miller—were a gold pen presented by Ronald Colman, and a necklace presented by Dolores Del Rio, with the silver bowl for each presented by Mr. Brenon. Other prizes were as follows: Italian leather box presented by Warner Baxter; tennis case and racquets presented by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Powell; book ends presented by Elizabeth Meehan; bottle of perfume presented by Warner Baxter; silver and cut-glass bottle given by Milton Cohen; silver cigarette box given by Richard Barthelmess; silver cocktail-shaker presented by Clive Brook; gold and cloisonné compact and lighter given by Carl Laemmle, Sr. The prizes also included two tickets to the Stanford game presented by Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hyland and a leather suede purse with silver mountings given by Leo Carillo. A good time was had by all—and all the crowd was there except the "visiting firemen." But all the local firemen—including Warner Baxter, the Malibu fire chief, and his rival, Mayor Alan Dwan—were present.



R. W. Coburn

Three famous silent stars get together for a talk about the good, old days at Herbert Brenon's Malibu tennis tournament: Norma Talmadge; Anna Q. Nilsson, who's about to make her first talkie, and Alice Joyce, who's *thinking* of making some more talkies



If anybody has IT, now that Clara Bow is in temporary eclipse, that lass is Lilian Bond, below. She's lying in wait for some big parts.

Fryer

HOLLYWOOD mourns young Robert Williams' loss. And so does the movie public, which had just began to recognize him. His friends knew about his serious condition for a long time and were deeply alarmed. Doctors warned him—as they did years ago—but he shrank from an operation. So great was his dread of the knife that he was three times carried to the operating room, itself, and three times he refused to go through with it at the last moment. "Maybe they're wrong," he said, uneasily. "Besides, I can't spare the time from my work." So now his work is over. Though only thirty-four, he had a long theatrical career behind him, and had been married three times. It's such a tragedy to see a young life snuffed out just when reward had come in success and fame and riches.



Wide World

ARE they happy? Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore—"just a couple of old-timers" receive the awards of the Motion Picture Academy for the season's best acting. Marie won with "Min and Bill," Lionel with "A Free Soul"



Hurrell

Reversing the usual procedure, Lois Moran has left Hollywood's Great Open Spaces for Broadway. She'll be back in the Spring

WE heard just the other day of a new kind of slave bracelet. It seems that Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Dick Arlen to you) wears one locked around her waist! But what if Joby were to gain weight? It sounds distinctly uncomfortable. By the way, what ever became of the electric belts that gave the strong boys such "wim" and "wigor?"

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, visiting the city jail not long ago—jails have a morbid fascination for actors—was shown as a great privilege the celebrity of the place, Winnie Ruth Judd, who packed her best friends in a suitcase and trunk after shooting them, down Phoenix way. As Bob turned away a newspaper man entered—"And," says Bob, "if any critic thinks 'The Front Page' (that picture of newspaper life) was exaggerated, I wish he could have seen him! The reporter wore his hat on the side of his head and a cigar was stuck in the corner of his mouth. He beamed at the confessed murderess, 'Well,' he inquired, jauntily, 'and how is our little Tigress this morning?'"

TOM MIX is back in Hollywood. At the Wampas dinner before he fell ill he was the guest of honor. He told the publicity and advertising boys, "there's been lots of changes since I went with the circus, but I see the industry is being run by the same nationality anyhow! I used to be afraid of supervisors when I was here before, but in the circus I've spent so much time with trained monkeys that I feel better acquainted with 'em now."

TOM was at the Embassy another evening in his familiar white evening suit, with the white-carved high boots and the enormous sombrero. It is good to have him back, for the town hasn't been the same since he has been away. He adds to the local color of the place immensely. But Tom is through turning his home into a convention hall. It was customary for most of the folks to drop in on him and stay for hours and hours. Tom wants 'em to look for other headquarters now.

A NEWSPAPER woman was publicly embraced by a famous movie star at a recent press tea, and other guests teased her on "being clasped to such a famous chest." "Hm," said the recipient of the embrace skeptically, "you've heard of the Community Chest, haven't you? Well—that's his!"

THESE new-fangled divorces get us all mixed up. Now we hear that while Jack Dempsey is divorced from Estelle, and is even reported to be giving a diamond ring to another young



Fryer

It looks as if David Manners (left) is all set to ride high, wide and handsome. Every studio in town is after him. He's now with Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past"

lady over at Salt Lake City, Estelle is still married to Jack. Joseph Schildkraut was divorced by Elise Bartlett Schildkraut last June, but evidently continued to feel married for he went to London and got a divorce for himself. It's all very confusing.

IRENE RICH has the distinction of being the first film lady to weep at her divorce hearing. She was really tremendously upset over it, so much so that she put off telling her own mother about it until her mother read about it in the morning newspaper. Though her action surprised the film colony, those close to Irene say that it has been brewing for some time, and that she put it off for the sake of her daughters, rather then embarrass them by gossip while they were in school. Now, however, Frances, who has graduated from Smith College, is beginning her own career on the stage in New York—and doing very well for herself.



Even between scenes of "Cock O' The Air," Chester Morris takes long, admiring looks at his co-star, Billie Dove, who seems to be giving him as good as he sends. After a year's absence from the screen, Billie looks younger than ever—even if her hair is turning prematurely gray. What's more, Billie doesn't intend to dye it

THE first Mayfair dance of the season was a brilliant success—which means there were so many world-famous guests crowded together on the floor that dancing was almost impossible. Wherever you looked there was some star doing something interesting. You could see Pola Negri, wearing orchids at her elbow with a few of the posies stuck around the top of her glove; Dolores Del Rio combing her hair serenely, between courses; Lil Dagover in an ermine coat which swept the floor, and wearing white gardenias across the back of her head. Bebe Daniels was there, making her first appearance after Barbara Bebe's birth. She has been very ill. Connie Bennett was with the Marquis—her sullen blonde beauty more compelling than ever, but she appears thin in backless evening gowns. And there was Billie Dove in Howard Hughes party, and Conrad Nagel with his stunning wife.

OF course Conrad spoke over the mike. No evening would be complete without his mellow voice. He is always sincere and dignified and he always says something worth saying. We hear that he is thinking of giving up acting to become the official spokesman of the industry as he has been the unofficial one so long.

SAID Jack Warner as Master of Ceremonies, "Ben Schulberg is off addressing the Wampas, Fred Niblo is opening an oil station, so they wished this on me."

BY the way, Schulberg's Wampas speech bids fair to go down in Hollywood History. When he asked if there were any questions, Wilfred Beetson, brother of K. C. B. and editor of the waspish "Film Spectator," which tells the producers where to get off now and then, arose. "Will you tell me," said he in effect," why I have waited in your office for three weeks to see you, and your secretary always tells me you are busy?" Said Schulberg in effect, "My secretary is tactful. I told her I didn't wish to see you."

AT the preview of "Frankenstein" in Santa Barbara, eight women fainted and were carried out of the audience. At the studio preview a hard-boiled newspaper-woman turned green at the scene where the doctor moves a tray of glittering operating knives close to the body of the monster to dissect him, and rushed out of the studio violently ill. "I



C. S. Bull

The newest lad to become a sensation overnight is Wallace Ford, from the New York stage, who all but steals "Possessed" away from Clark Gable (the Great Lover, himself). He'll bear watching in "X Marks the Spot" and "Freaks"



Maybe to remind the neighbors that she used to be a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, Carole Lombard wears this daring little suit when she frolics these warm winter mornings in the Powell-Lombard pool

was all right till that 'give me something to dismember you by' scene," she quavered afterward.

THE make-up of Boris Karloff as the seven-foot monster was so weird and horrible that it was guarded carefully from prying eyes. He wore a cloth over his head whenever he moved from his locked dressing-room, and was led across the lot by the hand to the locked stage.

LEW AYRES' first remark to a friend when he and Lola returned from their honeymoon was pessimistically, "Well, wonder when I'll begin to hear we're going to have a baby!"



Wide World

Was Constance Bennett MAD when a photographer thus caught her repairing her lip rouge at the Mayfair dance? Well, she wasn't so mad as to be speechless. It was as good as a movie, they say

BY the way, he and Lola are tormenting the life out of Billie Bakewell, who considers himself, justly, something of a sheik. They insist that Billie is cut out for a bachelor and will live in a room at the Athletic Club and dine with them every Thursday evening. Their many children will call him "Uncle Billie" and run to search his pockets, while Billie, patting their little heads, will watch Lew walk away with his arm about Lola's waist and furtively wipe away a tear. Just call Billie "Uncle Will" and see what happens!

RAMON NOVARRO says that he has never been so happy in his life as he is in working with Greta Garbo on "Mata Hari." It is his first experience in co-starring, but Ramon doesn't mind it at all. "Greta is so square," says he, "she shares every scene fifty-fifty—in fact, insists on it!" The picture is being temporarily held up at the moment to await the recovery of Alec Francis, who had Hollywood worried for three days over his mysterious disappearance. Victim of a nervous breakdown which induced amnesia, Alec wandered about the neighboring towns until the proprietor of a restaurant, where he ordered ham and eggs, recognized him. Confronted with the police, poor Francis collapsed into their arms, sobbing his relief.

NOW it's Marjorie Rambeau who flew to Yuma to be married. Judge Freeman, who tied the nuptial knot uniting her and Francis A. Gudger, is doubling for Cupid these days. He not only married Neil Miller and Dorothy Mackaill, but also Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer. Gloria by the way, doesn't gain confidence in answering the marital questions. Though this was her fifth wedding ceremony (she married Mr. Farmer twice, the first ceremony being performed in Westchester County in New York 'way back in August, just after her return from Europe) she was as nervous as any society "deb" who braves her daddy's wrath by eloping with the family chauffeur. In fact, she was so nervous she cried.

"TARZAN," the picture which caused considerable delay before Johnny Weissmuller was "discovered" (the champ swimmer being the only type who approached the physical qualities of the rôle), was delayed for several hours the other day for



Wide World

When Hollywood steps out in a big way, festivities at the fall opening of the exclusive odd members, all from the film colony. In Bennett dancing with her intended, the is Dolores Del Rio. And if you know your Note the bottles on the tables. What are



The younger they are, the prettier they are. At least, that's what Educational Comedies claim, taking a look at their newest find, 17-year-old Frances Dean. You'll have a look at her, yourself, in the featured short, "Once a Hero"

another reason. It seems a hippo broke loose from his cage and snorted up a hill, dragging twenty extras, grips, props and electricians after him, and plunged into the lake with them. The shouts, snorts, splashings and gruntings that followed made the taking of a sound picture impossible. But "that's Africa" for you!

THE busybodies are trying to breathe romance into the sudden friendship of Maurice Chevalier and Marlene Dietrich—but, it just won't take for the simple reason that Chevvy is very much in love with his wife—and Marlene is just being responsive toward an artist who has the friendliest smile in the movies. The rumor started because Marlene, usually alone in the commissary or with Josef von Sternberg, now chats vivaciously with Maurice over the lunch table. The customers aren't used to seeing Marlene smile with such girlish interest. They forget that Chevalier is a gloom-chaser—and that he could make a wooden Indian laugh with all the abandon of a traveling salesman in the smoking compartment of a sleeper.





Lil Dagover, dressed in white as always, arrives at the Mayfair dance. Lil is the newest feminine sensation from Germany. She learned English in five months for "The Woman from Monte Carlo"

THE Academy of Arts and Sciences annual dinner was about as exciting as baking a cake for your hungry relatives. The speeches were typical of such affairs, being fulsome with compliments toward Vice-President Curtis and his sister, Mrs. Gann. Governor Rolph, even went so far as to suggest to the audience that if Hoover died, Mr. Curtis would become President. He reminded us that four Vice-Presidents in his memory had had this golden opportunity. The Vice-President said that he had already met one of Hollywood's daughters when several weeks ago he stood on the Capitol steps and listened to Polly Moran sing "I Love You, California." He went on to say in effect that the industry had improved in morale tremendously these last few years until the actors were worthy of the respect of the community. Roscoe Arbuckle, sitting near me, took a handkerchief as Mr. Curtis dilated on the old wild bad days of the movies, and wiped his forehead. With him was his fiancée, Addie McPhail.

local newspapers

Sylvia Sidney Destined to Leave Screen in 1933, According to Numerology



Famous Numerologist prophesies that sensational little New Yorker will return to stage — and later become a playwright, being very successful until she is 27. (She's now 21.) Sylvia's Numberscope also indicates that she likes to watch her effect on men, but is not interested in marriage

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

THE Numberscope of Sylvia Sidney, born Sophie, who was featured in "An American Tragedy" and "Street Scene," has many interesting number calculations which reveal her character and her future in Pictures.

As a type, she is typically a New York product, with that knack of knowing how to get what she wants. In her work she has proved her pluck, appears to know where she is going and is not easily stopped from getting there. As an individual, viewed from the numbers of her name, she has an "Ideality" (or inner urge) of "7" and an "Expression" (or method) number of "4." And just what does this mean?

The mysterious and impractical number "7" (which is not always lucky, by any means) is the "motive" number of many stars of the stage and screen—and Sylvia Sidney shows that she also has it by admitting to a very early desire to go on the stage, in her liking to collect books (usually first editions) and in an undercurrent of smoldering rebellion against many of the people and conditions she finds around her. This makes her difficult to live with and a little hard to direct. ...ver, this does not interfere with her career, for the "4" Expression ...k and abili... for hard work. She does, with vim and ... that she hates.

... ding and Clark Gable (who ... the somewhat



C. S. Bull

WHAT! NO PAJAMAS?

Girls will be girls again—if they follow Joan Marsh's lead. M-G-M's blonde Baby Star has given her boyish pajamas to the Salvation Army and has laid in a stock of long, lacy night-gowns to go with her long hair. Gone feminine, in other words. It takes a girl like Joan to be different! And it isn't any bedtime story that her new picture is called "Maker of Men"

BY DOROTHY MANNERS



Mary Astor, whose health failed after she was tragically widowed in January, 1930, has found health and happiness again through Dr. Franklyn Thorpe. They were married four months before the world knew it

The Truth About Mary Astor's Secret Marriage

When the beautiful young widow of director Kenneth Hawks could no longer keep secret her marriage to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, she was cross-examined about her secrecy in court. She had to live down "scandal." She found she had lost valuable friends. But Mary felt that she had to risk all these things—for one very good reason. This story reveals that reason!

UNTIL October 15, 1931, Mary Astor's chief job was to look beautiful (as always) in a continuous succession of motion pictures. But ever since the middle of October, when she could no longer keep secret her marriage to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, which took place in Yuma, Arizona, last June 29, Mary's principal job has been explaining, *explaining*, and then explaining some more.

Attorneys in a bitterly-contested legal action have demanded explanations from Mary as to why she kept her marriage secret. Reporters have asked Mary to explain why she "fibbed" so elaborately to them (and the public) about her marital state. And Mary has had to do additional explaining to a group of suspicious neighbors and tradespeople, who looked on her daily (and the gossips had it "nightly") association with Dr. Thorpe as "one of those movie scandals."

And in spite of Mary's many explanations, the impression lingers that the "secret" which she so avidly withheld for four months has made her trouble that only time will smooth over. Only Gloria Swanson—secretly married to Michael Farmer three months before her divorce from the Marquis de la Falaise became final—has had more difficulties about a secret marriage

than Mary. And even Gloria did not have to face a cross-examination about it in court.

The girl whom Hollywood had always looked upon as a model of propriety, whose good reputation was above reproach, was charged by the attorneys for the Tanner Air Livery and James Grainger, Inc., with "deliberately false testimony" while on the witness stand in a damage suit against their clients. Mary and nine other women, all widowed by the head-on collision of two movie-making 'planes off the California coast in January, 1930, were suing the owners of the 'planes for damages of $775,000, alleging "criminal negligence."

Mary Cross-Examined

"DID you not give a deposition for this trial last September twenty-third under the name of Lucille Hawks?" thundered the defendants' counsel.

"Yes," replied Mary (born Lucille Langhanke), the widow of director Kenneth Hawks.

"Did you not say then, in response to questions, that you had not remarried since Mr. Hawks was killed, January second, 1930?"

In a very faint voice, Mary replied: "No, I did not say I was not married. Instead of saying 'No' in response to the query, as you state, I said, 'Oh'—and was not allowed to finish."

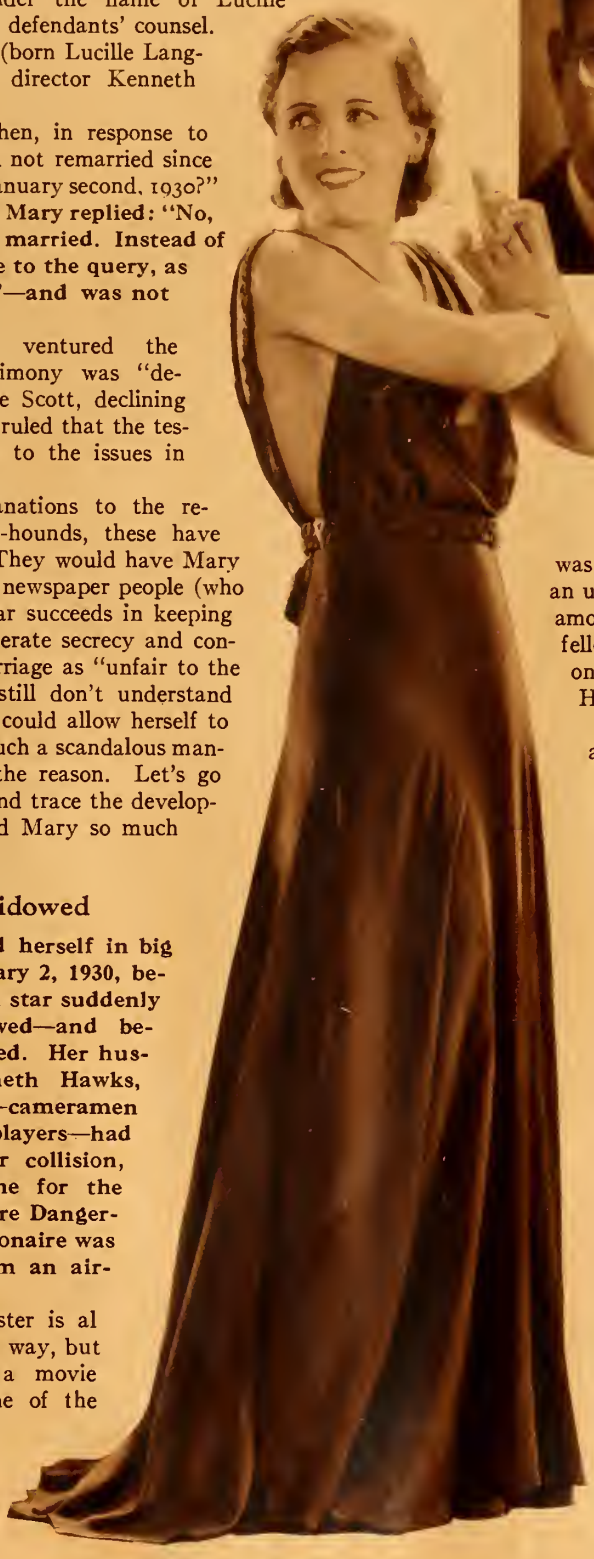
Plaintiffs' attorney ventured the opinion that this testimony was "deliberately false." Judge Scott, declining to honor the allegation, ruled that the testimony was immaterial to the issues in the case.

As for Mary's explanations to the reporters and the gossip-hounds, these have left many unsatisfied. They would have Mary more confidential. The newspaper people (who never like it when a star succeeds in keeping a secret) term her deliberate secrecy and constant denials of her marriage as "unfair to the public." The gossips still don't understand why "such a nice girl" could allow herself to be so talked about "in such a scandalous manner," no matter what the reason. Let's go back to the beginning and trace the developments that have brewed Mary so much trouble.

Tragically Widowed

MARY Astor found herself in big headlines, January 2, 1930, because she was a screen star suddenly and tragically widowed—and because she had collapsed. Her husband, director Kenneth Hawks, with nine assistants—cameramen and doubles for film players—had been killed in an air collision, while making a scene for the picture, "Such Men are Dangerous." in which a millionaire was supposed to leap from an airplane into the ocean.

Any Hollywood disaster is al ways headlined in a big way, but this was more than a movie catastrophe—it was one of the most disastrous crashes in the history of aviation on the West Coast. The only explanation for the crash was that the afternoon sun had blinded one of the pilots—and the 'plane carrying the actors in the scene flew head-on into the 'plane carrying the director and cameraman, and together they plunged into the Pacific. It was natural that great sympathy should have gone out to the widows of these men—particularly to the beautiful and charming and world-famous Mary Astor. It was believed by all who knew them that Mary and Kenneth Hawks were more than ordinarily happy. Mary had frequently said to friends that Kenneth had opened a new life to her—that she had never been happy before she knew him. Certainly she had blossomed out after her marriage. Before, she had been repressed, meek-mannered and thoroughly under the dominance of her family. It was not infrequent that her father would call for her as early as nine-thirty or ten o'clock on nights that Mary attended a club composed of young movie actresses.





The late Kenneth Hawks, Mary's first husband

How Her Life Changed

MARY'S reputation was impeccable. So very much so that a great many people looked upon her as beautiful—but uninteresting. Her marriage to the clever director brought new contacts, and poise and new charm to what Mary frankly admits was her "colorless" personality. Kenneth Hawks was an unusually popular and well-liked man. Particularly among men was he looked upon as a prince of good fellows—a regular scout. His death was regarded not only as a loss to his profession, but a personal loss to Hollywood as well.

In justice to Mary, it is only fair to relate a fact that Mary herself has never told—and perhaps this fact has particular bearing on the real reason for the secrecy about her marriage to Dr. Thorpe just previous to the lawsuit for damages. It is known on excellent authority that Kenneth Hawks loved to wager and bet for high stakes. Among his effects, it was reported, were found canceled checks for thousands of dollars in settlement of golf, football and prize-ring bets. During their brief married life, he and Mary "lived well" and the large salary he earned as a motion picture director could easily have been spent in such generous living. Hawks' estate was reported to be practically nothing after his bills had been settled.

The shock and grief of his death left Mary practically broken in health—suffering from anemia. For a while it was feared that she might be going into tuberculosis. There were further rumors that her poor health might keep her permanently from the screen. Mary had the deepest sympathy of the movie colony, which hoped that she would have the spirit and strength to come back from that borderline of life. She learned then that she had friends.

Gives Credit to Her Doctor

IT WAS while she was lying in a darkened apartment just off Hollywood Boulevard,

(Continued on page 91)

MEET HOLLYWOOD'S ON ONE OF THEIR



Wide World

You can't blame some of the boys for putting on the high-hat when they step out with their wives. Look at Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (left), whose dancing partner is the light-footed Joan Crawford. Yes, her wrap is ermine



Two hearts that beat in tango-time are those of Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons (above), married just over a year. Cedric's broad-minded, too, when Dolores becomes the belle of the ball — as she often does



When Charles Farrell puts aside the carpet slippers, and takes out the little woman (Virginia Valli, to you), this is how they look. Really, though, they like the home-life better than the night-life



Does Sally ("Bad Girl") Eilers have a hard time getting Hoot Gibson to put on the "soup-and-fish"? Not so you could notice! They like to go out and let the natives see those First Anniversary smiles

Famous Couples Big Nights Out



If Janet Gaynor and her tall husband went out more, there wouldn't be any rumors that all is not well in the manse of the Lydell Pecks. Look at how shamelessly they hold hands in public!



Posing for one of those 1850 husband-and-wife tintypes? Not at all! Kay Francis and her actor-director husband, Kenneth MacKenna, just take their partying seriously. Kay, by the way, doesn't often wear jewelry



Richard Dix gives the folks at the Mayfair Club (and that means Hollywood's best families) a glimpse of the girl he finally picked as his wife — the former Winifred Coe, San Francisco society girl. They'll honeymoon after Rich finishes "Frontier"

ke Divorce
d Colman

PRYOR

ay in Hollywood and a few staunch defenders were ve-
ment in reviewing her side of the story. These were
ick to regale all listeners
h the typical deserted-wife-
er-success-came type of sob



The new Thelma in Ronald's life —Thelma Todd—says she didn't know he had any divorce plans when he went to Europe. And she claims she isn't hiding any engagement ring

story. The gist of their remarks was that Thelma had been "good enough" to struggle along with Ronnie in their early days when both were struggling to make good in stock companies in England and America and she was better-known than he was—but when success in the movies came, Ronnie's love had flown out the window.

Interest in the Colmans waxed furious for the moment. It seemed inevitable that in the white heat of this gossip battle, they would reach some divorce agreement. But right in the midst of the gossips' debate, Mrs. Colman suddenly took her leave of Hollywood. It was a very quiet departure—but this much is known—that Mrs. Colman departed minus a divorce decree. According to the newspapers, Ronnie settled

For a long time after his embarrassed, he revealed neither he nor Mrs. Colauthentic, Ronald is at

...e be-
...ollywood career.

Why Has Ronnie Delayed?

MARRIED—and, at the same time, not married! It was natural that Ronald's half-husband-half-bachelor existence should have been the subject of a great deal of Hollywood conjecture, and it has been. For one thing, the folks have never been able to understand why, if Ronnie and his wife did not care to live together, they did not go through a divorce action. Divorce is decidedly not a taboo procedure in Hollywood. To the contrary, it is a gay social custom. So why, mused the natives, didn't the none-too-friendly Colmans get a divorce?

It was at first believed (when no divorce was forthcoming) that the pretty Thelma Raye Colman had refused to grant her movie idol husband his freedom. This particular impression was fostered by the fact that she came to Hollywood with the reported purpose of trying to find out what Ronald wanted to do about their marriage—and that he had industriously avoided her, asking her to communicate with him through his attorney. And when Ronald went to an opening with Lois Wilson, and discovered that their seats were very near those of his wife, he left before the end of the picture—apparently not desirous of risking an encounter with her.

The wise ones in Hollywood were pretty sure that Ronnie wanted a divorce, but that his wife refused to sue him on any grounds ("desertion" believed to be favored by Ronnie) and that she was insistent on remaining Mrs. Colman in name, if not in spirit. Others thought his inaction was a *beau geste* toward his wife—picturing him as being unwilling to be the one to sue for divorce. People took sides in this *pro* and *con* argument.

What Their Friends Said

RONNIE'S friends rallied to his defense with graphic stories of complete "incompatability."

Mrs. Colman lived with a newspaper woman during her brief

Since 1926, the English star has been half-husband, half-bachelor, living his own life, while his estranged wife, the former Thelma Raye, lived hers. Neither has sought a divorce through all these years. It's Hollywood's opinion that if Ronald wants his freedom now, he must be planning to marry again. And everybody is wondering who'll be the lucky girl



Thelma Raye Colman has never shared Ronald's Hollywood life. They parted during the filming of "The White Sister," his first screen success



arrival in Hollywood, Ronald Colman was called the town's "most eligible bachelor." At last, that he was married, though parted from his wife. For five years, Hollywood has wondered why man has sought a divorce. The mystery still is unsolved, but if news dispatches from abroad are last seeking his freedom. Hollywood, putting one and two together, assumes he plans to marry again

twenty-five thousand dollars upon his wife at this time and it was believed that in addition to this cash sum she was to receive fifty dollars weekly for the support of herself and her daughter by a previous marriage.

As a couple of years went by and no further effort was made by the popular Ronald to secure a divorce, Hollywood suddenly switched its guess about the cause of the delay and began to whisper that the Colmans were not divorced *because Ronnie did not want to be.* It was even whispered that the twenty-five thousand dollars had been settled upon Mrs. Colman with the understanding that she was *not* to sue for divorce. Let's see what this profited Ronnie:

Ronald Was Safe While Married

WELL, a gentleman legally married, but actually footloose, is safe, for instance, from any matrimonially-inclined ladies he might encounter. And if you do not think the ladies of Hollywood are matrimonially inclined toward handsome and rich actors, then you just aren't up on your Hollywood. Once or twice Ronald Colman has been falsely reported "engaged." He was never particularly upset by these rumors. He had no cause to be. Ronnie would merely grin and remark, "Engaged? How could I be engaged? I am a married man."

Ronald has never seemed particularly interested in any one woman, with the possible exception of Evelyn Laye, English stage beauty, who came to Hollywood last year to make

(*Continued on page 85*)



Fryer

How Not To Be A Wallflower

It's easy. Just take a hint from Lilian Bond, who'll never, never be one. She likes walls. She says that up on a wall they can see you better. But the boys can usually spot li'l Lilian, no matter where she is. For one thing, she has auburn hair—and one of the cutest figures that Broadway ever lost. If you're looking for her, yourself, you'll find her in "Union Depot"

The Voice with the Love Call Wins



It's the voice with the love call that wins on the air. That's why Bing Crosby has become the rage of the hour. He has that Certain Something in his voice which electrifies his listeners. He puts intense feeling into his songs as if they were meant for you—or you—or even you. Bing is as popular with men as he is with women—and Rudy Vallee has had to move over to make room for him

BY CRUIKSHANK

"BING! BING!! BING!!!" Twenty years ago that was the battle-cry of Mrs. Crosby's little boy, Harry, as he swung into action against the Hated Redskins, or played at Cops 'n' Robbers in the backyards of Tacoma, Washington. To-day it's different.

"Bing! Bing!! Bing!!!" Now the call is the nation-wide demand for a new idol. On the air, on the screen, in person, the world wants Harry Lillis Crosby. It calls him "Bing," it takes him to its heart, it rolls its eyes and echoes back to him, "I Surrender, Dear!"—the song that he made famous.

He's pretty nearly of an age with Rudy Vallee and Buddy Rogers, and comparisons with them are inevitable. Like Buddy, he creates an impression of seriousness and sincerity. Like Rudy, he's very sure of himself. He's a tougher guy than either. And more down to earth. A bit of a swaggerer, too—there's a challenge in his manner. He dares the world to tread on the tail of his coat.

Literally and figuratively, the world has done so. Bing has been banged in many a battle, physical and otherwise. He has proved that he can take it as well as dish it out. Perhaps these earlier experiences will make him a more universal favorite than the Vagabond Lover or the Darling of the Debs. He's a man's man who has a way with women. He sings baritone—if you know what I mean.

He has a mop of blond hair, like Rudy's, but not so marceled-looking. And his eyes are the same baby-blue. Only in Bing's there's a bit more of the steel glint. His face is shaped more like that of young Mr. Rogers. And it will launch as many ships. He doesn't smile as frequently as either of the other boys. But when he does, it's an ad for his dentifrice.

Built Like a Fighter

WIDE shoulders and a general squareness of physique make him look shorter than his five feet nine. He'd make a husky ringman in the middleweight division, for which he qualifies with 165 pounds of avoirdupois. He's the kind of guy who'll try anything once. He challenged Bobby Jones to a golf tourney, for instance. And he has been known to take in a lot of territory in a Donegal free-for-all.

Bing's not the type to be called a "boy." He was a boy once, of course. And after the "bing-bing" days, he went to school like any other kid. He played sand-lot baseball, did his share on the gridiron, took pen in hand for the student paper—and—made the band. Yep, he was the drummer. Bing, bing, bing. Or should it be "boom" for a drum?

Anyway, Bing's boom days didn't dawn for a long time. He matriculated at Gonzaga University, in Spokane, Washington, for the law course. But the legal bar is one of those to which Bing never gained admission. A time lapse finds him one of an entertainment trio—Barris, Crosby and Renker. They called themselves the "Three Rhythm Boys," and did an off-to-Buffalo from many stages.

They muscled into Paul Whiteman's outfit, and after Bing appeared with the Mastodonic Maestro in the "King of Jazz" spectacular flop-film, he remained in Hollywood. Whiteman was gone, but Bing's melody lingered on. And charmed the stars that shone from the ringside tables at the Ambassador Hotel's far-famed "Cocoanut Grove."

He made a hit on the Sunkist Coast long before his melting melodies stirred the Effete East to nostalgic memories. Whereas Fay Webb's boy-friend, Rudy, was pridefully acknowledged by the Towered Metropolis before Hollywood had heard his hymnings. Bing has been heard—rather than seen—in a half-dozen feature films, though in a brief sequence in "Confessions of a Co-Ed" he stole the picture. And he has been starred in a sensational series of short subjects for Educational Pictures. Four of these are proving greater drawing-cards than the full-length productions which they accompany. Two remain to be made at some future date.

Enjoys Himself in Pictures

BING'S self-assurance is apparent in his pictures. He seems at far greater ease than Rudy, and much less the juvenile than Charles R. "Buddy." But perhaps his film career thus far has been something of a romp for him. For it seems to have been one of those happy associations where star, cast and director get together, nudge one another in the ribs, chuck a couple of chins, and say: "Okay, pals,

(*Continued on page 88*)

You Wouldn't Know the New Dorothy Mackaill



There has been a great change coming over Dorothy Mackaill since her marriage to Neil Miller (above). The girl who snapped her fingers at life has now settled down in a two-room apartment, where she lives on her husband's salary—and loves it. She even looks different—and she's interested in her work again. Yeah, Dot's happy once more

ARE you up-to-date about Dorothy Mackaill? It's possible that you aren't—for Dorothy has been Mrs. Neil Miller only such a short time—and Mrs. Neil Miller is the new Dorothy Mackaill. There have been plenty of stories about made-over personalities in Hollywood. But there has never been a more startling and *bona-fide* right-about-face than that which has taken place in the personality of Warner Brothers' English blonde.

Love is responsible for most of it. And the remaining one per cent may be checked off to a sudden great weariness of frivolous Hollywood antics. Dorothy is a little bit tired of the right places to go at the right moment, the right people to speak to with the correct inflection, the accepted degree of tilt to the "high hat," and all the other tomfoolery that goes with stardom and stars.

She has snapped completely out of her old philosophy of "take your fun where you find it—for tomorrow you may not be here." It amuses her to look back on that Dorothy-Who-Used-To-Be—"the most engaged girl in Hollywood" they called her, and not without justification. The brevity of her engagements was more or less of a joke—even to Dorothy. The rumored men in her life were like so many beads strung along her career. Before she met Neil, Joel McCrea, director John McCormick (before his marriage to Mrs. Janet Gattis) and Walter Byron were the newest. Joel was the one who introduced her to Neil—and that was the end of the flock of engagement rumors.

Has Given Up Life of a Star

SHE lived, very much after the prescribed fashion for successful movie stars, at an elaborate beach house on the Palisades of Santa Monica, manned-and-maided by the correct number of servants. She bought her clothes at the most exclusive (which means the most expensive) establishments in town. She had lived in Hollywood almost since the start of her career, but all she knew about the Boulevard was that part of it that could be glimpsed through the shiny window of her town-car. She attended "first nights" and cafes and other stars' parties religiously. In short, Dorothy "belonged."

These items are brought to mind not because they are any part of the life of the Mrs. Neil Miller of today—but just to prove how far Dorothy has come from the girl she used to be a year ago. Dorothy's first marriage—to director Lothar Mendez—didn't change the ex-"Follies" girl like this.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Miller are living in a two-room apartment on a quiet, tree-shaded street near Hollywood Boulevard. It isn't as roomy as that house overlooking the broad Pacific, but then, Mr. Miller's salary doesn't stretch that far, and the brand-new Millers are living on Mr. Miller's salary. Until a few weeks ago he was singing, as a featured attraction at the Embassy Club; but somehow the arrangements didn't pan out and at present Neil is "looking around." He's frank about it. He is a sincere chap without an ounce of pretense in his system and he's the first to bring it to your attention that they are "economizing." He has his jaw stuck out about it, too. He and "Mrs. Miller" are going to live on his earnings—or else! And he means it.

Is Mrs. Miller game? That's what Hollywood wants to know!

This Bride Can't Cook, Either

WELL, when you ring their small doorbell, either Dot or Neil is right on hand to answer it. There's not a sign of a servant, unless you want to count the girl furnished by the apartment management, who comes in to "clean" for an hour every day.

Because this girl does not arrive until late in the afternoon, it means that Mrs. Miller has been arising about nine o'clock every morning to start the coffee percolating and to get the orange juice squeezed. It sounds like one of those press-agent dreams—but it's the truth. The reason the breakfasts are not more elaborate is because Mrs. Miller cannot cook anything else.

When the pangs of hunger grow a little too strong about eleven o'clock, the Millers fare forth onto Hollywood Boulevard for a more hearty repast. "We eat at a different lunch counter every morning," said Dorothy—and didn't laugh. They particularly like the counter service at Musso-Franks, but even so it's

By MADGE HARLAN

"fun" to experiment in different coffee shops—and even drug stores.

After breakfast Dorothy and Neil walk around and look in the shop windows. Mrs. Miller is crazy about this. It's all new to her. There are hundreds of little shops strung along the Boulevard with windows packed with curios and pictures and books that could never be seen from the back seat of a town-car. As for the hat shops—they're grand. Dorothy Mackaill used to pay from thirty to fifty dollars for a hat at Greer's or Magnin's. Mrs. Neil Miller recently purchased two of the "cutest models you ever saw" for seven dollars and fifty cents apiece. That's cheap for any movie star.

The Millers also enjoy standing outside of Hollywood picture shows and looking at the colored stills of the current attraction. To hear them tell it, a couple of hours on the Boulevard is just about the biggest excitement Hollywood has to offer.

Why Dorothy Is Healthier

THE orange juice stands alone are more fun than a premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater—and that's what passes in Hollywood for a big time. Mrs. Miller just can't seem to get past the orange juice stands. She's crazy about oranges. During the first couple of weeks of her marriage she drank so much orange juice that her skin broke out from the acid. But in spite of the rash she looks prettier and younger than Dorothy Mackaill has looked in a long time. Her recipe is simple: She says anybody can look well when she is happy.

You can't be with Dorothy and doubt that. She is so happy that her own happiness is no longer a source of interest in her mental processes. She wants Neil to be happy. She calls him "the kid" and she wants a nice, big break to come along for him pretty soon, so he will cut out worrying about bills and where he is eventually going to land, and so on. Not that *she* is worrying about Neil's future. Not a bit of it. She says you can tell when people have it in them—and she knows Neil has. She knows perfectly well a big radio offer, a studio contract, or something equally desirable lies just around the corner for him.

The young Millers like to have friends drop in on them around tea time. They're terribly proud of their place. There's an antique high-boy in the bedroom that is "really a valuable piece of furniture." And the view from the windows is lovely at sunset. You can look out over the garden and everything.

So far, Dorothy's admiring pals on the newspapers and magazines have been their most frequent callers. For some reason or other, a great many people just haven't got around to calling. Maybe they're just temporarily peeved that Dorothy and Neil eloped so suddenly. Hollywood loves to fête a bride — particularly one as popular as Dorothy. But the Millers didn't want it that way—parties and things.

They Took Her Mother's Advice

DOROTHY'S mother wanted them to have a very quiet wedding, anyway. "When a girl has been reported engaged as often as you have, the quieter the marriage the better," was Mama Mackaill's advice. So just on the spur of the moment they chartered an airplane and eloped to Yuma. They didn't consider it anybody's business, really. But when they returned they ran into a couple of barbed

(*Continued on page 79*)





The Grecian and Modern Manner in Modes

AS WORN BY RUTH HALL, LUPE VELEZ AND KATHRYN CRAWFORD

Its low waistline and cowl neck give this white satin gown, worn by Ruth Hall, a smart Grecian effect—and its wide band of sable, which reaches the floor, makes it doubly fascinating. The bracelet, necklace and ear-rings that Miss Hall wears with this gown are of cut crystal and pearl, set with antique gold



The combination of black and red which is carried out in this satin suit worn by Lupe Velez is very flattering to her olive-skinned beauty. The skirt and jacket are black and the color of the tie-trimmed blouse is red. The close-fitting hat she wears with this outfit is also black with a band of red to match the blouse



Black and white is always a popular combination and Kathryn Crawford's suit above is carried out in this two-tone scheme, consisting of a black cloth skirt with white short-sleeved jacket which has black fox fur cuffs. A white felt "darby," black gloves, purse and slippers complete this black and white outfit



Kathryn Crawford says that the costume for the supper hour must be less elaborate than the formal dinner dress and more lavish than the afternoon styles. Above, she shows an appropriate style of ecru lace with a soft satin bow at the waist and a matching cap



A perfect picture — that's what Miss Crawford is in this black net evening frock with a flaring peplum. The skirt gracefully extends out in bouffant fullness by a flaring flounce arrangement. Silvery rhinestone beads trim the neckline, front and peplum

HOLLYWOOD'S NOW WELCOMES

RUTH HALL AND BRING SWEATERS



Ruth Hall hails the return of the sweater with this knitted model in dark blue, which boasts the new sleeve treatment. The hat matches the sweater and the skirt is of beige flannel



The good old stand-by — the sweater and skirt—makes a welcome costume for Evalyn Knapp. In this case, it is a slip-on sweater of brown, striped in red and beige, with which she wears a brown broadcloth skirt, brown hat and slippers



Here is the type of sweater the "rah-rah" girls of the screen are wearing for active winter sports. Ruth's selection is of red, white and blue, and she tops it off with a little red knitted wool cap

Younger Set Chilly Days

EVALYN KNAPP BACK IN STYLE



Hollywood seems to have gone collegiate in a big way with the return of the sweater costume. This one worn by Ruth Hall has the flattened turtle-neck and the close-fitting sleeves. Brown, red and orange are the colors used in this slip-on sweater



There's no garment so comfortable as a sweater, says Miss Knapp. Above, she is seen wearing one of dark red and beige, and it also has the new sleeve which has heretofore been confined to dresses



And this is the more dressy sweater which proves that sweaters are not for sports wear only. This lovely combination of brown-and-cream-colored wool in a yoke effect is modeled by Miss Hall. A matching cap, flannel skirt and two-toned pumps complete the outfit



Richee

Miriam Hopkins can't control her silvery blonde mop of hair—it's always wanting to go places. And Miriam, herself, is like that. She just can't help going places on the screen, because she's uncontrollable. The little Southern girl with the crooked smile has appeared in five pictures and stolen four. She's the next girl that Paramount is going to star—because she has looks, figure, talent and brains. What her face doesn't tell you about her, the story opposite will

Are You Up-to-date About Miriam Hopkins?

You know how Miriam Hopkins steals pictures (four out of five to date!)—but did you know that Mack Sennett wanted her to be a bathing beauty? Did you know that her silvery blonde hair is natural? Did you know that she's afraid of Hollywood? Did you know that she even lives a different kind of married life? In this story you'll discover the real Miriam. Don't miss reading it and knowing her better

By FAITH SERVICE

SAYS Miriam Hopkins: "The most important thing in life is to have friends who sit around the fire with you and talk—and talk—until someone says, 'My Lord, it's *dawn!*'"

And that little remark reveals Miriam Hopkins, the next little girl to be starred by Paramount, because she has stolen four pictures out of five. That is the keynote to her warm personality—the answer to "What is she really like?" Fame and wealth and even love are not the most important things in life to her. Good friends, good talk around an open fire, forgetfulness of time and place—that's what Miriam wants from life.

And here's another revealing remark. The driver of the Paramount studio car said to me, as he was driving me home, "You been with Miss Hopkins to-day? Jeez, she's swell! I been driving her from her dressing-room on the lot to the set these past few days because she hasn't been feelin' well. There's not many of 'em would say 'thank you' for a little run like that. But *she* always does. She never forgets. *She's real.*"

There you have Miriam Hopkins.

She's real. She's a rare sort of person. She has friends among the *literati* of New York. She has invitations to go sailing on the Schenck yacht, invitations to the Hearst ranch, invitations to Marion Davies' formal dinner parties. She has, also, friends among the electricians and the studio chauffeurs, the extras and the prop-boys. Her colored maid is her friend. Her secretary is her friend. The script girl on the set is her friend. She never forgets to order coffee and sandwiches for them when, during a long day's work, she orders them for herself.

Miriam Has a Heart

I WATCHED her on the set, making "Two Kinds of Women," with Phillips Holmes and Irving Pichel also in the cast. For three hours by the clock they went over and over and over one small scene because an old man, an "extra," spoiled his lines, couldn't get a bit of business in the tempo wanted by William de Mille, directing. Mr. de Mille was white with weariness and exasperation. Miriam, suffering from pleurisy, was white, too, but not with exasperation—with *pity*. With tolerance. And with her own pain.

She waited until Mr. de Mille was elsewhere on the set and then, quietly, she called the old man to her, tried to explain to him what was wanted, went over it with him, suggested some moves by which it might be easier for him. She made expressive eyes at the rest of the cast, warning them not to complain about him, warning them not to laugh. She said to me, "The poor, old thing—he's *trying*, isn't he?" In anybody else, you might call this acting. But not in Miriam. Unlike most witty people, the sharp-witted Miriam has a heart as big as all outdoors. It just isn't in her to be a show-off. That makes her success in Hollywood—both on and off the screen—all the more remarkable.

Southern Without the Accent

MIRIAM was born in Savannah, Georgia. She is a Southern gal, suh, without a Southern accent. She was brought up on a huge plantation that eventually formed part of the tiny town of Bainbridge, Georgia.

There is writing blood in the family. Her maternal grandmother, Mildred Middleton Cutter, published several books of poetry and for some years conducted a page of comment and poetry for "Munsey's Magazine." An uncle, under the name of Dixie Hines, wrote a syndicated column up to the time of his recent death. Miriam's mother studied music and had musical hopes for one of her two daughters. And Miriam's older sister, Ruby, is an advertising writer, and represents several large hotels. Which may explain why Miriam says that if ever she should find the stage and the screen blocked to her (which will never, never happen) she would be a newspaper reporter like a shot!

Miriam, as a child, never even thought about becoming an actress. She neither posed in front of mirrors nor dressed up

(Continued on page 86)



And so Connie Bennett Married the Marquis

The reporters missed it—they were freezing outside—but there were fireworks at Connie Bennett's wedding to Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye, familiarly known as "Hank." And Connie wanted such a quiet ceremony, too! Anyway, there were no shoes or rice thrown at the couple—it wasn't that kind of a wedding

By BEATRICE BRAWLEY

HOLLYWOOD has seen some colorful weddings in its time—everything from a simple, fireside ceremony to a three-ring circus. But the marriage of Constance Bennett and the Marquis Henri le Bailly de la Falaise et de la Coudraye was Hollywood's most dramatic wedding, by far. The unexpected happened.

The May McAvoy-Maurice Cleary wedding was filmdom's most sedate. The Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque wedding was the greatest pageant. (Even the turkeys at the nuptial banquet were spectacular—they bounced when Lilyan Tashman speared their burnished *papier-mache* sides with a fork.) The Ruth Roland-Ben Bard marital service was the most amazing, because the guests apparently forgot where they were and applauded when the bride and groom returned from the altar down the long aisle.

But so much excitement preceded the actual marriage of Connie and the Marquis that it was small wonder events culminated in a climax that was dramatic, despite the fact that the wedding itself was a very quiet affair.



Wide World

Again there is a wedding ring on Connie Bennett's finger, placed there by the Marquis de la Falaise—which makes Connie a Marquise. They were married on her birthday—the anniversary of their first meeting

First, on November 7, 1930, Gloria Swanson divorced the Marquis, which put him back in circulation again—and Connie was seen everywhere with him. Then, last summer they went abroad on vacation together (Henri is supervisor of all French versions at RKO), and returned together—and denied they were engaged. When Gloria's secret marriage to Michael Farmer came out, Connie said that she thought elopements and secret marriages were silly. And when she and the Marquis went to get their license, Connie ran out on the newspapermen in such haste that she almost didn't get her license. And lastly, she wanted to marry on November 22—not only because that would be her birthday (twenty-sixth), but because it was the anniversary of the date on which she signed her first film contract and the date when she was first introduced to the Marquis (33), who became her business manager.

The setting of the wedding had some of the aspects of a war drama. Outside the palatial Beverly Hills home of director George Fitzmaurice and his wife (the former Diana Kane), where the rites were celebrated, a battery of newspapermen and photographers were doing sentry duty. They alternately sat and walked, for six long hours, on a coldly penetrating day such as only beautiful sunny California can boast—waiting to take pictures of the lovely bride and her handsome husband and obtain the wedding news for their numerous publications. Constance and the Marquis wanted peace and quiet. They refused to see them, let alone pose for pictures. But the boys stayed on gallantly, in line of duty, and feeling from many years of experience that stars often change their minds. Constance might, too!

As four o'clock and the hint of approaching darkness came on, the biting wind quickened—and the men tensely studied their watches, wondering if they'd make the last edition with their stories. Inside the Fitzmaurice drawing-room, one end of which was banked with white chrysanthemums, lilies and roses, Judge Lewis R. Work spoke the words that conferred upon Constance Bennett the title of Marquise de la Falaise et de la Coudraye.

The double-ring ritual was followed. All went well until the slender platinum band became slightly stubborn in sliding onto the finger of the bride. Then came a slightly jarring note in an otherwise impressive service. Constance, slightly exasperated, murmured, "Oh, dear, the thing doesn't fit!"

She was given away in marriage by her actor-father, Richard Bennett, often called "Stormy Dick" and "Roarin' Richard," because he'll speak his mind on any provocation. If a theater audience persistently laughs in the wrong places, for instance, he'll storm up to the footlights, stopping the show to tell them



Part of the cast in the Bennett wedding drama: (left to right), Barbara Bennett Downey (wife of singer Morton Downey), Joan Bennett, Eileen Percy, matron-of-honor, the bride, Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, in whose home Connie was married, and Marion Davies

they're a pack of morons. But he certainly acted the rôle of proud father in giving Connie her start as the Marquise.

Connie and Richard Made Up

THE presence at the wedding of Bennett and his second wife, the former Angela Raisch, proved that the wings of the dove of peace had fluttered. For it had been more or less reliably reported that Constance had spoken *her* mind only a few weeks before, because her father, without permission from her, gave a certain newspaper reporter the story of her life—including that part anent her former marriage to millionaire Philip Morgan Plant, from whom she was divorced. (Her first marriage—to Chester H. Moorehead, a University of Virginia student—was annulled.)

Eileen Percy, former screen actress and now a newspaper commentator on Hollywood events, was matron-of-honor. Mrs. George Fitzmaurice also attended the bride. Both wore black velvet, ankle-length gowns, lace-trimmed, and small hats of black velvet. Practically all of the women present wore black velvet—including Marion Davies, who was in

(*Continued on page 95*)



Connie had to finish "Lady with a Past" before honeymooning

The PICTURE

REVIEWS OF THE



GOOD SPORT

Just Fair—Take It Or Leave It: Just exactly who was the good sport in this picture we cannot say. The conduct of none of the characters seems deserving of the term. However, we suppose, it refers to the young wife, who, discovering that her husband has had a mistress for years, determines to move into the love nest and find out where she has failed as a wife. The situation has its promise, which is not kept. If the heroine had really learned why men prefer light ladies to wives she would have been a benefactress to humanity.

Linda Watkins is an odd screen type. No one except a movie hero (played woodenly by John Boles) could have mistaken her for anything except a virtuous and rather priggish person. As it is, meeting her at a shady party he hesitates to fall in love with her. The best scene is the meeting between the wife and the mistress.



COCK O' THE AIR

Funny In Spots—Finely Produced: A minor insanity that does not always achieve the spirit it intends. It is a mad farce of impossible situations, some of which go over the borderline of the risqué. Billie Dove is an actress, so beautiful that the Allied governments, all of them, request that she be exiled because "soldiers cannot be expected to keep their minds on the war while she is in Paris." She goes to Italy where she meets Chester Morris, an American aviator, and a devil with women. She resolves to teach him a lesson, by visiting him at midnight, clad in a suit of armor. But the aviator has a can opener!

The production is nearly as beautiful as Billie Dove, its star. In fact the lavish hand of Howard Hughes is to be seen at every turn. It is unfortunate that, with the exception of a moment here and there, the story does not deserve such excellent treatment. It is funniest when slapstick.



PRIVATE LIVES

Peach Of A Picture: Depression or no depression, here is something you must not miss. A delightful tidbit, it moves with lightning speed on the gossamer wings of nonsense. You'll be lyrical, too, about "Private Lives."

Norma Shearer and her new husband, Reginald Denny, on the first night of their honeymoon find themselves in the same hotel with Robert Montgomery and Una Merkel, also honeymooners. Norma and Bob were once married but their violent quarrelling led to divorce. Now on the eve of new lives with new mates, they discover themselves still very much in love. What to do? Why, elope together!

There is no need of spoiling your enjoyment by revealing the manner in which this unique and amusing situation is untangled. Norma Shearer matches Montgomery's well-known flair for light comedy and after the posey dramatics of late, reveals herself as a charming comédienne.



TONIGHT OR NEVER

Swanson's Best Performance: Sex with a capital X to mark the spot. Absolutely nothing is left your imagination —in fact, you are not supposed to have an imagination. Yet "Tonight or Never" is far and away Gloria Swanson's best performance in talking pictures. And she receives more than excellent support from the Broadway cast.

There have been no concessions to the censors in transcribing the play to the screen. It remains the unvarnished story of an opera singer, sex-starved and, thereby, inhibited. She is told she can never achieve the heights of her profession until she has known real love. She deliberately chooses a gigolo, her voice is glorified and then she discovers her supposed gigolo is a famous impresario. Of course, it's wedding bells, but many will think they ring too late.

All this is delightfully told and sparkling with brilliant lines and performances. But it is sophisticated fare.

PARADE

NEWEST PICTURES



HER MAJESTY, LOVE

A Nifty Musical: This is the first musical comedy to be translated successfully into screen terms—probably because the music was mostly left out. The old story of the poor girl and the prince—in this case a prince of finance—who woos her in a dance is as good as new, furnished with some reliable comedy by W. C. Fields and decorated with Marilyn Miller, and a different Ben Lyon. Instead of the rather worn juvenile we are accustomed to, Ben looks debonair and romantic and he sings and dances well.

If only for the scene where Marilyn appears at the banquet after her lover has rejected her by order of his haughty family, and wrecks the table in a gorgeous orgy of smashed dishes and thrown food, you should see the picture. The tango song is haunting, and the ending, which shows the heroine meeting the hero on her wedding night and planning a somewhat vague future is satisfactory.



SAFE IN HELL

Picture Carries A Punch: This picture is disappointing at the end because so much of it has been so very good. Dorothy Mackaill plays one of her pure-hearted trollops, a girl who, betrayed through no fault of her own, earns her living in the only way she knows till her sailor lover returns from a long voyage to find her wanted for murder. He takes her to an island in the Caribbean where there is no extradition, and there, among a motley assembly of picturesque refugees from the law, he leaves her to wait his next return. She is safe—but safe in hell. With all the odds against her she makes a brave struggle to keep decent among the lustful women-starved ruffians.

Nina Mae McKinney, by the way, is remarkable as the smiling, secret half-caste keeper of the place. The picture has the ring of truth up to this point; then without warning it goes movie. Why? one wonders.



ARROWSMITH

Exceptional Picture—Don't Miss It: Ronald Colman's "Arrowsmith" is one of the finest characterizations he has ever brought to the screen—sensitive, finely drawn, alive, likable. And to back him up, he has been given a cast of extraordinarily fine players, and direction and photography that in some cases is marvelous.

The Sinclair Lewis story is pretty well known—the tale of the young medical student who, for love, gives up opportunity for fame to become a country doctor, only to achieve fame after all. Yet, in doing so, he loses the wife he loves beyond anything else in life.

It is a story of extremes—lightness and tragedy flash before you, and twist your emotions. There are some of the finest bits of poignant drama the screen can achieve in some of the Colman-Helen Hayes scenes. This Hayes girl, still new to the screen, has great heights before her!



UNDER EIGHTEEN

Just Fair-To-Middlin': In this modern fairy tale *Cinderella*, played rather cynically by Marian Marsh, goes out to find a *Prince* who will buy her a fur coat and a limousine and a pent-house. Being a thoroughly modern *Cinderella*, who works in a gown establishment and listens to the chatter of the models, she realizes that Princes don't marry working girls. But the arrival in their tenement home of her married sister (Anita Page does some good comedy work as the shrewish blonde with the good-for-nothing husband) confirms her distrust of marriage and the cheery platitudes of Regis Toomey as her iceman lover.

A typical movie view of the pastimes of the rich, which consist of dancing in bathing suits and swimming in evening gowns in a pent-house, is presented. The maudlin ending is given the saving touch of humor by Warren William whose charm could justify a much worse picture.

You Need Not Trust To Luck In The Movies



HELL DIVERS

Beery Stands Out In Fine Picture: Here and now we nominate Wallace Beery's performance as the old type of Navy man, for next year's Award of the Motion Picture Academy. We doubt if anything finer will be done by any actor in the next twelve months. Without this warm and human personality, dominating every scene whether present or not, this would have been a glorified newsreel. But with him it becomes real drama enacted against an epic background of sea and sky. When you add the entire United States Navy to the cast, it's a super-show.

The amazing camera angles, the shots of these strange aircraft, the Hell Divers at their dangerous work, the scenes of aeroplanes landing on the deck of the *Saratoga* with the smoothness and precision of birds, are breath-taking. We must credit Clark Gable for his virile portrayal of the new type of Navy man, and Marjorie Rambeau's study of the robust resort-keeper, but standing out above them all is Wallace Beery.



FRANKENSTEIN

Unusual Film—Not For The Nervous: Universal has anticipated our criticism of this thriller by a clever prologue, in which one of the characters appears before a curtain and tells the audience that if they don't like horror and fright, they can leave and get their money back at the box office. This warning cannot be made too strong. Children should not be allowed to see this picture. Nervous people should keep away from it. For the strong-stomached, however, it is a new sensation. Its horror is purely physical except for the sickening scene where the monster, created from stolen bodies, comes on a child at play.

Fantastic backgrounds and fine electrical effects add to this movie nightmare. While all the actors are good, Boris Karloff, as the monster into whom a criminal brain has been put by mistake by his scientist creator (Colin Clive) is superb. His make-up is awe-inspiring and he arouses morbid sympathy as well as loathing. A remarkable picture, but one of its kind is enough.



SURRENDER

Well Done—By All Means See It: Here's another contribution to the picture propaganda against war, with the fresh background of a German prison camp as locale, and with a singularly interesting group of human beings whom geographical lines have made enemies, but whose tastes and views make them friends. In the place of the horrors of No Man's Land and the trenches, we have the horrors of inaction and starvation in a camp where the captors themselves are hungry. The human angle of men and women compelled to hate each other by tradition is brought out by the particularly fine characterizations of Ralph Bellamy as the mutilated German captain and Warner Baxter as the winning French sergeant.

In the end human nature triumphs and everyone surrenders hate and prejudice and principle to a new understanding. The suicide of the crippled captain at the end of the war because "in uniform he was picturesque, but as a man he would be merely pitiable" is great tragedy.



A HOUSE DIVIDED

Worth Your While—Don't Miss It: Here is a picture with a really new situation. Against the homely background of a seaside cottage is worked out a drama as stark and dreadful to watch as one of Eugene O'Neill's. Walter Huston, as the hard, grim fisherman who writes a letter to a matrimonial paper and draws a slender, frightened girl in the place of the strapping wife he wanted to do his work, makes a very real character. Equally real are Kent Douglass, as the sensitive son, possessed with a longing to get away from him, and Helen Chandler, as the girl.

On his wedding night the father is paralyzed by a fall and thereafter one watches the working out of their fates as the two young people are drawn together while they watch the cripple slowly regaining his powers and waiting for the time when he will be able to take his shrinking wife in his arms. The violence of the storm which solves their problem and ends the picture seems tawdry beside the storm of emotions that rages in the cottage.

If You Rely On Motion Picture Reviews



OVER THE HILL

Still Packs A Wallop: This version of the old reliable tear-jerker proves that there are no styles in sentiment. It will be just as good twenty years from now. The cynical may sneer over its obvious situations and harrowing details, but this story of mother-love and mother-sacrifice is too fundamental to be dismissed with sneers. Any mother will recognize herself in the quiet, patient, commonplace little woman, played simply and sincerely by Mae Marsh, and will feel the quick tears come to her eyes as she makes her rounds at night, covering up restless little bodies and (note the touch of real Art) taking thumbs out of mouths.

A group of charming children are conspicuous in the cast. With its Good Son and its Bad Son and its washing of poor-house floors and its incredible happy ending, it is of course melodrama. But it is good melodrama, and that is what the public has always wanted—what it wants to-day instead of bald realism and sophistication. And the return of Mae Marsh to the screen is a real event.



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES

Doug In New Rôle—Will Please: Douglas Fairbanks has managed to inject his puckish personality into a travelogue. One feels that this is an experiment, successful enough to be followed by other pictures of the same type which will be much better. There is an uncertainty of treatment about this which makes the material of widely varying degrees of interest. There is too much arriving and departing in foreign ports; too much informative film showing the daily life of a Japanese lady; too many really terrible puns, and not nearly enough of such joyful scenes as the tea party given Doug by the King of Siam, with our hero perspiring and embarrassed.

There are not nearly enough tiger hunts with Doug, pale and determined and a trifle seasick on his elephant, not enough of such Fairbankish stunts as the climbing of an ancient temple, hand over hand. Next time, please, leave information and sightseeing to travel lectures and give us more Douglas Fairbanks doing things like these!



THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM

Spice Missing, But Acting Is Good: This is not a case of Greek meeting Greek. Rather did the Greeks meet Will Hays, who apparently thought he had a better word for them.

Emerging from United Artists—the same studio that filmed "Tonight or Never"—"The Greeks" is an interesting study in contrasts. While the other picture retains all of its candid sexiness, this one has been given such a heavy coat of whitewash that it appears to suffer from anemia. Certainly it is an emaciated shadow of its former robust, ribald self. The three gold-diggers are now too good to be true. The story is as purified as the average bedtime yarn.

Ina Claire strives valiantly to breathe life upon a completely expurgated character. Her performance is top-notch, as are those of Joan Blondell and Madge Evans. In this atmosphere, David Manners, as the young man with ideals, is the most believable. Lowell Sherman, who also directed, allows himself to overact.



TAXI

Something Doing Every Minute: It was a clever brain which devised a situation as full of violence and excitement as any gangster picture with the legitimate excuse of a taxicab strike for a background. In this setting, with the taxi company men armor-plating their cabs and the independent drivers hiring trucks to collide with them, we meet one *Matt.* Jimmy Cagney has never had a character which better fitted his personality than this of the quick-tempered, hard-hitting Irish taxi-driver.

Desperately his girl, *Sue* (Loretta Young) tries by every trick of woman's wit to protect him from his own belligerent love of a fight, even to having him arrested to keep him out of trouble. With such a character for hero the picture is lively to say the least—filled with killings and chases, fist fights, knifings, shootings, and taxi collisions. But the chief interest lies in the characters rather than the plot, and one leaves *Matt* and *Sue* at the end with plenty of trouble ahead, despite his abject promises to be good.

All the World's Going to Love This Lover



He looks a bit like Ronald Colman, which isn't exactly an accident—but that's where their resemblance ends. Laurence Olivier is younger, livelier and more impulsive—and he has had all sorts of acting experience. Moreover, he's desperately in love—and acts it on the screen. Can you think of anything that will hold him back?

LAURENCE OLIVIER, up to now, has been known to movie fans chiefly as "the man who looks like Ronald Colman." Great prophecies for his screen future have been made on the basis that he's a younger and livelier edition of the reticent Ronnie. He has just turned twenty-four.

Naturally, Laurence hates this kind of publicity, though he admits that on the screen there is a striking resemblance between them. This came about because Laurence played Ronald's part in "Beau Geste" on the London stage.

"The English public had been mad about Colman in the picture version," Laurence explained, "so the producer thought, in his whimsical way, that it would be well for me to look as much like him as possible. He told me to do so, and first of all to grow a mustache and cut it like Colman's."

This he did, with the aforementioned results. But it would be too bad if Laurence were to be regarded as a claimant for Colman's honors. He has too much charm and individuality and talent of his own to deserve such a fate. And, moreover, the two men are really not in the least alike—except for that general similarity which all well-bred Englishmen seem to have. Laurence is taller, and slimmer, and more impulsive, and livelier, and not one-tenth as mysterious. His eyes are blue, instead of brown. He's happily married, and didn't have any parental opposition to his stage career, and he's gregarious and accessible. Really not at all like Ronnie—except in a great yen for England.

His Most Surprising Habit

HE has an air of complete indifference, an isn't-it-all-silly manner, as if everything he said and did were quite by accident, with no serious intent. He alternates between an attitude of patience and bursts of extravagant enthusiasm that cause him to throw himself around, gesticulate, give imitations, and then suddenly subside into his former inertia. Nothing in his conversation may seem to account for these wild changes of mien. It's as if an electrical connection were made, and after sparkling a moment, abruptly broken. He seems completely flexible in mind and body. And he has that disarming characteristic of many young Englishmen—in the very nicest way, he assumes that the world is his oyster.

Laurence has been married for a year and a half to Jill Esmond (who made her talkie début as Ruth Chatterton's daughter in "Once a Lady"), and they're terribly in love. The press-agents don't want the public to know of the marriage, because they're afraid the fans won't be properly thrilled when Jill and Laurence are teamed on the screen. But if the public knew how romantic they are in private, they'd be more thrilled than ever.

For instance, here's a typical episode in the life of the romantic Oliviers. They decided to go fishing at Catalina Island. Not having much money, they borrowed some from the butler. They missed the boat, and with a total capital of sixty-three dollars, they flew over to the island.

Which Proves They're in Love

"WE couldn't afford the good hotel," said Laurence in one of his illuminated moments, "so we stayed at a lovely little dump where we just slept—got nothing, not even a cup of tea. We couldn't afford meals, because we wanted to go deep-sea fishing the next day—and that costs money. So we caught some sand-dabs, and took them into a little restaurant and asked them to cook them for us. We just acted as if they were accustomed to do that sort of thing. The next day, we went out in a boat and I caught a marlin. It was swell. I did everything wrong, the boatman was furious with me, and I didn't deserve to catch it. In the midst of it, Jill held it while I put another reel in the camera. Later we hired a motor boat and ran into a school of porpoises,

(*Continued on page 92*)

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

"Of course I'll go — my cold is 100% *better*"



..this *safe gargle* reduces duration 66%

Tests show that colds which would ordinarily last 9 days vanish in 3 days

One woman—cold gone—up and about, and full of pep at the end of three days ... Another woman sniffling, sneezing, and miserable for a week or more.

Why is it? Has one greater natural powers of resistance than the other? Sometimes yes. But more often it is because one takes constant precautions against colds and sore throat while the other does not. One realizes that the mouth and throat are germ-breeding areas that need constant cleansing. The other doesn't realize it, or doesn't care.

Mild Colds Instead of Severe

Clinical tests, made under medical supervision, revealed this remarkable truth: That persons who gargled with full strength Listerine twice a day contracted from ½ to ⅔ as many colds as those who did not gargle with it. In short, a reduction of from 50% to 66% in the *number* of colds.

When Listerine users did contract colds, they lasted only ⅓ as long as colds contracted by non-users, and were ¼ as severe. Similar tests now in progress involving the examination of several hundred persons, reveal substantially the same results.

In view of the facts, Listerine should be regarded as a primary aid in safeguarding health. At no time is it offered as a substitute for the family physician.

Listerine is Safe

That Listerine accomplishes such results is due to two factors:

First: Its power to destroy germs in the fastest time and reduce mouth bacteria 98%.

Second: Its safe, healing action on tissue. Listerine is non-poisonous and non-irritating.

Because of these qualities, Listerine has won the endorsement of the Lancet of London, world's foremost medical journal. It is the highest compliment that can be paid a mouth wash.

The Certain Remedy for Halitosis

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and carry it with you when you travel. Use it full strength at least twice a day. Thus you guard against infection, reduce the risk of illness, and automatically assure yourself that your breath is beyond reproach. Listerine, as you know, is the swiftest deodorant and surest remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath). Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

CHEST CONGESTION?
Relieve it quickly with the new
LISTERINE RUB
25¢

THE *safe* ANTISEPTIC *Listerine* Kills Germs Yet Heals Tissue

"I'm over



MARY BOLAND, who looks under 30, declares she is over 40 years old! This lovely actress, who numbered among her early Broadway successes such hits as *Strongheart,* starred last season in *The Vinegar Tree.* Still radiantly youthful as this recent photograph shows, Mary Boland says: "There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. A skin aglow with youth never fails to win hearts!"

Lux

40!" *says*

MARY BOLAND

Famous stage beauty tells how you, too, may keep Youthful Allure

"I DON'T mind admitting it in the least," says Mary Boland, beloved stage star. "I'm over forty years old!

"There's no reason nowadays to care about birthdays. Any woman who really wants to can keep the radiant charm of youth right through the years.

"We on the stage have proved it. Our thirties—forties—even fifties!—have no terrors for us.

"There's no magic about it, though. It's just a matter of realizing the importance of *complexion care*. A skin radiantly aglow with youth has irresistible appeal—never fails to win hearts!

"For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin youthful. Its lather is so gentle and soothing and it does leave one's skin remarkably smooth."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard Complexion Beauty

Mary Boland is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important screen actresses (including all stars) 605 use it regularly. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle, luxurious care!

Toilet Soap—10¢



The Least-Known Man in Hollywood

Lowell Sherman is an enigma to his friends, as well as to his public. The Hollywood natives see him as a monocled man of the world—witty, risqué and cold. But like you, they have never suspected he is sentimental to the core. Right now, having been left by his wife, Helene Costello, he has Hollywood guessing. The town can't figure him out—but you'll know him better after reading this story

By SARA HAMILTON

WHEN Lowell Sherman's pretty wife, Helene Costello, walked out on him a month ago, Hollywood sat up in amazement and gasped, "Why, I thought they were devoted. What ever happened?"

But no one seemed to know. For Lowell couldn't be approached. Not, of course, unless you wanted to crawl home on all fours and apply raw steaks to sore spots. And Helene wasn't at home. Not to Hollywood.

So rumors thicker than pea soup flew about. All hot and all wrong. For the few on the inside, who really knew, weren't telling. Weren't telling, for instance, that the whole trouble wasn't the old story of too much mother-in-law (the lovable Mrs. Costello is now dead), but too much brother-in-law.

For Lowell Sherman is a splendid actor. A movie actor. In Hollywood. And brother-in-law John Barrymore is another splendid actor. A movie actor in Hollywood. Need more be said?

Jealousies and unpleasantness arose. And suddenly two once-closely-united sisters found themselves growing farther and farther apart.

Aware that Sherman—the screen's most successful actor-director—knew everything there was to know about movie technique, Barrymore would insist upon having his advice (as he had it in his first talkie, "General Crack"), and then fret himself into a fever over the outcome. If Lowell offered a suggestion, John hied himself off to a corner to turn it over and over in his mind—to find the catch. For Hollywood suggestions are usually full of catches. Like prizes in popcorn.

And so, without anyone being exactly to blame, the thing grew and spread beyond the walls of a Hollywood sound stage to the stucco mansions of these two in Beverly Hills. But blood, even in Hollywood, is thicker than seltzer water, and Helene walked out. To see Dolores.

"I haven't seen Dolores' baby for months," Helene cried to friends. "I've just got to go." And she went. All of which turns the bright, glaring spotlight of Hollywood on Lowell Sherman. "What manner of man is this?" they ask.

Well, Lowell Sherman wears a monocle in his right eye, a hat brim dipped over his left one, and an "ah-there" look in both. "Keep away!" Hollywood warns. "He'll send you reeling out into the well-known sunshine with both ears burning. You'll even believe Santa Claus has a love-life when Lowell's through." And so the word swings around the town and has swung for many a day. Just as Lowell Sherman has intended.

For this man has simply kidded Hollywood to death. More completely than Hollywood has ever been kidded in the past. Lowell Sherman is truly and honestly the least-known man in town.

He wears invincible armor—an exterior of polite, cold, sharp-tongued sophistication. And no one has ever suspected, no one has ever dreamed, that behind that armor lives another Lowell Sherman. A man of warm tender feelings. A sentimentalist to the core. Hollywood's supreme sentimental sophisticate.



Why has Helene Costello left Lowell Sherman, whom she married in March, 1930? This story tells you

He Likes to Burn Your Ears

IF you were to walk up politely to the monocle-wearing, brim-dipping Mr. Sherman and inquire as to his favorite sport, he would give you an answer that would not only curl your hair permanently, but act as a face-lift and gland-rejuvenator.

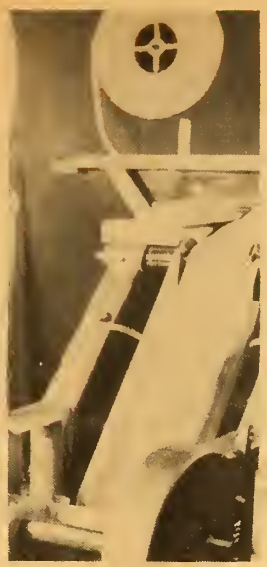
For that's his act. The armor which carefully conceals from the world that here is a man who thrills at the mere soft strains of "Shine On, Shine On, Harvest Moon." Because a woman of the stage, his beloved stage, once sang it. Never having known the late Nora Bayes personally, so strong, so fiercely within him burns the passionate devotion for the theater, and all it stands for, that he is visibly depressed that one who gave it so much has passed beyond.

(*Continued on page 93*)





White as new snow. Rolls of immaculate Kotex filler feed themselves into glistening machines, where they are carefully shaped and cut into pads.



This Kotex hospital gauze might well wear a gold medal, it's had to pass so many rigid inspections. Now it embraces the snowy filler, to make a Kotex pad.



Nurses and doctors, surrounding every move with scrupulous sanitation, dispensed 24 million Kotex pads to hospital patients last year, alone.

it's an unthinkable compromise for her

to sacrifice the known immaculacy of genuine KOTEX

WHO KNOWS—who can say what hazards and risks have been removed from women's lives because of genuine Kotex? Dangers once invited . . . now a thing of the past. Embarrassment, even humiliations, gone. And health carefully protected at times when it is gravely endangered, because this sanitary protection *is* sanitary. Because it *does* protect.

The nameless fear of the unknown, the doubtful; the ceaseless experimenting is perhaps as disturbing as the haphazard methods of a bygone day.

What about these countless substitutes? How were they made? Where? By whom? What hands have touched them? Were the materials pure? Tested? Germ-free? You don't know. And unless you *do* know, how can you trust such sanitary protection?

Never more than 35c Now

Fortunately, when you ask for Kotex, you *know* you are safe. Hospitals, alone, used more than twenty-four million Kotex pads for patients last year.

Every woman who uses sanitary protection should read every word that appears beneath the above pictures. Before she buys a sanitary pad she should ask herself: Is it clean? Is it safe? Is it pure? Am I certain?

Can you—can any woman—afford to risk anything less than the scrupulous cleanliness Kotex, and Kotex alone, gives you? Ask for it. Make sure, when buying it wrapped, that you *get* Kotex. Remember, Kotex is *safe*.

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

















HALF-HOLIDAY Somewhere in your block, there's a man who never has Saturday afternoons off. If he isn't working somewhere else, he's working at home, taking orders from his wife. This little Mack Sennett comedy is about him—with Andy Clyde the worm who turns (temporarily). All dated up with his wife to clean the house and mow the lawn, Andy is introduced to a couple of cuties by a big factory pal, who arranges a date with them for the afternoon. Andy keeps the latter date, instead of the former—though he's hard put to do so—and they head for the beach. And then the ex-boy-friends of the girls overtake them, attracting the riot squad. Amusing—and, what's more, human. (Educational)

ONE MORE CHANCE Back on page 51, you discovered what Bing Crosby is like in person. And here's one more chance to see what he's like on the screen. It's one of the series of singing comedies he's making for Educational—and this particular one kids a certain radio program. Bing takes the part of a cheerful salesman of electric washers, who beats down sales resistance by singing to his prospective feminine customers. Some of them misunderstand, of course. And on top of that, he has trouble holding his wife—but does, finally, by singing to her also. The comedy you witness suffers from advanced age, but Bing does all that can be done with it—and you'll go for his singing in a big way. (Educational)

COME CLEAN If you're one of those fans (and there are plenty!) who go to see a Laurel and Hardy comedy, no matter what the feature picture is—here's one you can use to convert your friends, also. Always reasonably funny, the pair are insanely funny this time. While the Laurels are calling on the Hardys for a quiet, homey evening, Laurel suddenly develops a craving for ice cream. The two husbands go out for some, and that's where the fun really gets going. They see a girl jump off a bridge, and Hardy struggles to rescue her, while the blank-faced Laurel, who is later to get all the credit, stands by. In gratitude, the girl follows them home—and they have a time getting rid of her. You'll lose some buttons at the ending. (M-G-M)

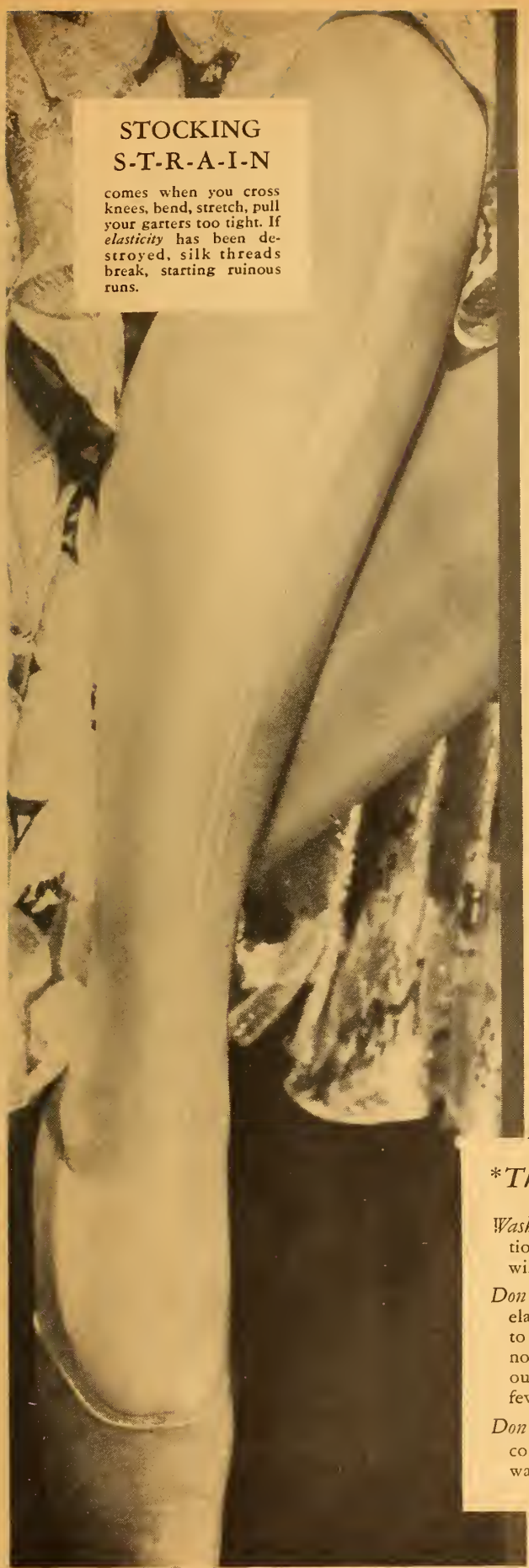
APEING HOLLYWOOD And still the kidding of Hollywood goes merrily on—with even Tiffany's gifted chimps joining in the fun. This tells you anew, and with broad strokes, that movie stars are made, not born. Fanny Applesass, a country lass, has the usual yearnings for the cinema city—and practices love scenes with John, her father's farmhand. Pa misunderstands, spanks her and locks her in her room. You guessed it. She escapes, and runs away to Hollywood, where she vamps a studio doorman, gets inside the studio, breaks into tears, and is immediately starred. And that isn't all. John follows her and becomes a great screen lover. The chimps' voices may remind you of some film folks you know. (Tiffany)

TRAVEL HOGS If travelogues have to be clever—like "Around the World in 80 Minutes"—to hold you, you'll probably get a kick out of this burlesque of the kind that aren't. You know the kind—in which the scenery is fake, the adventures are fake, and the adventurers themselves are fake. Hugh Cameron and Dave Chasen mount a lecture platform to recount their astounding adventures while circling the globe, with only a can of sardines for food. Cameron does all the talking, but you'll find yourself watching Chasen's gestures. As the lecture goes on, you see the adventures that are being described—and the contrast between these scenes and Cameron's description may give you some snickers. (Vitaphone Varieties)

THE WALL STREET MYSTERY Warners had a great idea when they persuaded S. S. Van Dine to write a series of mystery shorts—but somehow, the series falls short of your expectations. This isn't the fault of writer, producer or cast. You can place the blame on their necessary brevity. There just isn't time enough to build up any real suspense, or to develop any real sympathy for the characters. However, they do add novelty to a program—and Donald Meek is a satisfactory eccentric detective. This time he solves the double murder of a Wall Street broker and a client, finding the killer innocent in short order—beating you to picking the guilty party. And is that fair? (Vitaphone Varieties)

ONCE A HERO If you like to see chases in your comedies—and who doesn't, now and then?—here's a laugh number that is chock-full of running. The day before his wedding, a young bank clerk unconsciously sets off a burglar alarm, which causes the capture of a would-be bandit. Hailed as a hero, the clerk is scared silly by thoughts of revenge by the bandit's gang. He goes to the police station to ask for a guard, and while waiting for one, is put in the same cell with the bandit—even handcuffed to him. Not recognizing his cell-mate, the bandit breaks out of jail to run to the station to "get even" with the bank clerk. Their little run—with the bandit dragging the other in and out of tight places—amuses. (Educational)

A MELON DRAMA The title tells you that here's a satire of old-fashioned melodrama—but it doesn't tell you that the laughs tumble over each other, they come so fast. And if you have never seen Clark and McCullough, who are featured, how can you know what you're missing? The two Broadway comics—as famous as a stage team, as Laurel and Hardy are as a screen team—play a couple of private detectives. They find business so lax that they spend most of their time playing pranks on the fruit man across the street—at last stealing a watermelon from him (McCullough tucks it in his belt). The melon contains a time-bomb intended for one of their clients, but they don't detect it until they can't help it. (RKO)



STOP THOSE RUNS

Preserve the ELASTICITY* *that makes stockings* WEAR

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?

New stockings are *elastic*—they *give* under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, *break* under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really *wear*.

**The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long*

Wash after EACH wearing. Perspiration left in stockings or underthings will actually rot the silk.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys elasticity, making the silk lifeless, apt to break into runs. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.

Don't use too-warm water—this fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water. No hot water needed. The tiny Lux diamonds—so sheer you can actually read through them—dissolve twice as fast, even in water at wrist temperature!

Wash this 2-minute way:

1 1 teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.

2 Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze the gentle suds through stockings, rinse well.

Anything safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

Lux for stockings—*2 minutes a day keeps them like new*

MILLIONS of women find Lux *in the dishpan* the world's cheapest beauty care for the hands. Costs less than 1¢ a day.



Bachrach

OKLAHOMA ALSO GAVE THE MOVIES A BEAUTY

Like Will Rogers, Rochelle Hudson hails from Claremore, down in the Cimarron country. And you might never have seen her on the screen, if there hadn't been a law barring minors from Oklahoma stages. Only 17, she should star before 20. If you saw her in the feminine lead of "Are These Our Children?" you'll be watching for her in "The Dove"

As Keen at 18

AS MANY WOMEN OF 40 IN THE WAYS OF BEAUTY CARE



BARBARA WEEKS . . . photographed in Hollywood, especially for Woodbury's, by Will Connell

Youngsters of filmland, being groomed for stardom, are wise in the ways of health and beauty . . . as wise as many women twice their age. They follow a routine of exercise. Eat sanely. Keep regular hours. And go to a certain important dermatologist for advice on skin care.

To these promising "buds", like Barbara Weeks, on her way to fame, and watchful of every step, Hollywood's leading dermatologist gives this advice . . . "Guard your skin for the future by using Woodbury's Creams. Complexions fade and wrinkle more from dryness than from age. Poor circulation and diet deficiencies reduce the natural oils of the skin. Sun, wind and our dry-heated houses exhaust them still further. The skin *shrivels* into lines and wrinkles, unless you regularly replenish those vital oils.

"Two or three times a day, you ought to smooth and soften your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, to put back into the tissues the moisture which will keep it fresh, the lubrication which will keep it full and firm. Woodbury's Cold Cream maintains and restores that youthful skin-resilience which resists wrinkles.

"And, before you go outdoors, you ought to spread a film of Woodbury's Facial Cream on your face under your powder. It protects your skin from weathering; prevents it from drying out; keeps powder and dust from entering the pores to coarsen them."

. . .

You want to keep YOUR skin fresh and smooth through the years, too, don't you? Then follow this advice from the physicians who guard the most precious complexions in the world! Begin today to use Woodbury's Cold Cream (for softening) and Woodbury's Facial Cream (for powder base) . . . at any drug store or toilet goods counter.



Woodbury's

COLD CREAM · FACIAL CREAM

AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6314 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario
I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow skin ○
Flabby skin ○ Pimples ○

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

○ 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.



Paul Lukas almost frightens Sidney Fox in the gay comedy, "Strictly Dishonorable"



In the title rôle of "Scarface," Paul Muni shows you all you will ever want to know about gangsters



Bill Boyd supplies the thrills in "Suicide Fleet," while James Gleason supplies the laughs

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

Ambassador Bill—Will Rogers, in the guise of a Yankee diplomat, tangles up the affairs of a mythical kingdom and then untangles them. It's amusing, in a deliberate fashion (Fox).

Anybody's Blonde—To trap the slayer of her brother, Dorothy Revier joins the chorus of a night-club and persuades the suspected gangster to fall in love with her. Old stuff (Action Pictures).

Are These Our Children?—A powerful drama about a youth who falls in with wild companions, commits a useless murder, and then glories in his tragic notoriety. A youthful cast, headed by Eric Linden, points the moral (RKO).

The Beloved Bachelor—A neat little Cinderella story about an orphan who grows up to be Dorothy Jordan and decides she's in love with her foster father, the entertaining Paul Lukas (Par.).

Ben-Hur—Here's your chance to get a second look at the famous Biblical silent, which now has sound effects (but not dialogue). Ramon Novarro, you remember, is the star (M-G-M).

Blonde Crazy—With a bag of clever tricks, James Cagney and Joan Blondell are a likable pair of racketeers. The ending may surprise you. Unusual all around. (W. B.).

Business and Pleasure—Can't something be done to keep Will Rogers at home? Again he goes abroad, this time as a millionaire visiting Turkey. Except for Will's wit, it's pretty flat-and stoops to slapstick. (Fox).

The Champ—If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Jackie Cooper will tear your heart out with his blind worship of his father—an ex-prize-fighter turned bum, played to perfection by Wallace Beery (M-G-M).

The Cheat—This talkie revival of a famous silent, in which a woman is branded for her indiscretions, gives Tallulah Bankhead a real chance to be a star—and she makes full use of it (Par.).

The Cisco Kid—With Sergeant Edmund Lowe hot on his heels, that gay bad Mexicano, Warner Baxter, still takes time out for love. Diverting Western (Fox).

Compromised—Ben Lyon feels that he has to marry Rose Hobart, though Juliette Compton is his passion—and the result is a human little triangle drama (F. N.).

Consolation Marriage—Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien can't marry the ones they want—so they wisely marry one another. It has suspense and some of the year's most sparkling dialogue (RKO).

Corsair—Because his intended father-in-law is a Wall Street buccaneer, Chester Morris turns sea pirate, preying on rum-runners delivering goods to the old chap. Pretty slight for this good actor (U. A.).

The Cuban Love Song—With his singing and his laughter and his bold love-making, sailor Lawrence Tibbett wins the heart of Lupe Velez, a little Cuban peanut vendor. If you've ever been young, don't miss it (M-G-M).

The Deceiver—Because he has a habit of making love to other men's wives, Ian Keith is murdered—but logical deductions will never help you find his murderer. Unconvincing thriller (Col.).

Expensive Women—Briefly returning to the screen, Dolores Costello is more glamourous than ever in the surprise rôle of a woman of the world (W. B.).

The False Madonna—Supposed to blackmail a wealthy blind boy, Kay Francis refuses to go through with the plot. Good drama, fine acting (Par.)

Flying High—A Hollywood version of a Broadway musical comedy hit, about would-be aviators—with Kathryn Crawford's singing and the chorus numbers more entertaining than the comedy of Bert Lahr, the star (M-G-M).

Girls About Town—As two daring ladies of leisure whose specialty is entertaining wealthy business men, Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis treat you to a smart, sexy comedy. Try—just try—to keep the kidd'es home (Par.).

The Guardsman—A gay comedy about an actor who's jealous of his lovely wife, disguises as a Russian guardsman, and makes love to her—and she responds. You'll rave about the acting of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, of Theater Guild fame (M-G-M).

The Guilty Generation—A modern version of "Romeo and Juliet"—with the son and daughter of two rival racketeers falling in love. There's a confused mixture of melodrama and comedy, with Leo Carillo a realistic gangster (Col.).

Heartbreak—The old story of the young American sôldier who loves one of the enemy, but Charles Farrell and Madge Evans—especially Madge—manage to give it many a heart-throb (Fox).

Heaven on Earth—An idyll of love among the po' whites in the Mississippi flood region, with Lew Ayres at his best—and young Anita Louise memorable opposite him (Univ.).

His Woman—As captain of a tramp steamer, Gary Cooper learns what love—and fatherhood—are like, when he meets a Singapore gal named Claudette Colbert. In the midst of the excitement, an infant steals the picture (Par.).

The Honor of the Family—Bebe Daniels becomes a bold, bad adventuress in this modernization of a Balzac story—and proves anew that she is a clever comédienne (F. N.).

Lasca of the Rio Grande—A pure Texas Ranger and a Mexican bad man are rivals for the heart of Dorothy Burgess. You may have just one guess about which wins her, in the very stagy Mexican settings (Univ.).

Local Boy Makes Good—In goofy make-up, Joe E. Brown plays a college grind whose longing for romance is both pathetic and comic. Funny in a few spots (F. N.).

The Mad Genius—In his last picture for Warner Brothers, John Barrymore is a hypnotic, crippled dancing master who shatters the lives of two young lovers to make his own dreams come true. Fantastic, but powerful (W. B.).

The Man I Killed—Lionel Barrymore gives you some suspenseful melodrama, as only Lionel can—with help from Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll (Par.).

The Men In Her Life—Charles Bickford gives Donald Dilloway a real tussle for the fair hand of Lois Moran. Nothing to excite you, however (Col.).

Morals for Women—Bessie Love goes wrong, with some cause, but everything's different when love comes along. Designed for feminine fans (Tiffany).

Once a Lady—Ruth Chatterton gives up society life to take a perpetual holiday in Paris, but eventually has to prove to her daughter that she shouldn't have done so. Familiar Chatterton material (Par.).

Peach O' Reno—As two bargain-rate divorce lawyers, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler have an uproarious time kidding the Reno divorce farce. Their best to date (RKO).

Platinum Blonde—The picture that made the late Robert Williams look like the "find" of the year. As a fast-talking reporter, he marries Jean Harlow, only to discover he should have picked Loretta Young. Good comedy (Col).

Possessed—Clark Gable, dressed up as a millionaire, loves Joan Crawford, ex-factory girl, too well to marry her—and their tempestuous affair is something worth seeing (M-G-M).

The Range Feud—Another pictorial battle over cattle, but far better than most—chiefly because of Buck Jones who, by the way, doesn't win the girl (Col.).

Reckless Living—This proves you can't win—if you bet on horses with racketeers. A speedy melodrama, with some good acting by Ricardo Cortez and Mae Clarke. And how the machine-guns do pop! (Univ.).

Rich Man's Folly—As a wealthy shipbuilder drunk with power and desire for a son, George Bancroft wrecks several lives and wastes his own. Good acting in an unconvincing story (Par.).

The Road to Reno—It sometimes leads to heart trouble, if you want to believe what happens to Lilyan Tashman. It entertains, but won't cut down the Nevada traffic much (Par.).

The Ruling Voice—Even Walter Huston, that sterling district attorney, at last plays a gangster—and a good one. And a woman ends his activities. Clever, but not startling (F. N.).

Scarface—As advertised, this is a gangster picture that ought to end gangster pictures. There isn't anything more to be told, after this—and Paul Muni is a *Scarface* who ought to be remembered almost as long as Signor Capone, himself (Caddo—U. A.).

The Sea Ghost—Adventure on the high seas, when a salvaging ship attempts to recover the treasure that went down with a torpedoed steamship. The cast, which includes Laura La Plante and Alan Hale, is 'way above the story (Peerless).

Secret Service—Richard Dix treats the folks to a real old-time thriller as a Yankee spy in the Civil

War. He's everything a hero used to be, back in the good old days (RKO).

The Sin of Madelon Claudet—Helen Hayes, famous young stage star, makes her screen début in a tragedy of mother-love. Despite the time-worn story, she will make your emotions work overtime (M-G-M).

Sob Sister—Showing you what a girl reporter on a scandal sheet is supposed to do, even when in love with a rival reporter (James Dunn). You'll like newcomer Linda Watkins, even if the story is far-fetched (Fox).

Sooky—The sequel to "Skippy," in which attention is focused on Skippy's Shantytown pal, instead of on Skippy, himself. But Jackie Cooper steals the picture away from Bobby Coogan. Almost as good as its predecessor (Par.).

Soul of the Slums—A young convict, upon release, sets out to get revenge on the chap responsible for his going to prison—but Love reforms him. Buster Collier can't do much with such material (Action Pictures).

The Speckled Band—Here's your old friend, Sherlock Holmes, again—played this time by a fine young English actor named Raymond Massey. A fair murder mystery, English-made (First Division).

Sporting Chance—A story about the racetrack, which differs from its ilk only in that it features a steeplechase race. Buster Collier is the winning jockey, Claudia Dell the girl (Peerless).

Strictly Dishonorable—A gay comedy about a speakeasy romance, with Paul Lukas a foreign nobleman who has "strictly dishonorable" intentions—for a time—toward cute Sidney Fox. The kiddies won't grasp it (Univ.).

The Struggle—D. W. Griffith's impression of life among the masses—made all the more powerful by the fact that he has used a Broadway cast, whose faces will not be familiar to film fans. You'll remember Zita Johann (U. A.).

Suicide Fleet—The tale of the "mystery ships" whose assignment was to torpedo submarines—with Bill Boyd the chief sailor. It's too bad they had to mix rough-house comedy with a good melodrama (RKO-Pathé).

Terror by Night—A murder-mystery thriller, packed with both excitement and laughs, and with Una Merkel and Zasu Pitts putting it over (Col.).

The Tip-Off—Eddie Quillan accidentally saves Robert Armstrong (as a dumb and comic prize-fighter) from being put on the spot—and then they both dodge gangsters. Comedy thriller (RKO-Pathé).

Touchdown—The best football picture ever made, in which the home team not only loses, but has a coach who wins games with semi-pro players. It's an exposé of football as played at some colleges, with Richard Arlen doing a great job as the coach (Par.).

The Unholy Garden—Playing a sort of *Raffles*, in a setting that will remind you of "Beau Geste," Ronald Colman double-crosses some crooked pals for the sake of love. Not good enough for Colman (U. A.).

Union Depot—A cross-section of life modeled along the general lines of "Grand Hotel," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Blondell the principal characters. Good drama (F. N.).

'Way Back Home—If you're the least bit sentimental, you'll go for this simple, homely drama of rural life, built around *Seth Parker* (Phillips Lord). But there really aren't any country folk like these (RKO).

West of Broadway—John Gilbert takes his unwanted wife (Lois Moran) out to the Great Open Spaces, and there finally learns to appreciate her. Maybe you'll like John hard-boiled, and, again, maybe you won't (M-G-M).

Wicked—Languishing in prison, Elissa Landi has her baby taken from her, but on her release steals it back. Elissa suffers and suffers—and you may do likewise. Not the thing for the Landi (Fox.).

Working Girls—A romantic comedy about stenogs and such, and their amorous employers. Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers are surrounded with beauties. For that frivolous mood (Par.).

X Marks the Spot—A tattling columnist tells too much—and gets himself mixed up in a murder mystery. A thriller, put across by Lew Cody, Wallace Ford (you'll like him), Sally Blane and Mary Nolan (Tiffany).

The Yellow Ticket—Carrying a pass that identifies her as a street-girl, Elissa Landi has some exciting difficulties in Czarist Russia—particularly after encountering leering Lionel Barrymore (Fox).



"*I'm not going...!* I LOOK TERRIBLE!"

And she means it. She's spent hours getting ready—her new evening dress is stunning—but she's not going! She's not going to that dinner party and sit next to *another man* who forgets all about her while he talks across the table to some beautiful young girl.

Look at yourself in the mirror—close up. Are you going to stay home and be miserable? Perhaps *you do* look old—and it makes you sick!

Do you know that you don't need to look old? At least 70% of a woman's looks lies in her *skin*. And you can bring fresh, unlined youth back to your skin.

I know—because Milkweed Cream has helped hundreds and thousands of women to regain a lovely, smooth complexion. I have letters from *hundreds* of them *telling* me so. Won't you let it help you, too?

Let Milkweed Cream help you!

You know, I'm sure, that only a *healthy skin can stay young*. But do you know you can bring back glowing health to your skin with my Milkweed Cream treatments?

Send for my little book which tells you exactly what to do. Get my simple, inexpensive jar of Milkweed Cream—today. Use it for 30 days, and see what lovely things begin to happen to your skin.

Milkweed Cream does 4 essential things for the skin. It cleanses, it stimulates, it protects, and it corrects unhealthy complexion conditions. It has helped thousands to bring back YOUTH to their skin. Let it help *yours*, too!

Frances Ingram



Awake the Sleeping Beauty of your skin. Care for it at the 5 starred places with my Milkweed Cream method.

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INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream



FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. J-22
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Each Tuesday, at 11:30 A. M., over WJZ and Associated Stations, Frances Ingram discusses many problems of skin care. Mail in the coupon below for her free booklet "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Jean Harlow loves Onion Soup and so does Constance Bennett

All of the movie stars have cultivated tastes —that's why they flock to Hollywood's Brown Derby. Among the favorite dishes prepared at the famous restaurant is Onion Soup. Connie Bennett and Jean Harlow can't resist it—and Richard Dix and Gary Cooper also go for it in a big way. Read this story and you'll discover not only what are the seven most popular things on the menu—but how to prepare them, yourself



Lola Lane and Dorothy Christy drop into the Brown Derby—to be tempted by (top to bottom) Onion Soup Au Gratin Derby, Chef's Salad, and Derby Bran Muffins



By SUE DIBBLE

IF YOU have ever been in Hollywood, and have seen the mobs of tourists waiting around the entrance of the Brown Derby to see the movie stars foregather for lunch, maybe you suspect that the stars go there chiefly to be seen by the curious. You've heard that they're all dieting, so it's your guess that they can't be going there to eat. But you're wrong—at least, partially. They do eat —and they eat plentifully. They can't resist the Brown Derby's tempting specialties. And maybe you can't, either, after you hear about them.

When they are working, the stars usually hurry through a quick lunch in the studio commissaries. But between pictures, when they have time to enjoy their food, you'll find them at the Brown Derby—not only at noon, but at night, and sometimes in the early morning. It's one of the favorite places of the stars for planning those sudden elopements and nice, friendly divorces. There's something about the soft wall lights (shaded with bronze brown derbies), and the Onion Soup Au Gratin Derby that peps them up.

Constance Bennett, who's usually particular about these things, will willingly soil her breath for a bowl of the Brown Derby's onion soup. Jean Harlow, who usually remains very, very kissable, will do likewise. And if Mary Astor has lost a pound or so, it must be because she has been dining mostly at home since she announced her marriage to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, and passing up that very special onion soup. The men go for it in a big way. Bill Boyd, Gary Cooper, Richard Dix, Victor McLaglen and the rest of the up-and-at-'em boys partake of it heavily, if they aren't scheduled to rescue some fair damsel within the next few hours and claim a kiss as a reward. The recipe for this delicacy, smuggled out past the house detective, is as follows:

Tasty Soup

ONION SOUP AU GRATIN DERBY. Slice four onions thinly, and fry a very light brown in butter. Add two quarts of chicken broth, seasoned with salt and pepper to suit your taste. Serve in casserole with slices of French-toasted roll on top, and with two tablespoonfuls of freshly-grated Parmesan cheese. Be sure that the cheese is freshly grated; otherwise much of the flavor will be lost. This will serve four persons—and serve them very well.

If any of the shapely sirens of the screen can be accused of dieting in this age of reducing by massage and exercise, the guilty ones are the cute youngsters, whose appeal depends on their retaining those tomboyish figures. But they aren't strict about it. One day, they may

(*Continued on page 80*)

You Wouldn't Know the New Dorothy Mackaill

(*Continued from page 53*)

remarks to the effect: "What's the matter—couldn't you make up your mind three days in advance?" Another about-to-be-bride drawled: "Eloping is so childish."

Since the end of Neil's engagement at the Embassy, they haven't been doing any night-clubbing. While he was singing there, Dorothy used to go up every night and wait for him. But now that their evenings are their own, they get together with Mother Mackaill or a couple of college friends of Neil's (he went to the University of Southern California) and sit around and talk. They had a great time the other night. Neil knows a young married couple in Flintridge and the young wife and Dorothy cooked dinner for the boys the night they visited them. "Dorothy didn't exactly cook," explained Neil. "But she helped—like dropping the potatoes in the deep fat and taking them out when she was told."

Somehow, it seemed funny to bring up the subject of movies to Dorothy, the apartment-bride. But when we did get around to the subject, it was amazing to note how keenly alive she is to them once more. The last time I talked with Dorothy, she was a little sour on the movies—didn't give two hangs whether or not she ever made another picture. Just to prove it, she blew off to Europe on that famous vacation of hers, and even when she came back on a contract, you had the idea that the vacations to Honolulu meant more to Dorothy than the picture she had just finished. But that is all changed now. She wants to make lots of pictures—all of them good. She thinks she has a real ten-strike in "Safe in Hell." "I've never been so crazy about pictures as now," she said, and I believe it.



Wonder what's up the sinister lady's Cossack sleeves? In case you don't recognize her—and of course you do—it's Greta Garbo, garbed for her rôle of the exotic spy in "Mata Hari"



COLDS make handkerchiefs dangerous

Prevent self-infection by using KLEENEX disposable tissues—price now reduced!

THE common handkerchief is now known to be an almost unbelievable source of danger during colds.

When you have a cold, thousands of germs are poured into your handkerchief *every time you use it.* These germs are carried to your nose and mouth again and again. They're spread through the air, they contaminate clothing and laundry bags.

Now—a health handkerchief!

When you have a cold, use Kleenex! These exquisite tissues are superior to handkerchiefs in every way, yet cost *far less than laundering alone!*

So you use each tissue but once. Then you destroy it. Completely. And destroy germs too. You need never touch a soiled, damp, handkerchief to your face. *Need never wash one.*

Price reduced one third!

And now Kleenex costs much less than ever before! The big box, formerly priced at 50c, now costs but 35c, at any drug, drygoods or department store. Never pay more.

At this low price, you'll find Kleenex more useful than ever. Use it for removing face creams, blot up those fine impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. For applying and blending make-up.

KLEENEX *Disposable* **TISSUES**

KLEENEX COMPANY M-2
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.



Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

In Canada, address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

 (*Continued from page 78*)

order a salad—and the next day, take creamed chicken hash (a favorite, by the way, of Gloria Swanson Farmer, whose second husband, Herbert Somborn, owns the Brown Derby).

But when the ultra-slender Loretta Young and her sister, Sally Blane, order salad at the Brown Derby, they aren't starving themselves. They take the specialty called Chef's Salad, which has both variety of ingredients and nutrition value. Dorothy Lee also finds it helpful in keeping that schoolgirl figure. In fact, it's a favorite with the whole army of little ingénues, including Sue Carol, Sally Eilers, Linda Watkins, Lola Lane, Judith Wood and Dorothy Jordan. Glance over the table of contents and you'll see why:

Ever Have a Salad Like This?

CHEF'S SALAD. The ingredients are hearts of lettuce hearts of celery (diced), watercress, chickory, baked ham (diced), tomatoes and chopped egg. Tear the hearts of lettuce into good-sized pieces. Chop together with the hearts of celery, small bunch of watercress and chickory, and mix with cupful of diced baked ham. Add to this three tomatoes quartered, and serve with the following French dressing.

SPECIAL FRENCH DRESSING. Rub the salad bowl with garlic. Take the juice of one lemon and one-half cup of Italian olive oil. Beat for a few moments with an egg-beater. After the dressing has thickened slightly, add vegetables and ham. Mix this thoroughly. Garnish with chopped parsley and hard-boiled eggs. Serve at table from bowl. This will serve six persons with a dinner course, and four persons if served as a main luncheon course.

For screen stars, white bread—except in toast form—is absolutely out. They're all afraid of it. If they feel the need of bread (and what man doesn't? asks George Bancroft, for one), they take rye or whole wheat bread or another of the Derby's best bets—bran muffins. Especially the latter. They may eat their spinach like good little movie stars, because it's good for them, but they can down the Brown Derby's bran muffins, for the same purpose, with actual pleasure.

Along with their salads, the ingénues usually ask for them. Lew Ayres wants them, when he's eating his favorite dish, which, believe it or not, is hash. Ben Lyon has them with his spaghetti, and Bebe Daniels Lyon has them with her lamb chops. Joel McCrea and Lily Damita have one thing in common—a fondness for bran muffins. Louise Fazenda says she can always act funny, without feeling funny, if she has had a couple. James Gleason, who's usually off to the studio via the Brown Derby, before his wife, Lucille, is up, orders them with the breakfast bacon and eggs. They *have* to be good to appeal to the finicky film folk. They like the currants, for one thing. Here is the recipe:

DERBY BRAN MUFFINS. Ingredients:

1½ cups hard flour
1 cup bran flour
½ pound sugar
½ pound butter
½ cup molasses
½ cup currants
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
6 eggs

Cream the butter and sugar and mix in the eggs and a pinch of salt. Then add molasses and currants and beat until fluffy. Sift the hard flour and baking powder, then add bran flour to the above mixture, and bring to the right consistency so that the batter will drop, rather than flow from the spoon. Bake in muffin tins in a moderate oven.

Those stars—mostly men—who like food that fills them up can get what they want at the Brown Derby. George Bancroft dines there regularly on roast beef, which has to be rare to suit George. Lew Cody manages to subsist on generous helpings of calf's liver and bacon. But what the boys really go for is the sizzling hot Hamburger Brown Derby De Luxe. It satisfies them all, including Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Can't you see the pair of them grinning while stowing it away? If you can't, all you have to do is to read the recipe:

This Always Fills Them

HAMBURGER BROWN DERBY DE LUXE. Beat the yolks of four eggs and the white of one egg for two minutes. Add to this two pounds of ground New York cut of sirloin of beef. Season with as much salt and pepper as you desire. Stir the mixture thoroughly and gradually add one-

(*Continued on page 100*)



The Joe E. Brown Sandwich

IT takes a big sandwich to appease Joe E. Brown—not because of the sometimes incredible size of his mouth, but because of the size of his appetite. Joe learned how to eat while he was the youngest member of a vaudeville acrobatic troupe, and he took a post graduate course when he played big league baseball. And he claims he still feels hungry—which is why he invented this sandwich. You will note that it is thicker than most. It's so large, in fact, that it's compulsory to use knife and fork, instead of hands, in eating it.

It is a one-layer sandwich on white bread (which isn't approved by most stars).

Its contents are: Two thick slices of white bread, thinly spread with mayonnaise. A lettuce leaf. A thick slice of boiled ham.

Decorate with a whole tomato and a whole pickle.

NEXT MONTH

THE DOUG FAIRBANKS, SR., SANDWICH

"I'm No Saint," Says Clark Gable

(*Continued from page 29*)

got too much respect for womanhood to be one of these cave-men. But some woman interviewer asked me if I had ever actually treated a woman the way I did Norma Shearer in 'A Free Soul.' "

Clark threw back his head and laughed. "Say, if a situation like that ever came up in real life, I'd probably fall over my own feet with embarrassment. Gee, this is going to be tough on me if it ever gets into print. I'll lose all my fans and have to go back to the peevy pole or the kerosene circuit."

"And that's where you're wrong," I told him. "I can see that you really don't know much about women, after all. I don't think you're fooling them much, you know. They get a big kick out of watching you be the cave-man on the screen, but they know it's all in fun, in spite of the fact that you're good at it."

"And what do you know about women? I suppose you're going to print your part of this interview, too?"

"Not much," I assured him. "My wife might read it."

"It's What a Man IS That Counts"

"OH, I'm the one who's on the spot! Well, I suppose I can stand it, but I'm telling you straight it does get my goat sometimes. I *am* glad I got a break, but I worked hard for it. And I'm glad I can give people something they like on the screen, but outside the studio I *do* want to live my own life. My wife and I live quietly, we don't go to many parties, and we feel that we have the same right to privacy as the surgeon across the court or the lawyer down the hall. When we went through a second marriage ceremony a short time ago, the papers published our address and we had to move to escape fans and interviewers.

"Out here in California in the old days," he continued, "a man's past was his own affair and it was as much as your life was worth to be too inquisitive about such things. It wouldn't be a bad idea if that was still the fashion. A man comes out here and gets a break. The next day the whole world demands to know every detail of his history. If, while we were on the way up, all of us knew that some day our past would be of so much interest, we might be more careful. But we don't, and once we've arrived, why don't people give us a break and, so long as we please 'em on the screen, take the attitude they did in '49—that it's not what a man *was* that counts, but what he *is?*"

He's Like Dempsey

YOU can't help but like this fellow, Clark Gable. He has been likened to Valentino, but he reminds me more of Jack Dempsey than he does anyone else. He wears a dress-suit becomingly (as you saw for yourself in "Possessed"),but thereal Gable feels much more comfortable with his shirt open at the neck and his sleeves rolled up. He gives the same impression of physical power, but, like Jack, you can't imagine him misusing it. Also, like Jack, he has the same deferential attitude, the same respect for the opposite sex. He may insist on privacy, but he hasn't a swelled head and he does have a sense of humor.

He's not the man you see on the screen, but I believe that most women, knowing him well, would prefer the shy, idealistic Clark Gable of reality to the swaggering menace of the screen. And if you are a woman "who knew him when," don't worry. Clark Gable isn't going to talk. He considers his past his own—and he isn't going to spoil any of your memories or his by sharing them with Tom, Dick and Harry.



The fury of a woman scorned! I pitied but dared not warn her to be more careful about "B. O."

The OTHER WOMAN'S STORY

To this day she hates me—blames me for stealing him away. But it was her own carelessness that cost her his love.

ROMANCE cannot live when carelessness about "B. O."—*body odor*—creeps in. Men instinctively turn from the girl, women shun the man who is guilty.

Don't risk *your* happiness through over-confidence. Don't feel that *you* can never offend. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. We become so used to this ever-present odor that we don't notice "B.O." *in ourselves*. But others do—instantly!

Why take chances?

Play safe. End all "B.O." danger the *sure* way. Not by trying to cover it up with powders and lotions but by keeping pores clean and *deodorized*. Frequent bathing with Lifebuoy will do it! Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps. Its very smell is different—a pleasant, *extra-clean* scent that vanishes as you rinse. It lathers more abundantly—leaves you feeling fresher, *cleaner*. Its creamy, germ-removing lather *purifies* pores—puts an end to "B.O."

A complexion secret

"Don't be afraid of soap-and-water cleansing for your face," complexion authorities urge. There's no risk if the soap is as pure and bland as Lifebuoy. Work its gentle, pore-purifying lather well into the pores at night; then rinse. See how quickly dull complexions freshen and glow with healthy radiance.

A product of LEVER BROS. CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*



New! LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

This extra-moist lather soaks stiffest beards soft—breaks all records for quicker, smoother shaves

At your druggist's

Lifebuoy HEALTH SOAP *stops body odor—*



Hurrell

GIVE THIS LITTLE GIRL A GREAT BIG RAINBOW!

Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor gloom of night nor slippery sidewalks nor unruly umbrellas can stay Kathryn Crawford's sunny smile. The skies may open up in dear old Californy!—but there's fair weather ahead for Kathryn. With her stepping and her singing, she was the hit of "Flying High"—and now she's finding fun in Marie Dressler's "Emma"

Chevalier—Not a Rarin' Romeo

(*Continued from page 27*)

"that an artist who depends upon sex appeal is no artist at all. I think, besides, that *as a man he is ridiculous*. For me, it is too heavy a load to carry, this sex appeal. It is too silly."

I asked Chevalier if he would change the world, if he had the power. He said, "I would make it simpler. I would make *all* of it much simpler. It has become too complicated, this living."

He went on to say that he is not a very smart fellow. He doesn't know about such things as politics, this talk of Socialism and Communism, this depression and all of its causes. He doesn't read novels. He reads plays and learns about life from those who live it. He feels that in order to change the world and its systems, *you must first change men*. Men are not born equals and they never will become equals, thinks Maurice.

By way of illustration, Maurice told me of his months in a German prison camp during the World War. Several hundred men, he said, were herded into that camp. They had nothing. They were stripped of all their worldly goods and all their worldly pretensions. No matter what they had been or where they had come from, they were all reduced to a common level. And yet, *within the space of one week, leaders had arisen.*

Chevalier would not change the marriage laws—"though they are not natural laws." But, he explained, *they do provide protection, if not pleasure*, for the vast majority of people, mostly women and children. He feels about the marriage laws as he does about traffic regulations. You *could* drive your car at a clip of one hundred miles an hour down a main thoroughfare, but in so driving you would be apt to kill and injure people. It would be the same if men were to ignore the traffic signals of matrimony. Too many innocent persons would be hurt. Chevalier does not think that pleasure is worth the price of pain. If pain could be removed from the human heart, then we would see our *Smiling Lieutenant* in the flesh, as in the film.

Nor would Maurice change the habits that govern Big Business—except to make them simpler. He feels that there need not be so much politics in studios regarding contracts and salaries and parts and such matters.

He says, "I just lay my cards upon the table. I say 'I think this is not so fair' or 'I think this is very good.' I find that what I give, I get. I have no complaint to make. I think they have no complaint to make of me, here at Paramount. I have never had a business fight in my life. It is because I am simple about it all, man to man. I have never had a manager. I have never had an agent. I have never had one of these publicity men. I do my own business and I cannot understand why I shouldn't."

Chevalier has one permanent home. He—and Madame Chevalier—built it themselves. It is his villa in Cannes, on the French Riviera. And it is to this villa that he goes between pictures, when he returns to France. He keeps three servants there the year around and he likes to know that the house is always open—and waiting for Yvonne and himself. He says that Hollywood is more restful than Cannes. Except, of course, when he is working. At all other times he can pick and choose whom he wants to see, and when. He rents a house each time he returns to Hollywood. This time he is living in Joseph Schenck's house on Hollywood Boulevard. In Cannes, he says, one meets the most prominent men in the world, and the most beautiful women. They are not exactly rest cures.

There will be two or three days at a time, Maurice told me, when he and Madame Chevalier will live a frugal French life—domestic and quiet. They take long walks, and sun-baths, and retire early. Then they go down to Cannes—and there they are, the World's Big Men, all the World's Most Beautiful Women. And the *Smiling Lieutenant* and his Lady get caught in a social swirl that makes Maurice glad to return to little, quiet Hollywood and a game of golf with Doug Fairbanks and Adolphe Menjou. Maurice, now making "One Hour With You," has just "taken up" golf, and has gone golf-goofy. With justifiable pride, he showed me his hands. "They are all wounded," he said. And they were.

You have been asked to believe in the past that Maurice is, in reality, a French *Babbitt*. In his head, he *is* a French *Babbitt*. But in his heart he is the *Smiling Lieutenant*, who is obeying the traffic regulations of life (and love) because he does not think that pleasure pays the price of pain.

Sylvia Sidney Destined to Leave Screen in 1933, According to Numerology

(*Continued from page 42*)

moody, aloof, mysterious "7" as their inner-nature number, and Sylvia Sidney shares their indifference to ordinary, everyday life. Like them, also, she doesn't often act when off the stage or movie set. She is secretive, reserved and disinterested, until she sees something she wants—and then the hard-driving, hard-working Number "4" gets busy and she usually arrives.

Born on August 8, 1910, she has "9" as her Path-of-Life or Destiny number. She will always have opportunity to claim public attention. She was born to spend her life working in the entertainment, educational, dramatic or literary fields.

Because of her urge toward the drama, her undoubted ability to act, her youth and practical ambition, it was natural that the screen would claim her. Also, she has "8" as the number of her month and day of birth, which puts her right in the path of financial success until her twenty-seventh birthday. After this age, there will be some very big changes for her. She will probably return to the stage in 1933—and later will become a playwright.

In spite of the impression she gives, she feels dissatisfaction with herself. Because of this, in private life she is often careless and untidy and would just as soon be alone with her thoughts. She often becomes restless and feels that there is something lacking and that she has not found herself.

The Number "7" shows that she does not have much sincere interest in marriage or conventional family life. She does most of her acting in her association with the opposite sex and likes to watch its effect, though she is seldom personally interested. She gets along much better with men than with women. There are indications of a marriage offer that will be beneficial financially, before her twenty-fourth birthday. This experience, if accepted, will not bring happiness.

In her screen work Sylvia Sidney has come along quickly, but the pictures she has made in 1931 will mark the peak of her popularity. Before returning to her first love, the Broadway stage, she will do some more good screen work, but will lose ground in public favor during 1932.



"Oh, Beth, I asked Mrs. Dobbs at the beauty shop what to do about my rough 'dishpan hands'"

"What did she say?"





"You'll be surprised! Just to use Lux instead of ordinary soap! . . . It gives your hands *beauty care in the dishpan!*"

A HINT FROM 305 FAMOUS BEAUTY SHOPS

Here is a way to turn your dish-washing into *beauty care!* Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say—"We actually *can't tell the difference* between the hands of a woman who uses Lux in the dishpan and those of a woman with maids to do all her work. Lux is so gentle it gives the hands a real *beauty* treatment."

And how little this precious care costs! *Less than 1¢ a day*—for the big box of Lux does 6 weeks' dishes!



News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

'Ready on the set, Miss Dressler,'" said Norma, "she would charge across that lot like an old fire horse that hears the gong. I award you the prize, and God bless you, dear."

WHEN Sidney Fox gave a party the other night she didn't know that she was going to get an early call to the set the next morning. When the telephone call came she decided to go to bed, party or no party. But the guests' wraps were parked in her bedroom. So she borrowed the maid's room, and retired—but not to slumber. The iceless refrigerator was too close to the head of the bed for that! And you know how those things can buzz! The guests, apparently, didn't notice that their hostess had disappeared, for the party lasted till morning. Moral: all Hollywood needs for a party are guests. The hosts don't matter.

ROSE HOBART was dancing with Eddie Laemmle, the director, and a magazine writer cut in. Said Eddie, glaring, "Well, what is it going to be? Pistols or sabres?" "I choose sabres," chirruped the writer. Eddie held up his left hand with the mark of a deep scar slashed across the fingers. "I don't know much about sabres," said he, "*except what they taught me at Heidelberg*—"

AMONG the Mayfair guests at the first dance of the season there was no one who made a more striking appearance than Evelyn Brent. She wore a cream satin evening gown, and a deeper cream velvet wrap trimmed with sable collar and cuffs. The ensemble was perfect and the sable matched her sultry eyes and magnificent tan. But Evelyn says that next summer she isn't so sure whether she will go in for the sun tan—it's hard to find a make-up to cover it. She had a birthday party at the Embassy the other day—the high spot arriving when a solemn procession of waiters brought in a magnificent cake covered with candles. And the tourist ladies were all a-flutter. They craned their necks to count them, but Evelyn's face didn't get red because she removed all damaging evidence at once!

THE new brooms brought into the movies have begun to sweep clean—production has been stopped on ten pictures so far. Yellow taxis and chewing gum may improve the Industry. Time will tell.

BEBE'S three-months-old daughter has a wardrobe which any star would envy, with racks of tiny dresses, rows of small bootees, drawers of bonnets, and small garments by the dozens. And Ben can be persuaded to run his private motion picture of Barbara Bebe if you drop in Sunday on the Lyons. He'll run it over and over for you, too. The afternoon we were there, the baby was dressed in her most gorgeous best—and receiving friends. It is amazing how much she looks like her mother already—which is just as her daddy would have her.

THE divorce talk about the King Vidor household seems to have petered out, much to the relief of the movie colony. King and Eleanor are a popular couple. They seemed absolutely devoted at the Academy dinner. If Hollywood would let husbands and wives make up their domestic difficulties by themselves, there would be fewer screen divorces. Take the case of Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, for example. Reporters and magazine writers pestered them to death, trying to wring the admission of trouble from them recently. But they are too regular to be stampeded.

SEEN at a recent Hollywood dinner party—Marion Davies wearing pale green pajamas trimmed in ermine, Eleanor Boardman in a black-and-white pajama combination, Sally O'Neil in red satin pajamas, and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou in wisteria-colored pajamas with a lace coat of the same color.

AND now Lil Dagover goes back to Germany after one picture. They do say that Lil, while looking like a quiet, and rather motherly lady, had the true Continental temperament—and that there were wild times on the set where Michael Curtiz was directing her. Stories of tears, faintings and other goings-on recall the dear dead days when Pola first came to our midst. There's a report, however, that Lil will return to America after she appears on the German stage.

ANOTHER recent party was a Parents party. Every couple brought movies to their own children and showed them after dinner to rapturous applause. Just a big

(*Continued on page 96*)

CHICLE makes it better

. . . gives long-lasting chewiness

It's the amount and grade of CHICLE used in chewing gum that makes one kind more *springy* or *chewy* than another. Beech-Nut Gum contains more of the world's finest chicle in each stick than any other gum on the market. That is why Beech-Nut is always smooth and enjoyable. That explains its long-lasting chewiness—the difference between ordinary chewing gum and Beech-Nut, the finest, most refreshing, minty flavored gum you can buy

Beech-Nut GUM



"Makes the next smoke taste better"

It Looks Like Divorce for Ronald Colman

(*Continued from page 49*)

"One Heavenly Night." It is *not* true that he has spurned feminine companionship and lived like a hermit. A close friend of his says: "No one admires a pretty girl more than Ronnie. He enjoys the companionship of lovely women just as other men do. Naturally, in his circumstances, he can't be blatant about it. That is the real reason he dodges lady reporters. They always want to know about his romances—a difficult subject for a married man, you will admit."

A few years ago his name was linked with Lois Wilson's. Later on it was reported that he was going to Europe to get a divorce so that he could marry Kay Francis. Ronnie did go to Europe, but he did not secure a divorce—and in time this rumor was punctured when Kay married Kenneth MacKenna, the actor-director.

No Reno Divorce for Ronnie

APPARENTLY Colman was well satisfied with his puzzling life as a bachelor-benedict. He made several subsequent trips to Europe, but no divorce was forthcoming. When he would disappear "for a rest" between pictures, Reno reporters watched for him—not aware that he would never get a Reno divorce, lest it not be recognized in his dearly beloved England. When he suddenly decided to take a European vacation at the completion of "Arrowsmith," he was asked the inevitable question by a studio official at United Artists. "A divorce?" "Nothing of the sort," replied Colman.

Yet he had no sooner arrived in France than the newspapers carried the report that Ronald Colman had consulted lawyers at Nice with the view of securing a divorce from his wife. The whisper-squad, not illogically, has hit upon the conclusion that if the heretofore satisfied Ronnie wants a divorce, he must be in love with some girl he is planning to marry. And the lady most frequently seen with Ronnie in Hollywood lately is the beautiful, blonde Thelma Todd.

Is Thelma the real reason back of the reported divorce move of Colman's? Ronnie has not kept it a secret from his friends that he thinks Thelma is very charming. (Isn't it odd how he seems to pick Thelmas?) And Thelma thinks Ronnie is equally delightful. "Far more charming off the screen than on," she laughed, "and that is very charming."

Thelma Happy at News

BUT when pressed for more definite information, she merely continued to laugh. "You may say this for me," she added, "that *I am glad Mr. Colman is getting a divorce*—if that cable from Europe contained authentic information. It will quiet so many women in Hollywood."

Now what do you make of that, Watson? She swears on her word of honor that she is hiding no secret engagement ring.

Another story that is intriguing Hollywood at the present moment features a less romantic angle and deals in finance. It is reliably reported that a very lucrative contract for Colman goes into effect next year and that he is anxious to get his private and business affairs in order before that time. Divorce settlements for actors always come high and the more money they are earning, the higher they come. The cable from France says Ronnie is prepared to make a divorce settlement in six figures upon the woman who has been and, at the same time, has not been his wife in the most mixed-up matrimonial problem of the colony.

Does all this mean a divorce at last for Ronald Colman, who recently said he hoped to marry again and to have children—but doubted that "the right kind of marriage" can be found in Hollywood?

1st Prize

WHY (I) CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST
(For Other Prize Winners Watch Magazines And Newspapers)



Florence D. Walden
Hollywood, Cal.

In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently,

"Yes, but she SPOILS it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

Florence D Walden

. . . 55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price

MARLBORO
PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED
America's finest cigarette

In League with the Babies

WHEN LITTLE girls wore copper-toed boots and tight-waisted dresses, and little boys wore kilts—what of the babies? Swathed in yards of clothes. Scrubbed with unknown soaps. Few of them expected to live during the dreaded second summer. Many of them suffered countless ailments because nobody knew what to do.

A glance back only a generation or so is enough to reveal how fortunate babies are today. Now there are soft, cool soaps . . . every aid in food that care and knowledge can prepare . . . sensible, light little clothes . . . and such knowledge of sanitation, and control of disease, that every little baby should live and grow.

Mothers are indebted to advertisements for their news of these nursery aids . . . just as they are indebted for news of fascinating menus, fadeless curtains, sprightly dinnerware. Constantly, ways are being devised to make life happier, more comfortable for baby, the whole family. Laboratories clean and bright are scenes of goods being tested—being made safe and pure. When the testing is over—advertisements hasten the goods to you.

No longer marvel (the next time you buy something widely known) at how fresh, immaculate, fine it is. These are qualities you can be sure of in buying advertised merchandise . . . qualities you *must* be sure of in buying for the health of babies, children, anyone. It is surprising how timely and vital the news in advertisements can be! Read them regularly.

TANGEE



Do men admire natural color?

JUST ASK ONE!

Men admire youthful, healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look Natural! . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that *natural color* which is *so much in vogue today . . . so admired by men!* For TANGEE is based on a marvelous color principle . . . entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on color after you apply it . . . and blends perfectly with your own *natural, individual* coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

Tangee Gives You Natural Color

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Its *solidified cream base* soothes, softens and protects! *Permanent,* TANGEE *stays on* all day. No constant making up! *Economical,* it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. $1.

NEW! *Tangee* THEATRICAL, *a special dark shade of* TANGEE LIPSTICK *and* ROUGE COMPACT *for professional and evening use.*

NOTE: *When you buy, be sure you see the name* TANGEE *on the package. There is only one* TANGEE! *Beware of substitutes, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for!*

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

★ Containing miniature Lipstick, Powder, two Rouges, and "The Art of Make-up"

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Are You Up-to-date About Miriam Hopkins?

(*Continued from page 59*)

in her mother's cast-off finery nor muttered Portia's lines in "The Merchant of Venice," at the age of seven. She studied art, music and literature and when, at the Goddard Seminary in Barre, Vermont, she won a twenty-dollar prize for elocution, she just thought that it was swell to have the twenty beanos. She played the leading rôle in her senior play, "The Fascinating Fanny Brown," and between the first and second acts fell downstairs and broke her ankle. It never occurred to her to back out. She simply played the two remaining acts without her shoe and no one was the wiser. And she never realized that with the breaking of that bone she was to become one of the best actresses that Broadway would some day lose to Hollywood.

When Hoover Was Lucky

HER first professional make-up was applied by the present President of these United States, Herbert Hoover. She had been studying dancing at the Vestoff-Servova School in New York. A group of the girls were sent to dance at a benefit for the Near East Relief. They wore tattered gowns and smudges on their faces. Miriam had been so busy applying the smudges to others that she forgot herself until it was almost too late. A gentleman standing by hastily smudged her face for her and when she later inquired about him, she was told that he was none other than Food Commissioner Herbert Hoover.

Her first job was in the chorus, dancing. Her first big part was in "Little Jessie James," musical comedy hit. After which she decided to turn toes down on dancing—her ankle was beginning to bother her—and to wait for something dramatic to come her way. No one took her seriously. She was too young, too blonde (she is a natural silvery blonde, ye unbelievers!) and too frivolous-looking, somehow. Miriam took herself seriously. She waited, rejecting all offers, until "The Puppets" came to town with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, who had been doing the romantic leads on the road. Miriam took Claudette's place with Fredric as, a few months ago, she took Claudette's place in the affections of "The Smiling Lieutenant"—and stole the picture, even from Chevalier.

After "The Puppets," Miriam played in "The Home-Towners" and her leading man was our own Chester Morris. She went from "The Home-Towners" to "An American Tragedy" (in which Helen Twelvetrees also played), and thence to "Excess Baggage." There followed "The Garden of Eden" and "The Enemy" and her biggest success of all her successes, the part of the Grecian flapper in "Lysistrata," the comedy by Aristophanes that has been running for a couple of thousand years.

Wanted Her as Bathing Beauty

HER first movie offer came during the run of that play. It was from Mack Sennett. He wanted her to be a *bathing beauty.* That is what naturally blonde hair and a naturally—er—blonde figure will do for you, whether you're Greek or Georgian. Miriam considered the phenomenal rise of Gloria Swanson from one-piece suits to stardom—but declined. Then came Paramount with the offer of the feminine lead in "Fast and Loose"—and thus we have Miriam with us to-day. And if, by any chance, you didn't see her in "The Smiling Lieutenant," you missed the most delicious delicacy ever served in gelatin. If there were more women like Miriam Hopkins and more men like Maurice Chevalier, we would have neither wars nor depressions nor prohibitions of any kind whatever. Then the world would become a civilized place, amusing, gay and kind.

Miriam is living in Greta Garbo's erstwhile home in Santa Monica. It doesn't awe her. She says there are plenty of good sheets and warm blankets and that is her main reaction to the Garbo *hacienda.* A girl-friend of Miriam's feels otherwise. She wrote to Miriam, "Oh, if I could come out and visit you while you are living *there*—if I could only sleep in the very bed that Garbo slept in—*just for one night.*" Which is doubtless, Miriam admits, the normal reaction.

She has been married for three and a half years to Austin Parker, playwright. Like Fannie Hurst, she believes that married folk are happier living fairly separate lives. Which is to say that she believes in separate houses for husband and wife and occasional meetings or get-togethers. She feels that two creative personalities would blow off any one roof. She has tried the separate housing idea persistently. In New York they took separate apartments in the same building. That didn't work very well because, while Miriam's was completely furnished, Mr. Parker invested only in a desk and chair and that meant that he would retreat to Miriam's eyrie when his work was done.

Her Present Married Life

IN Hollywood they also took separate houses, but Mr. Parker (who's now writing scenarios), decided that it was all a very silly business and told Miriam so. Miriam said, "All right, dear, the house is big—we'll try it." Mr. Parker has moved in, bringing his young niece with him—"and now," says Miriam, making a gesture with her small and very expressive hands, "now the house is swarming with Parkers."

Miriam feels that Bernard Shaw was wrong when he said that men and women should live together only during the mating years. She feels that men and women should share a house together only *after the mating years.* "It might work," she said, "when a man and a woman are old and could shove one another around in wheeled chairs or pass the peppermints or something."

She'd like to have a baby of her own. She feels that to have a son is important. But she loves children because they are children and not, she thinks, because they might be hers. She may adopt one.

She is afraid of Hollywood. She doesn't know why. She admits that she is far from being a jittery juvenile. There is nothing of the ingénue about Miriam. Nevertheless, she has heard tales of a certain producer who gives yachting parties with *locked doors* and of the macabre doings of certain lavish households. She thinks the New York writers are the most depressing people out here. They sit around and look suicidal and moan, "My God, the only way to beat this is to drink—and drink—and drink—"

"She also thinks that the real movie colony, the Marion Davies' and the Bebe Daniels', are the important people here. They are gay, she has found; they do things, they are bright and amusing and entertaining. They are fun.

The Hopkins Favorites

HER favorite actress is Lynn Fontanne (you saw her in "The Guardsman"), and her favorite actors are Adolphe Menjou and Bobby Coogan. She adores Ernst Lubitsch, director of "The Smiling Lieutenant," and Reuben Mamoulian, who directed

(*Continued on page 88*)

That's Hollywood

(*Continued from page 16*)

gazed upward as the beauties strolled over and called it the Bridge of Thighs . . . Favorite remark over the "mike" remains, "Wish you could be here to see this wonderful . . . etc." Why can't someone think up a new one?

Old-timers are wrong when they bewail the passing of romance from Hollywood. Independent producers are still putting out pictures with a shoestring for capital, and potential **Swansons** and **Pickfords** are among the girls to whom they pay $5. for a day's work as principals. Last week an independent shot a full-length picture, complete, in four days. By the way of contrast, one of the big studios estimates that a full day's work—on a good day—turns into three minutes of entertainment on the screen.

More than twenty important screen marriages have occurred in the last month or two—you've been reading about them in this magazine. More are expected daily. 1932 is almost here, and no movie heroine wants to be accused of capturing her man during Leap Year.

The most confused story of the month concerns the "Impatient Virgin" which had to be changed to the "Impatient Maiden" for the screen. Then it was found that the original story as it stood was not screen material and it was drastically rewritten. Now no one knows just what credit the original author deserves.

Somebody with a brain for that sort of thing estimates that $600. worth of orchids are given to this girl and that before openings . . . **Sarah,** an extra at Universal, works in almost all of their pictures. It's a reward, the rumor goes, for putting out a fire which might have cost the studio heavily . . .

No star likes symposiums, the kind of a magazine story in which the opinions of several of filmdom's famous are given. An interviewer was riding with **Slim Summerville** the other day, trying to collect material for one of these articles, when they nearly ran over a dog. The animal was completely nondescript and composed of a dozen different breeds. "Look," said Slim. "A Symposium!"

The only nude landscape in captivity belongs to **Harpo (Nurmi) Marx.** "You see," he says with a grin, and you'd better take this the same way, "when I learned to paint, the first thing I did was a nude, and I kept on using the same canvas. The last thing I painted was a landscape, and, believe me or not, you can see the nude in the background."

They say that "Arrowsmith," the new **Ronald Colman** picture, makes the experiments of a scientist as thrilling as the horse chases of the early film epics, which sounds doubtful . . . **Sidney Fox** once conducted a Lonely Hearts column for a national syndicate . . . People still mistake **Mervyn LeRoy,** the youngest director, for a boy. He took **Loretta Young** out the other night and the studio was deluged with calls from newspapers who wondered if her escort had been her kid brother.



DOROTHY MACKAILL

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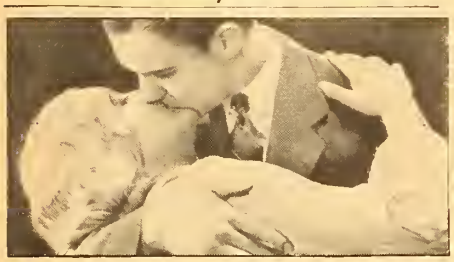
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The Voice With the Love Call Wins

(*Continued from page 51*)

whadda we do next? Where do we go next?"

Among the many things in this man's favor is his total inability to play a saxophone, piccolo or oompah. He can do that rat-a-tat business on a drum like the heroes of that Kipling story. And he swings a right mean cymbal. A combination of talents which fits him perfectly for a Salvation Army band—if and when. But that crack's only kidding. Bing will never need any benefits. He's too tough mentally to be a mug with his money. Of the plenty he makes, a goodly portion is being parked in a place where it will do the most good.

His nonsense days seem pretty definitely behind him. If ever he looks upon the wine when it is red, it's with a wink at his wife and a razz for dat ol' demon Rum. So with the Prohibition Question thus disposed, we may take up the matrimonial, gustatorial, and sartorial aspects of his existence, not to mention his somniloquence. No, the somniloquence is out. Bing doesn't talk in his sleep. A gentle snore, perhaps. But no conversation. That comes from someone who should know. Dixie Lee.

Dixie is Mrs. Crosby. And she's working at it. He met her when she was a movie player, and he became her Christian slave. Or however it is that poem goes. It was one of those rapid-fire courtships. Hot and cold. Maybe it was Dixie that put that something in his voice. For after a row, she'd sit with friends at the "Cocoanut Grove" and Bing would sing "I Apologize." Perhaps you, and you, and you thought those radio rhapsodies were just shot on the air like Hiawatha's arrow. But, baby, they had a destination. And the destination was the heart of Dixie Lee. Yes, sir, each one of those notes went Bing—'way down South in Dixie.

Those were the days, you remember, when Sue Carol and Nick Stuart tried to fool folks into thinking they weren't married. Sue would run around places with Bing, while Nick escorted Dixie. It was a frame-up. The kids had fun. And they're all pals still. When in New York Sue stopped with the Crosbys, visiting Dixie in Bing's dressing-room. And a good time was had by all. They'd listen to Kate Smith!

Right now it's early to bed and early to rise in the Crosby cottage. Bing is doing so many shows every day that he keeps his make-up on from noon to midnight. Between shows he removes his clothes, wraps himself in a robe, and tunes in on an air program. He eats lightly and rapidly. Doesn't take any great pleasure in food.

He's a bit collegiate in dress. Or perhaps it's what the well-dressed man wears when he's a song-singing wow on Broadway. Considered in detail, the articles of his attire might be considered—say—colorful. But the ensemble is pleasant to behold. Blue is his best color, and most of his suits are blue. But shirts, scarves, sweaters and the rest may be any shade of the spectrum rainbow.

In addition to the terrific strain of his stage engagement, he does two broadcasts daily—one of them in that coveted after-dinner period. Look what I'm telling you! Just as though you don't all tune in! And because he can't croon it's pretty wearing on his voice. Bing, you see, has to sound each note round and full—he's no whisperer. No less a personage than Helen Morgan, who sounds a mean A herself, is a Crosby fan, and says she "just loves" the way he slides one note into another. Helen says he sings, "Theth Rillis Gone," instead of "The Thrill Is Gone."

While he's not exactly kicking, Bing has other ambitions in life. He wants to write. He got a whiff of printers' ink back in the school days. And he plans to take a whack at O. Henrying. He's pretty proud of having done the dialogue in his pictures. But literature will have to wait until his great vogue has passed. The tip-off on Bing is that he knows it will pass some day.

Bing has a couple of brothers. Everett sings a lot like Bing, but he's content to act as manager to the family star, and confine his warblings to drawing-rooms. Bob is breaking into the game with the band at the Hotel Roosevelt's "Blossom Room." While our hero is the sole member of the clan to tread the boards, his mother sang very nicely, and Dad played a mean guitar.

One of Bing's broadcasts is for a cigar company. He smokes ciggies. His speaking voice is the same in which he sings. Among his varied experiences he includes a stretch in a California hoosegow. They'll probably hang a sign on that jail stating that the famous Mr. Crosby was once the county's guest for some twenty days. Bing's bit was done when he pleaded guilty to a traffic infraction and drew a jail sentence from the nice, kindly judge for being on the level.

Perhaps you don't care much, then again maybe you'll be interested in knowing about the other two of the "Three Rhythm Boys." Well, Master Barris may be heard at the "Cocoanut Grove" still, and Master Renker accompanies Blanche Sweet on the piano in vaudeville.

Are You Up-to-date About Miriam Hopkins?

(*Continued from page 86*)

her in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which she again acted with Fredric March.

She once had a hobby for collecting first editions (like another New York newcomer, Sylvia Sidney) and during that time once paid three hundred dollars for a first of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." She was then making three hundred a week. She says, "This sounds swell. It makes a swell item for a fan magazine, even if it doesn't make good sense."

She says that she would like to be dramatic and say that life is not worth living and that she would like to "end it all," but she knows that if someone heard her say that and obligingly pointed a gun at her, she would run fifty miles.

She likes to wear black and white, and to be surrounded with yellow roses. She feels that she has Grown Up because, now, she comes right out and says she detests certain things. And her pet hates are ocean travel, dry Martini cocktails and cauliflower. She feels that she would loathe parsnips if she should ever eat them.

She likes domesticity, or part of it. She gets a kick out of having a seamstress in to make white organdy curtains for the ex-Garbo bathrooms. She loves to order meals and new furniture. She feels that she would detest counting the laundry.

Her suppressed desire is to be a martyr for some Great Cause. Or even for some Great Man. But he would have to be great. Such a man as Mussolini or the very late Imperial Caesar. She cannot imagine being a martyr to a small man's egotism. She would cook and clean and live in two rooms with a man who was doing something worth the doing, scornful of money or of the world's honors. She doesn't think there are enough of such men to go around and so doesn't expect to be a martyr.

She has the most glorious hair I have ever seen, the kindest heart, the keenest wit, and the *talkingest* hands.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

ing of the **Wally Beery-Jackie Cooper** picture. "I hope 'The Champ' is a knock-out," each said, individually; remarking, too, that it had probably been said before.

It had, and such practices should cease. Anyone wishing to endow a chair for the Instruction of Stars in Radio Speechmaking will kindly take it up with this department, if we're not too busy snooping about.

On the other hand, too many superlatives are a curse. For instance, "The Unholy Garden" advertisements for a local theater: "The foremost Los Angeles favorite . . in a symphony of emotion . . a maelstrom of action . . a typhoon of joyous abandon! **Ronald Colman,** et cetera . . masterfully produced by **Samuel Goldwyn** . . ecstatically directed by **George Fitzmaurice.**"

While we are all rapturous and everything, let us inform you that **Anita Page** is now considered the sex-appeal girl of the M-G-M lot when it comes to posing those snuggly, cuddlesome, leggy portraits of Movie Beauty with Rabbit for Easter, Turkey for Thanksgiving or one of Schmaltz's new Fit-to-Form bungalow aprons.

Which prefaces the statement that **Anita** has lost plenty of poundage.

And silencing all rumors of romantic to-do between **Tallulah Bankhead** and **Gary Cooper,** the lady is reported to have said, with a throaty little laugh, that **Gary** is far, far too normal to be romantically interesting.

A little late, but too good to be ignored, is the presentation speech of Baby Wampas Star **Joan Blondell:** "This bird is no stranger to me," she murmured as the giant mechanical stork assisted her to the platform. "He visits our house so often that his legs are worn down so he looks like a duck."

Mae Clarke, about whom we seem to like to write, was honor guest at a Writers' Club dinner. Seated across the table was **June MacCloy,** anxious to make conversation:

"Just a moment," said **June** to **Mae,** "I know you. . . you're **Jean Arthur!**"

Observers report a long, awkward silence.

Side Show

The piece-de-resistance among gifts at **Evelyn Brent's** Embassy birthday luncheon was a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's tonic. . . **Bill Powell** spends his idle moments thinking up anniversaries so he can give **Carole Lombard Powell** gifts. The day they met, the day they first went to dinner, the day he first proposed, the day she finally accepted, etc. . . The slender-linked platinum bracelet worn on **Constance Bennett's** left wrist has never been removed since it was locked on two years ago by **Marquis Hank,** who wears its mate. . . **Chaliapin** should hear **Noah Beery** sing "Go Down, Moses."

The Republican Convention, as Vice-President **Curtis'** excursion to Hollywood was called, was voted a success by all participating. He and his sister, **Mrs. Dolly Gann,** were fêted by the Academy, glorified by a première, eulogized by speechmakers, ribbed by **Will Rogers** and royally treated at the **Hearst** ranch in San Simeon.

When Hollywood entertains, she does it with the whole-heartedness of a night-club hostess.

Girls from the "Follies" Who've Made Good on the Screen

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Would I like it? Why, there's nothing I'd rather do in my whole life," she replied. "But how am I going to meet Mr. Ziegfeld? And if I did, what chance would a girl like myself have?"

Mr. Ziegfeld gave her a card and told her to report at rehearsal the next morning. The waitress nearly dropped her tray with its load of food. When they departed, the producer turned to Wayburn and said: "I can make that girl into one of the most beautiful women in New York. She has refinement and intelligence. Just watch and see what happens."

The white-aproned waitress was Claire Luce.

A Texas Special brought a symmetrical blonde to New York three or four seasons ago and dumped her into the middle of teeming Broadway. She looked up and saw the Ziegfeld sign. So she entered the building and asked for "Mistah Zeegfield." How was the daughter of a Texas minister to know the proper pronunciation? She had never been to a big city before in her life, and she was a bit bewildered by the rumble and roar of its million machines.

"Mistah Zeegfield, I'm scared," she whispered when she entered his sanctum. So Mistah Zeegfield hired her on the spot and cast her as the sophisticated *Mme. Recamier* in his "Pageant of Beauty" number of his subsequent "Follies." When it came time to produce "Rio Rita," the bewildered Texas miss was living in a luxurious apartment, driving her own roadster and sporting a Borzoi at the end of a leash.

Of course, she was made a principal in "Rio Rita" and at a good salary. And under the producer's guidance she spent her spare time perfecting her voice. "The movies will come for you sooner or later, so you'd better be prepared," he advised. And the movies did come after her. That's why Noel Francis—now platinum blonde—is looming to-day as Hollywood's latest claimant to the superlative adjectives.

Christine Maple and Claire Dodd were extra girls in Hollywood. The going was hard, as it always is among the extras. Then one day Mr. Ziegfeld spotted them in a hotel lobby, marveled at their beauty and signed them for the movie version of "Whoopee." Not only that, he persuaded them to join his current "Follies."

The show is still running, but Christine and Claire have both been sent for by Hollywood producers to return as featured players. The Ziegfeld touch made them valuable to the films. Just a repetition of a standing story.

Who will be next?



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.



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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Jean Harlow is all burned up because the Caddo Company, to whom she is under contract, has been loaning her out to other producing companies and receiving about three times more for her services than the salary they are paying her, while Jean is collecting only her usual salary of about $350 per week.

2. Robert Williams, noted stage and screen star, died recently in Hollywood Hospital from peritonitis following an appendicitis operation.

3. The marriage of Lowell Sherman, Hollywood's beau brummel, and his wife, Helene Costello, film player and sister of Dolores, has hit the rocks.

4. When Marjorie Rambeau was married to Francis A. Gudger, retired Florida business man, in Yuma, Arizona, she became a bride for the third time. Her first husband was Willard Mack and her second Hugh Dillon, actor. Miss Rambeau is planning to retire from the screen.

5. While pneumonia was the direct cause of her death, Lya de Putti's illness started after a chicken bone which lodged in her throat was removed and blood-poisoning set in. Miss de Putti will be remembered for her triumph in "Variety" with Emil Jannings.

6. Clara Bow's elopement with Rex Bell early in December came as a surprise inasmuch as Clara was planning to be married during 1932. At first Rex denied it, but later both confirmed the report.

7. Production was held up because Tom Mix was dangerously ill from peritonitis which set in following an appendicitis operation. Doctors believe that only his excellent physical condition, due to the active life he has led, saved his life.

8. Robert Ames, stage and screen star, was found dead in his room in a New York hotel by a maid and Ina Claire is the star who was affected by Ames' death. Although they both had been denying rumors of an engagement, friends predicted that their romance would culminate in marriage.

9. At the dinner of the Academy, Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler were chosen as the two stars who merited this year's awards, Barrymore for his portrayal in "A Free Soul" and Marie scored for her work in "Min and Bill."

10. The picture shows Norma Talmadge with Gilbert Roland who, rumors say she may marry if she ever decides to divorce her husband, Joseph Schenck, from whom she has been separated for more than three years. However, gossips don't seem to bother Norma much as she makes no bones about being seen escorted around by Roland.

11. Esther Ralston's baby is getting an early start in life as a vaudeville trouper. Esther, who is Mrs. George Webb in private life, will appear in a sketch which has a courtroom scene in which she appears on the witness stand with a baby in her arms.

12. Lois Wilson has picked Winslow Fox, a wealthy young South American, as her new beau.

13. Gloria Swanson, who was secretly married to Michael Farmer on August 16th, although the secret didn't leak out until the first of November, has gone abroad to await the arrival of the stork. In order to make doubly sure of their marital ties, Gloria and Farmer were re-wed in November after she got her final decree from the Marquis Henri de la Falaise.

14. Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson's former husband, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, were made man and wife at a double ring ceremony on November 22nd. The groom's ring is a platinum band similar to the bride's ring.

15. At the age of fourteen, James Cagney, who made a decided hit on the screen with his gangster portrayals, worked as an office boy on the *New York Sun*.

16. Kathryn Crawford is the girl who reduced her weight by ten pounds for her rôle in the screen's version of the musical comedy, "Flying High" and, having made good, was signed to a long-term contract.

17. Threats on the life of Bebe Daniels were made by a crazed man who escaped from an insane asylum and who was overpowered and jailed before any harm came to Bebe. The maniac's name is Guy Lawyer, a shell-shocked war veteran who was sent to the asylum, from which he escaped, about a year ago after making similar threats to Bebe and her husband, Ben Lyon.

18. It is hard to believe because his previous reputation has been so rumor-proof, but Hollywood gossips would have us believe that Maurice Chevalier and his attractive wife, to whom he has been very devoted, have quarreled. Now it remains to be seen whether it is just one of those usual husband-and-wife tiffs that can be patched up or whether it means something more serious.

19. Edmund Goulding, Hollywood film director, was married to Marjorie Moss, stage dancer. Their wedding surely took the film center by surprise as no one knew it was going to take place until just a day or two before it happened.

20. When Edmund Lowe and his wife, Lilyan Tashman, went abroad together, everything was peaceful, but when Lilyan had to hurry back alone because she was wanted for a picture, the gossips got to work and rumors of a separation began to spread. Both deny a rift and insist that only their work has parted them.

This Man Has Your Number!

Clifford W. Cheasley, famous numerologist, last month analyzed the character and forecast the future of Clark Gable.

This month, on page 42, he analyzes Sylvia Sidney's character and predicts the life destined for her.

Next month he will reveal the character and prophesy events in the future life of another famous film star.

More than this, MOTION PICTURE offers you an opportunity to have your own Numberscope. Turn back to page 42 for details.

The Truth About Mary Astor's Marriage

(*Continued from page 45*)

fighting for her health and the chance of continuing her livelihood in pictures, that Dr. Franklyn Thorpe entered her life. Dr. Thorpe's specialty is gynecology, and it was only through the insistence of a mutual friend that Mary consented to call him in and see what he could do in her case. His first few visits were purely professional, but in time the tragic plight of the girl and the seriousness of her condition appealed deeply to his sympathy, and the interest became more personal.

"It was his advice and sympathy that brought me back to health," Mary later told a friend. "From that dark emptiness of no longer caring to live, I began to feel, after many months, a desire to fight and win out."

In the meantime, Mary and nine other widows of the air disaster had banded together as plaintiffs in a damage action amounting to almost a million dollars against the Tanner Air Livery and James Grainger, Inc., owners of the 'planes in the crash. The date scheduled for the suit was several months away.

It is only possible here to conjecture at the mental dilemma in which Mary found herself a year and a half after the disaster. She had practically regained her health and she was in love. She wanted to be married, and yet there was this lawsuit involving a great deal of money, not only to herself, but to nine other women, in which her best sympathetic legal claim lay in being the widow of Kenneth Hawks.

Had to Think of Others

DESPITE the fact that Hawks had left only a comparatively small estate, Mary might never have gone on with the lawsuit, if she alone had been suing. After all, she had a fairly handsome income. But nine other women, who had been deprived of their "breadwinners," were also to be considered. It was not the easiest problem in the world to solve. Perhaps Mary did not choose the wisest settlement of it. She told me that perhaps she had made mistakes in judgment throughout.

Her solution of her conflicting emotional problems was to be secretly married. On June 29, 1931, she and Dr. Thorpe motored to Yuma, Arizona, and were quietly wed. No one recognized the girl who gave her name as Lucille Langhanke Hawks.

A secret marriage always presents difficulties in Hollywood. The tongues of gossip will wag about two people seen constantly in one another's society day and night. And in Mary's case, due to her previously spotless reputation, they wagged relentlessly.

Mary's car was frequently seen parked in front of Dr. Thorpe's apartment until late hours of the night. Tradespeople gossiped in the neighborhood that the young couple were seen "at breakfast" when the milk and groceries were delivered. One ambitious reporter, on the lookout for a marriage "scoop," parked before the gossiped-about apartment and watched Mary enter the place in one costume and come out in another.

Yet to all inquiries, and there were many of them, Mary flatly denied her marriage. For one thing, the majority of the reporters understood the doctor's name to be "Thorne"—and how easy and tempting it was to deny she was "Mrs. Thorne"! But giving the impression that she was still unmarried was dangerous, perhaps it was foolish. It was taking serious chances with a reputation that had earned her great admiration even from that class of people who don't "set much store" by movie folk.

The press was proving particularly embarrassing to handle. They were bearing down relentlessly on her tracks. Yet it was her ultimate aim to keep this marriage a secret until the trial—if possible. A mistake? Possibly, for her continued denial of what was later proved to be the truth has caused ruffled feelings among many people who had previously befriended Mary in the public prints. But whether it was a mistake or not, she stuck to her story.

She was extremely upset one day to be confronted by a reporter who had traveled to Yuma, Arizona, and uncovered Mary's marriage license. In the face of such evidence she could not deny the story to this reporter, but she begged that the story not be "broken" for two months—setting a date which she believed at that time would follow the trial. The reporter agreed to keep Mary's secret until this time—under the promise that the story would be given to her publication "exclusively."

There are certain unwritten agreements between studios and the reporter fraternity that all news stories such as engagements, marriages, births, and divorce plans are not to be given exclusively to any one publication. That is to say, these stories are usually "broken" by an announcement of such an event from the studio publicity departments. At least, that is the best way for an actor or actress to stay in the good graces of the press. "Scoop" stories may be excellent material for their respective publications—but they usually carry a bad reaction to the player involved.

How She Lost Some Friends

IN giving her story exclusively to one reporter, Mary must have realized that she was not "playing cricket" with the rest of them. But she seemed to be obsessed with the single idea of keeping her marriage unknown, even at the risk of her personal standing with the press as a whole. She promised this reporter the "scoop" with the understanding that the story would not break until sometime after the trial.

A month later, the case was called on the scheduled date. But after five days a mistrial was called. It was learned that the husband of one of the women jurors had tried to borrow money from one of the defendants. It meant another postponement of ten days or so.

Practically upon the very date set for the second trial, the reporter who had previously withheld Mary's "secret" announced over the telephone that the story was "breaking" immediately. The secret was beyond her control and it burst like a sensational bombshell at the most critical time, when "jury sympathy" toward Mary and the nine other widows was such an important factor. When it was shown that Mary and two other of the prosecuting "widows" had been subsequently remarried, a strict and rigid examination ensued.

The women plaintiffs lost that suit. It was decided by the jury that the air company was not guilty of "criminal negligence," and that the pilots, accustomed to movie work, had explicit orders to follow the directions of the men making the scene. No one intended the 'planes to come dangerously close to one another.

That all-important suit—more important to the others than to Mary—has been lost. The movie press has turned cold toward the girl who formerly held their sympathy. And the gossips are still resentful about her denials of her marriage, which led them to brew so much scandal about a girl who didn't deserve it.

Is it any wonder that Hollywood believes that Mary's secret marriage has caused her trouble that she is not likely to forget? Let us hope that she (not to mention Dr. Thorpe) can be happy—now that the world knows *why* she kept her marriage secret, and knows that it was not for herself, alone.



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All the World's Going to Love This Lover

(*Continued from page 66*)

leaping about. We headed right into them and took motion pictures. That night we caught more dabs and took them in to be cooked."

After a couple of days of that, they came back to civilization, broke, sunburned, and very apologetic because the fish weighed only ninety-seven pounds. You know you have to be in love to do things like that.

"We had a swell time," Laurence was really flashing now, "because we made our own fun. We do that wherever we go."

His Father Advised the Stage

THE Oliviers met while appearing in a play together in London, where Laurence had been acting ever since he left school. He was born thirty miles from London in the English countryside, and his father was a reverend. "Just an ordinary country parson," as Laurence explains. He went to public school at Oxford. And he sang in a choir in London—the same choir in which Ralph Forbes sang. All English actors started out as choir boys, it seems. Ralph, Noel Coward, Ivor Novello, Anthony Bushell, and the rest. They all gathered at Olivier's house one night recently and sang anthems and masses, which they all knew by heart—the most extraordinary Hollywood gathering you ever saw.

At his father's suggestion, strangely enough, he became an actor. He had always wanted to be one, so he worked hard, both at training school and in stock companies, around London. From then on he always worked. He never missed a week. Consequently, young Olivier has a list of past experience that is simply appalling to the Hollywood mind, and cannot be assimilated all in one dose. It's best just to say that he has had amazingly thorough training, in every conceivable type of part, from irresponsible youth to dashing old roués. Of late, however, he has specialized in the romantic kind.

He was the original *Captain Stanhope* in the London production of "Journey's End," and played in Noel Coward's "Private Lives" both in London and New York. It was during the New York run of the latter that both he and Jill received picture offers. Laurence couldn't decide offhand whether to accept RKO's proposition or not. His indecision passed for caginess, and each time he hesitated they made him a better offer, until at last, with no lawyer to guide him, he signed a contract with all sorts of desirable provisions and promises, and plenty of leeway for returning to the stage each year, if he had the urge.

His Screen Career to Date

LAURENCE was to have had his screen start as Pola Negri's leading man in her comeback picture, "A Woman Commands." But with one thing and another, production was delayed, so he was rushed into the romantic lead of "Friends and Lovers," opposite Lily Damita. And then, just when the Negri picture *was* ready to start, he contracted jaundice. When he bleached out, they loaned him to Fox for "The Yellow Ticket," in which—perhaps because he was English—he seemed to make Elissa Landi act more natural than in any previous picture.

"And that's about all," sighed Laurence, lapsing into his patient mood, "except that I think American cops are unbearably rude." It wasn't hard to rouse him, once that subject had been mentioned. "It's very hard for English people to get on with a certain kind of American. It's mostly the lower classes. They seem to resent the English. These Irish cops, for instance—and all cops do seem to be Irish—hate Englishmen. If a traffic cop stops you, when he finds you're an Englishman, he becomes hard-boiled and says insulting things that he wouldn't be allowed to say in England. It must be because of our accent. They think anyone who has one is trying to be high-hat. Many Americans are annoyed because the English speak their language in a way that they can't understand. They forget that, after all, it's the English language—spoken the way it was originally spoken.

How Americans Amaze Him

"ANOTHER reason some Americans resent us is because so many undesirable English people have come here and represented themselves as being typically English—very high-hat and ill-mannered poseurs, who have prejudiced everyone against us. Just as we think of the typical American as a millionaire, very crude and noisy, with a long black cigar in his mouth, and horrible manners. Some Americans have manners so much better than the English that they make me feel, 'What should I do now? How should I act?' But most English people have no conception of what a nice American is like."

What amazes Laurence most is the casual way in which Americans are always traveling to the end of the earth and back. "My home is only thirty miles from London," he said, "but when my family goes up to London, they take days to prepare. They pack and fuss and stew and get as excited as if they were going around the world. The whole house is in an uproar. I wish you could have seen their faces when I first told them I was going to America. They all had a stricken look, as if I were about to be lost forever. I kept saying, 'It's only four days across, you know,' but they regarded it as a frightful journey.

"And, of course, now that I'm in California, they haven't the remotest idea *where* I am. This is just too far for their imaginations. It's all very hazy and mythical."

If I am any prophet at all, Laurence will be in the mythical land for some time to come. He is exactly the hero you pictured in a hundred English novels. You can forget about the resemblance to Ronald Colman. Young Mr. Olivier will get along on his own merits.

Did You Know That—

Pola Negri sings in her comeback picture, "A Woman Commands," and has a voice even lower than Garbo's?

Gary Cooper is traveling up the Nile with an archeological expedition and isn't expected back in Hollywood before Spring?

M-G-M has called off its future dog comedies, because fans thought the hounds must have been cruelly treated to perform as they have? (The local S. P. C. A. saw the trainers in action and raised no objection.)

When Janet Gaynor and husband Lydell Peck embarked from New York to spend the holidays in Europe, the little redhead said she was taking her woolens with her? (Girls don't wear 'em in Californy!—adv.)

The Least-Known Man in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 70*)

"Shine On, Shine On, Harvest Moon." It gets him.

He'll finger for hours an old scrap of material. Just an old patch. Tenderly, reverently, he'll handle it. Because it once belonged to a costume worn by Edwin Booth. Lovingly he'll turn the pages of Robert Mantell's old prompt-book.

Hollywood's unsuspected sentimentalist. At home.

To the world he presents a debonair, worldly wise, man-about-town manner. He's like a delightful villain in a Noel Coward play—who has no place on this side of the footlights. One who goes about constantly flicking his English cigarette with a polished forefinger. Tap, tap, tap. Three puffs and nonchalantly it's cast aside. In five minutes' time he's tapping another one.

From his lips, with lightning-like rapidity, fly forth rapier-like thrusts, keen, biting bits of sardonic humor.

In a certain picture which he recently directed, the question of how to cut a certain scene arose. The supervisor insisted upon cutting it one way, Lowell another. They argued and wrangled and discussed it. Then one day Lowell and a friend strolled into a projection room to see the picture and found, to his utter surprise, the picture had been cut the supervisor's way. That was enough.

Outraged, he marched into the supervisor's office. Again they argued and quarreled. "It'll be cut my way," insisted the supervisor. "It most assuredly shall be cut my way," insisted Lowell. Back and forth they argued. All afternoon. Came the twilight, as the movies were wont to say, and they were still at it.

"Well, let's think it over tonight and discuss it tomorrow," the supervisor barked. Sherman crossed the street to a parking station for his car. Suddenly close beside him a huge airedale rose up from a seat and snarled ferociously at him. Without batting an eye or raising his voice, he turned calmly around and remarked, "Yes, and you're wrong, too. It's going to be cut my way."

He has a ghastly temper. But he'll sit calmly by without uttering a word when he should by all rights be raging. And then at some trivial little thing he'll vent his rage on someone handy. And tear about madly, with gestures.

He Knows This Old World

THE word "sophisticate" has been misused in Hollywood. The natives are prone to pronounce anyone a sophisticate who is not exactly naïve. But Lowell Sherman is Hollywood's truest sophisticate. He is not only an American, born and educated here. He is an internationalist. About him swings a world. And as it revolves he can place a finger on every spot and discuss intelligently the political problems of that country.

He'll walk up to a painting. It's a Corot, a Whistler, a Rembrandt, he'll say. Never missing it. But—and here's where Lowell Sherman out-sophisticates Hollywood—not only does he instantly recognize the masters, but he knows, to the most intimate detail, the life of the man behind the brush. And of famous musicians, as well. He is an expert at knowing exactly what happened to a certain famous man and a farmer's daughter on a certain summer's night at a certain wayside inn. Always his stories lie on the side of sentiment. Of tender, even beautiful reminiscences. His mind is steeped in them.

He collects Chinese pieces. He owns among his collection a rare Chinese doll, more than a thousand years old. He possesses Tang statuettes, gorgeous robes, among them several prayer robes. And not only does he possess them, but knows the story behind each piece. He *has* to know the story.

His Monocle a Necessity

HE owns fifteen cigarette cases. These he changes to suit his clothes. A square case for morning, an octagonal case for afternoon, an ebony case for evening. So what?

But the monocle is, after all, not an affectation. It's a necessity. He is extremely near-sighted in one eye. And rather than mar the perfect picture of a bored man-about-town with a pair of sexless spectacles, he sports a monocle. Without it, he'll squint himself into a headache.

He's the perfect host. "Come over to my house," he'll insist to his friends. No rôle pleases him more than that of host. His carving at table is an art in itself.

It's there, in the peacefulness of his home, among his few close friends that the real Lowell Sherman emerges. Turning over old theater programs he has collected. Not to be displayed, but to be loved. He'll read over the names of men and women whose last scene was played before he ever came to the theater. Over and over he'll read them. With the suspicion of a catch in his throat. A suspicion of a tear in his eye. All the sarcastic wit, the slightly lewd allusions, the worldly manner, stripped in a flash.

He's Acting Right Now

"I DON'T wonder at Helene Costello, his wife, leaving Lowell Sherman," a certain woman remarked, the other day. "I always did think him a stony-hearted, sharp-tongued sophisticate. But now he's a snarling bear. I wouldn't go near him."

I wouldn't, either. For I'm unreasonably touched by good acting.

What Hollywood doesn't understand is that the ferocious snarling of Lowell Sherman to-day is nothing but the protective snarls of a wounded animal. A great, splendid, heart-breaking performance.

For the real Sherman, the sentimentalist, is done almost to death with grief. He'll recover, of course. He has before. But Hollywood will never suspect what went on behind that mask, that restless tapping on an English cigarette. For he does his stuff so thoroughly.

I happened to be passing across the lot at RKO Studios the other day. Sherman, for all the world like a risqué and charming villain, with his immense overcoat collar turned up about his throat, his hat brim dipping and his monocle gleaming, passed by. Suddenly a strange young woman tripped out of a nearby building.

Their eyes met. They passed. There was a pause. Two pauses. A pause apiece, in fact. A little backward glance. Over a shoulder. A faltering. A hesitating. Another glance. An eyebrow raised. A mustache twisted. A monocle gleaming. A parting of sweet, young lips. A flashing smile. Two flashing smiles. A last backward glance. A last—well, Lowell Sherman was merely passing by. True to form. Giving Hollywood a grand time.

And, incidentally, Lowell wasn't having such a bad time himself.

While all Hollywood was buzzing with speculation about what Helene's grounds for divorce would be, Lowell suddenly opened suit, himself. Always doing the unexpected. How can Hollywood figure him out?

He alleges that Helene called him "an old man" and "a ham actor." If she really said these things, you can imagine how they rankled with Lowell Sherman—an actor so smooth that Hollywood has never, until now, guessed the real Lowell Sherman.



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The Hollywood Frivolities of 1931

(*Continued from page 35*)

The Jackie Cooper-is-a-dwarf rumors, with Jackie growing right in front of everybody.

The rumored engagements of Howard Hughes. If rich Howard (poor chap!) so much as tips his hat to a gal, he is instantly reported engaged to her. He ran the gamut of a harem this past year. Billie Dove. Jean Harlow. Lilian Bond. Polly Ann Young. Frances Dee. A society girl in Pasadena. A mysterious lady in remote Carmel. Almost the only sirens who were not reputed to be wearing the Hughes heart were Polly Moran and Marie Dressler—and were *they* burned?

The Dreiser injunction and all the bother of the filming of his "An American Tragedy." And Director von Sternberg's statement to the effect that Mr. Dreiser is "antiquated." The wooden playing of Phillips Holmes as *Clyde Griffiths*—a great opportunity if there ever was one.

The title, "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox," changed to "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." Thus purifying the implication of the original title and giving a note of uplift to the box office.

Greta's hairdress in parts of "Susan Lenox." That was a bang as was one, Greta. . . .

Looking for a Gable Love-Life

THE many wives (rumored) of Clark Gable. The Press probing about in the Gable past, hoping to unearth the squashed and bloody hearts of a full score of blondes, brunettes and titians and platinums. . . .

The hooey that press-agents put over about Jeanette MacDonald. Asking: Is she dead, or is she not (as Europe supposedly believed)? Is she married, or is she not? Why *should* she be dead? Why shouldn't she be married?

William Powell and Carole Lombard fooling reporters about the time of their marriage. And were the reporters sore?

The men who are getting divorces these days. What's eating these here Hollywood heroes? They've been publicized as Kept Husbands, some of 'em, that's what—and didn't like it. What name is there for a male who accuses the Little Woman of mental cruelty and cruel and inhumane treatment and other orful, orful things? Consider the case of Jack Dempsey! Imagine Jack, the Manassa Mauler, suing *any* woman from Texas Guinan down to a Lillian Gish! Then there was David Blankenhorn, who didn't seem to want Irene Rich to be the one to get the divorce.

The Marlene Dietrich-Rudolf Sieber-Josef von Sternberg triangle, with the trio loyally linking arms the while Mrs. von Sternberg sued for that rusty old thing, alienation of affections.

And, also, by way of frivolity—Marlene, von Sternberg and Marlene's small daughter, Maria, appearing at the Filmart Theater together, all mannishly clad in white flannel trousers, correctly pleated, belted and creased *à la* Bond Street.

The Plight of Joan and Doug

THE Joan Crawford-Douglas Fairbanks, Junior divorce rumors. The Joan-Young Doug Blessed Event rumors.

Dorothy Burgess' discovery that she had been "robbed" of ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry.

The sad, sad folly of Robert Williams refusing to submit to an appendectomy and dying as the saddest result. No folly ever committed was more heart-breaking, more unnecessary than this.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane hoping to marry on the Q. T. at Yuma.

Hollywood's allowing that super-artist, Leslie Howard, to escape from its clutches even for a week, for a day, for an hour. Hollywood's allowing Kent Douglass (*né* Douglass Montgomery) to slip back to Broadway, also.

The billing of Norma Shearer's name—in "A Free Soul"—over the illustrious name of Lionel Barrymore. That's the way things are done in Hollywood. The star system. B. O. Appeal. Etc., etc. But I repeat, as Folly No. 999, the billing of the name of Shearer over the name of Barrymore. Can such things be? They can. They are.

"Women of All Nations" and "The Mad Parade."

I mean, folly is folly and we wouldn't want to live without it—but does even Hollywood have to be as foolish as this? Must we pay the coin of the realm to hear Eddie Lowe, Vic MacLaglen and Greta Nissen go *me-ow! me-ow!* at each other—and then go *me-ow! me-ow!* some more? I'm only asking. . . .

Roland Young expressing to me his great desire to be—a *salmon*.

The Promise Helen Kept

HELEN CHANDLER vowing she would go back to Broadway if she didn't get the kind of rôles she wanted—and making good her vow.

The little travel tours—educational, no doubt—on which the dear stars have been embarking. Lupe and John Gilbert hop a train together—Connie and her Marquis shuttle back and forth together to Paris and New York—Gloria and Michael Farmer pace the same deck of the same steamer—Jeanette MacDonald and her fiancé (Robert Ritchie) do the Grand Tour in one another's company.

The Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye (and how's *your* family?)—really a handsome and clever chap—getting publicity only as the ex-husband of La Swanson and the intended of La Bennett.

The bracelet of orchids worn by Pola Negri at the recent Mayfair ball. I mean, will Connie Bennett or Lilyan Tashman go Pola one better the next time and wear orchids as—er—garters?

Not giving Nils Asther a big, fat, romantic stellar part to play Right Now. There's a dish for you, as Lilyan Tashman would say. There *is* a dish for all of you, you Gable-ites included!

The Gaynor-Farrell Epidemic

THE deluge of gangster pictures. Then the right-about-face and the executives who say that we are now entering upon an era of Sweetness and Light. All pictures must be either "Daddy Long Legses" or "Merely Mary Anns." Until we will be so saturated with Gaynorish-Farrellishness that we will elope with Eddie Robinson and put Clark Gable into kindergarten.

The continued absence of William S. Hart from this screen of ours.

The folly of the executives who never gave Buddy Rogers, years ago, a rôle like the one he had in "The Lawyer's Secret."

Virginia Cherrill's lorgnette.

The obvious folly of Paramount in losing Ruth Chatterton and William Powell to Warner Brothers.

The fact that the late F. W. Murnau was never able to produce in Hollywood a film as beautiful and memorable as "Tabu," which he made while in voluntary exile in the South Seas.

Predictions a year ago that Emil Jannings would return to America in 1931.

If we have forgotten or overlooked any of the Hollywood Frivols, Follies or Vanities of 1931, don't hesitate to let us know about them!

And So Connie Bennett Married the Marquis

(*Continued from page 61*)

pajamas that looked like a gown. Being a third wedding for the bride, naturally the matter of dress was as informal as possible. The French Consul at Los Angeles, Henri Didot, was best man.

Other witnesses to the marriage were Connie's sisters, Joan and Barbara (the latter the wife of Morton Downey, popular radio singer), William Randolph Hearst, publisher, Gene Markey, writer, and Neil McCarthy, Connie's attorney.

Constance was an entrancing bride, everyone agrees, in a gown of star sapphire blue, Main-bocher model, with long sleeves, a trifle below ankle-length skirt, and trimmings of two modest pearl ornaments, one at the V neck-line and the other at the belt. A hat of matching shade taffeta and moire slippers completed the ensemble. Her bouquet was of orchids and lilies of-the-valley. Eileen Percy caught it.

Once the vows were spoken, there was the usual kissing of the bride and offering of good wishes. Outside, the temperature dropped lower and lower. The battery of newspapermen and photographers, still faithful, were wearying mightily of their long picket and observation duty, when suddenly a studio press-agent descended upon them with hands full of pictures of the bride and groom and routine details of the wedding! While the boys were getting their news, they were rewarded with a glimpse of the Marquise gazing down upon them from an upper bedroom window—perhaps, as one of them said, "to see that they got their just deserts."

One of the less restrained chaps in the group shouted out to Miss Bennett, "Many happy returns of the day, Connie!"

When the Fireworks Came

AT seven-thirty a reception and buffet supper were held for a small and select group of friends, including the Sam Goldwyns, David Selznicks, Lionel Barrymores, Henry Kings, Edwin Schallerts, Watterson Rothackers, the Dr. Harry Martins (Louella Parsons), Horace Jackson, E. H. Griffith, Constance's director, Lois Wilson, Winslow Felix, and Arthur Hornblow. And that is when the real dénouement occurred—when the fireworks, so to speak, went off. Not a pre-arranged event—just one of those unexpected little things that happen in life, particularly in the life of a celebrated, glamourous star of the cinema.

A famous woman columnist and syndicate writer, who was one of the guests, kissed the bride and then asked her just why she didn't break the wedding story with her first—over and above all the other local writers. In the newspaper profession, as in the army, all is fair in love and war and even wedding receptions. So it was perfectly natural for the woman columnist to pop such a question to the fair bride. Especially a bride who had given the press such a run-around for all of five weeks preceding her marriage. (Giving the press run-arounds seems to be a habit, by the way, with the Marquises of the house of Falaise et de la Coudraye. Both Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett appear to have a way with them, when it comes to fighting publicity and simultaneously grabbing it.)

Of course, Constance probably didn't feel that way about it—and what bride wants to be questioned on her wedding night, after all, about anything? Furthermore, the present Marquise de la Falaise is a very frank and courageous young woman, and her direct answer to the woman writer, which virtually invited her to go jump in the lake—any lake, at all—revealed such spirit and downright honesty that it practically placed her in the category of the proverbial fighting bride. Women can be so frank with each other, especially if they both have vocabularies!

Some of the guests instinctively felt that heated words were being exchanged between the Marquise and the writer, and for a moment consternation prevailed, and apparently no one knew just what to do. It was a big moment, but also a difficult one. There was no rule of precedent to fall back on. What did one do when a bride and a guest, albeit a famous columnist, selected a wedding party as a battlefield? Even the Judge and the attorney looked discreetly nonplussed. The Marquis was seated peacefully in the sun room, smoking, and beaming with the happiness becoming to a bridegroom, even though for the second time. He was blissfully unaware of what was happening to his bride.

The Butler Saved the Day

JUST when things were beginning to look black, or red, and in true movie tradition, incidentally—the butler stepped to the head of the short steps leading into the living room, and announced in stentorian tones: "Supper is being served."

Everybody breathed easily once more—the tension was broken—laughter resumed—and the guests followed the bride and groom into the dining-room, which had the long center table luxuriously laden with buffet supper delicacies. Guests found their places casually about individual tables. There was no special bride's table—nor even a bride's cake. That would have been too conventional for Constance Bennett, who is anything but that. Besides, the complete simplicity of the entire wedding was in good taste and exactly what Constance wanted. She despises fancy splurges and big crowds. Then, too, there is another reason why informality and simplicity prevailed. A girl who has thrice been a bride doesn't go in for lacy bridal cakes with kewpies reposing coyly under a wedding bell, unless she is simple-minded.

Dancing followed the supper, and while one of the couples breezed past a handsomely encased radio, a paper resting on top of it blew down onto the floor. They picked it up—and found to their surprise that it was the wedding license of Constance and the Marquis. The couple jokingly rushed up to the bridegroom with the license, and Henri looked it over naïvely and inquired: "What am I to do with it?" Gene Markey, fast with his Irish wit, responded: "You'd better carry it in your hat, old boy. You never can tell when you'll need it!"

Gene, by the way, was invited even though he was seen so much with Gloria last Spring that they were rumored engaged. Now he and Joan Bennett are Very Good Friends.

Along toward eleven o'clock, Constance and her new husband slipped quietly away from the party and shortly thereafter the guests followed suit. Naturally, there was no throwing of rice at the couple as they departed. That, too, would have been out of place, and plebeian. Anyway, it's out of date. And what's more to the point, Constance wouldn't have cared to dodge rice, as she had to be at work at the studio early next morning to continue production of "Lady with a Past."

They'll honeymoon abroad where they expect to live someday—and everybody hopes they will live happily ever after. And raise a big family. Constance threatens to do so!

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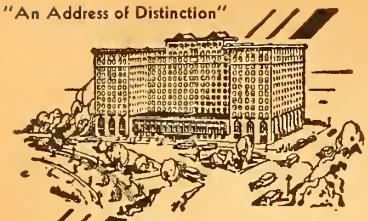
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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 84*)

home town with lots of families—that's Hollywood.

DID you know there's talk that Mae Clarke and John McCormick may make up the differences that broke their engagement? At least, they are seen lunching together. And everyone is wondering whether Mrs. John Bunyard has gone to Reno to get a divorce so she can marry Lawrence Tibbett.

JIMMY DURANTE is suffering from a bad cold, which enables Harry Brand, local wisecracker, to get off this one. "When Jimmy has a cold in his nose," says Harry, "he's a very sick man—"

ELISSA LANDI is returning to Hollywood accompanied by her mother, Countess Landi, the author of a book in which she claims to be the daughter of Empress Elizabeth of Austria. It is said that Elissa made valiant efforts to keep the story of this royal ancestry from Hollywood, and shed bitter tears when the tale came out at last. Report has it that the book was refused publication in Italy, France, and other European countries, before it was finally printed in England.

EXTRA! Greta Garbo moved recently from her old home to another house on the same street a few doors away. Now Miriam Hopkins lives in the old Garbo mansion, which she reports is not at all the austere dwelling of a recluse, but the charming and gay house of a woman of the world.

DID you know that Clara Bow will not see interviewers—until she gets back to her former weight, having gained several pounds too many? And did you know that she has signed with Columbia to make a talkie or three?

DID you know that Pola Negri's servants still refer to her as "Madame La Princesse?"

THE last-but-one Yuma elopement takes a good actress off the screen. Marjorie Rambeau insists that she wants to be "just a housewife" from now on. She blushes as she speaks about her romance. "Mr. Gudger doesn't like actress-wives," she murmurs. "Mr. Gudger thinks—," "Mr. Gudger believes—." Romance by any name is just as sweet!

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL who has been going with George O'Brien, went to the Thalians dinner with Russell Gleason, who has been going with Mary Brian. And there they saw George dancing with another girl, and Mary gazing soulfully up into Buddy Rogers' eyes—and they spent the evening writing notes back and forth, kidding each other about their changed affections.

SOME two thousand prominent people milled and pushed about the entrance to the Academy Dinner, stepping on famous toes, elbowing famous ribs. "I'd like to get the box lunch concession," gasped Ben Lyon, acting as interference for Bebe. Two things lightened the evening for me. One was to see an assured and important newspaper woman told by a callous guard that he didn't care who she was, she couldn't get in till they told him "ready." The other was to see Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg buffeted and shoved just like anybody—and Norma panting and combing her ruffled hair before a mirror after she finally got through.

THE freaks gathered from far and farther than that for Metro's newest thriller number some of the strangest specimens of humanity extant. The midgets dine in the studio commissary, seated on telephone directories. And the Siamese twins sometimes eat lunch there. Above the table they look like two exceedingly pretty girls sitting on a single chair. The rest have a dining room of their own. While the picture is being shot, the set is closed and no one is allowed to see them. The picture should be a real curiosity. The title is "Freaks."

JOAN CRAWFORD not only has pet names for people she likes, but pet noises for her friends. When she and Doug, Junior, worked on the same lot the air was filled with strange coo-ees and tra-las as they greeted each other. Now, after working with Clark Gable in "Possessed" she and Clark greet each other from stage to stage with "purr-rr" and "purr-rrr-rr."

THE sudden death of Robert Ames, a day after that of Lya de Putti, stunned Hollywood. Ames, who looked so much younger than his forty-two years that he was called "the perennial juvenile," scored a great success in three talkies— "The Trespasser," "Holiday" and "Rebound"—and seemed destined for big parts for years to come. Ina Claire was prostrated with grief—not only because she and Ames were such good friends that they were rumored engaged, but because of the great tragedy of the sudden death of both her leading men in "Rebound." Robert Williams had suddenly passed away, a few weeks before.

NOW it's Lois Wilson who has annexed a playboy, following the example of her close friend, Gloria Swanson. She is seen places these days with one Winslow Felix, wealthy young South American.

ONE version of why Gloria Swanson secretly married Michael Farmer is that she wanted to be married ahead of Connie Bennett and Gloria's ex-husband, the Marquis. But Connie said that she considered elopements ridiculous and secret marriages childish. She went in broad daylight to get her license to marry Hank. When they entered the registry, the room was empty except for one young couple. Three minutes later, it was filled with reporters and news cameramen as if by magic. Where they came from, who tipped them off, no one knows. Connie was badly rattled. She spoiled one blank and had to write it over again. She forgot dates, her hand shook. When she had filled in the answers, she passed it to the girl behind the counter and literally fled down the hall and out of doors, pursued by Eileen Percy, a newspaper friend. "Here, Silly!" she told the cowering Connie, "Come on back and swear what you wrote is true or you'll have to make another trip down!" When they returned, breathless, Hank was waiting, tapping the counter, eyebrows lifted, smiling a quizzical smile. These American women, it seemed to say—

ESTHER RALSTON'S vaudeville trip with Little Esther is a certainty. The three-months-old baby will tour with her parents, making an appearance at every performance. The scene will be a darkened courtroom. The voices of judge and lawyers will be heard from the stage; then a light will reveal Esther in the witness box, clasping her baby to her breast—

WE hear that Jean Harlow is going on a vaudeville trip over the RKO Circuit, at two thousand a week—but what has become of her contract? Jean wants to go on this trip, rumor has it, as a protest against her receiving no raise when she was loaned out at several hundred dollars more a week than she was receiving.

LEO CARILLO, not only a native son, but a native great grandson of California, is building himself a ranch house in Stone Canyon on the exact site of the home of his forefathers. He has studied old maps and plans and parchments and is copying the shape of the house faithfully. "Here," said Leo, setting a foot on a clump of chaparral, "is the corner of the bedroom where my father was born." Leo is one movie actor who is really and truly "in society." The old families of the Southwest are an exclusive clique, but he knows them all.

SEEN at the Olympic Stadium for the Stanford—USC Football Game: William S. Hart with Maurice Chevalier, an unexpected pair of friends. Near them Bert Wheeler and his wife, who rushed away in the midst of a forward pass when someone told them that Malibu was burning. The Frank Fay-Barbara Stanwyck home was completely destroyed, the only thing saved being a scorched photograph of Frank, smiling—

"EEF I had a voice like John Boles," said Maurice Chevalier generously at the Star's Unemployment Relief Broadcast, "I would seeng always and never talk any more at all!"

"I CAN'T be really good without applause," says Lawrence Tibbett, frankly. "If I walk down the street and nobody recognizes me or points me out, I get quite angry. I'm temperamental—but I'm good, don't you think?"

DOROTHY DWAN—widow of Larry Semon and wife of Paul Boggs—is the latest "mama" in the movie colony. Her son was born two hours after she arrived at the hospital wearing a corsage of orchids and lilies of the valley, a smart hat and a careful coiffure. These movie mothers are certainly good sports.

AFTER the preview of a big feature picture the other night two critics met on the sidewalk.

"Whew," said one, "I've had nightmares like that!"

"I haven't," said the other, "but I've had hangovers something like it."

NOW is the season of benefits. Not only are all the actors and directors (*and* executives), of movieland voluntarily taxed one half of one per cent of their weekly salaries for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, but they are expected to raise a half-million for the Community Chest and to take part in all the Christmas benefits. In addition, Marion Davies has her Christmas party with really nice gifts for poor children—expensive dolls and costly games. And Bebe Daniels Lyon will continue her custom of distributing baskets with dinners, donated by herself and friends.

"DEPRESSION!" exclaims Marie Dressler. "I know all about depression—plenty. So do all Actors. We've known about it for years. Other people are just beginning to discover it." Marie has a remedy for it. "Don't save! Spend! There aren't any pockets in shrouds!"

THE modernistic tin Christmas trees with their electric candles have been decorating Hollywood Boulevard again. But there is something a trifle sad about holly and wreaths, with men and women in summer sports clothes strolling past, Still, the foothills behind the city, as far as the eye can see, are topped with snow.

IT has come to the stage where a poor movie player can't even be sick without dreading the publicity. When Anna Q. Nilsson had the flu recently, she left home without telling her maid where she was going and entered the hospital under the assumed name of "Mrs. Agnes Wright." No one but her lawyer and her doctor knew that the patient fighting for her life with pneumonia for five weeks was the famous Anna. "But if I'd gone under my own name" says Anna, "the papers would have hinted that it was my leg again." (She broke her hip more than two years ago, in falling from a horse, and has been recuperating ever since. Now that it's healed, she's getting some handsome movie offers again.)

KAY Francis is a very composed young woman and can act under all circumstances. But lately she lost that composure. She was making a scene when onto the set wandered that Wonder Child, Jackie Cooper. He sat himself down in a chair, propped his chin on his hand and gazed unblinkingly, as Kay started to go through her stuff. "I never was so fussed in my life," says Kay. "I faltered, stumbled. I had stage fright. When it was over, I turned toward Jackie for the verdict, but in perfect silence he slid down from the chair and marched off the set. I'll never know what he thought of my acting now! But I suspect——"

HOLLYWOOD hears that Charlie Chaplin may never make another picture. Or perhaps we should say motion picture, for the newspapers every day carry photographs of our Wandering Boy with some world celebrity. Charlie is hiding out in London, writing his autobiography—and a play based on a novel about Napoleon, which offers the idea that the Corsican escaped from St. Helena. Charlie has always wanted to play either *Napoleon* or *Hamlet*. And *Napoleon* hasn't been done so much as the Gloomy Dane.

THIS happened at a Los Angeles theater the other night. The play had started, when down the aisle strolled two newspaper critics toward their accustomed seats in Row C. The seats were occupied—by a short, stocky gentleman and a lady in a huge fur collar. They refused to move. An usher was summoned. The usher held converse with the pair for some time and turned to the critics. "The gentleman says he won't give up the seats, sir," said he. The critics marched up the aisle and sought



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out the manager. He, too, tried to dislodge the couple in vain.

"Get a policeman," said the critic in measured tones. Just then the act was over. The audience poured into the lobby for the *entracte* and the two critics hurried to seize their seats. As the second act commenced, the stubborn seat-holders appeared and clambered over them—Richard Bennett and his wife. "*And as he passed, he stepped on my foot,*" related the lady critic.

But the next day—at the wedding of his daughter to the Marquis, he kissed her hand, so perhaps it evened up in the long run.

THE man who "stands in" for Jimmie Durante at Metro takes his work seriously. He wears a putty nose for the camera to focus on! The Durantes—Mrs. Jimmie sings, too—are rapidly becoming social lights in the Hollywood colony. They were among those present at the Welcome Home party to Marion Davies, which proves it.

A BURLESQUE edition of a Los Angeles newspaper was distributed at the party, with all the headlines and illustrations having to do with Marion's return. The motto of the paper, "A paper for people who think" was humorously changed to "A paper for people who drink"—and by some mistake this gag slogan was printed on the next real edition of the newspaper and wasn't discovered till over a hundred thousand copies had been distributed!

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S son, Barrymore Colt, arrived in Hollywood for a picture career to find that neither of his famous uncles was going to be much help. "They think I ought to keep on on the stage," says young Barrymore ruefully. All the same, he is getting a test at Fox this week. And rumor says he's already had a test under an assumed name at another studio.

THE stage has a new *Armand Duval* in "Caurille"—none other than the dark-eyed *Armand* of the films, Gilbert Roland, who is playing the rôle on the West Coast with Jane Cowl this week. It is said that Jane is much interested in the young man's stage possibilities and has devoted a great deal of time to coaching him personally in his lines. A middle-aged actress, who is also in the cast, has earned such a Hollywood reputation as a diction coach that some of the most famous stars in filmdom have secretly trekked from Hollywood to San Francisco to see her. Some stars would rather die than admit that they are taking lessons in acting! Incidentally, Roland returns to the screen after a two-year absence in "Her Cardboard Lover."

DIRECTOR Josef Von Sternberg's faithful attendance upon his star, Marlene Dietrich, even extends to leading her daughter about by the hand. The six-year-old is big and buxom, and almost as tall as Von. She can—and will—declaim a list of her mother's pictures on the slightest encouragement.

HOLLYWOOD ladies are in the dumps. Vicki Baum, famous authoress of "Grand Hotel" and editor of a German style magazine, says that they are "terribly unsmart." Which reminds us that recently a manufacturer of women's expensive gowns had an opportunity to display them in a newsreel, with famous film beauties as mannikins, and refused politely in favor of regular models "because they know how to wear clothes with so much more style." With the recent influx of European players and tourist stars, Hollywood should see some of the latest French clothes. Lil Dagover brought fourteen trunks, filled with fall and winter gowns. Constance Bennett, Norma Shearer and Gloria Swanson have all replenished their wardrobes with the latest creations.

AFTER Vicki Baum affronted all Hollywood by her remarks about the women's clothes she appeared at a party with her hair frizzed out in an amazing coiffure and a lace gown of uncertain vintage! The costume of another famous authoress at a recent luncheon—a pink picture hat, white oxfords with pink ties and turquoise jewelry—attracted wide attention.

ARLINE JUDGE proves the superiority of the New York technique by capturing the heart of the elusive Wesley Ruggles, director of "Cimarron." Meanwhile, Kathryn Crawford, once reported engaged to Wes won a long-term contract by losing ten pounds in a week and thus getting the rôle in "Flying High" in which she made a hit.

WHETHER it means anything or not, we don't know, but in a small town we would say that Russell Gleason's attentions to Mary Brian were serious. Hollywood wouldn't be surprised at reading any morning of another run-away wedding at Las Vegas. The Arizona town is becoming the Gretna Green of the movies. A big hotel man is about to build a palatial hostelry there to accommodate the tourists who flock to watch for movie elopements.

BARBARA STANWYCK may have gone back to Columbia to finish out her contract, but that doesn't mean that Barbara is licked. Not at all! She was in a fighting mood when I talked with her the other day. "All the stories I read," she said, "take a slam at my husband. They blame him for my faults. I'm headstrong. I don't listen to advice—and then they blame *him* for what I do."

During her first week's work on "Forbidden," her horse fell backward on Barbara stunning her. When she was revived, she sprang up pluckily. "My leg muscles are stiffening!" she cried. "Hurry and make the scene or it will be too late!" After the scene was shot, she fainted again and was taken to the hospital where an X-ray revealed that both legs were sprained.

A HOLLYWOOD actor turned up the other day with his face badly marred. He explained it by saying that he got into a fracas with a taxi driver. But it took heavy make-up to disguise the curious scars on either cheek—a cross, apparently slashed with a knife. Gossip has it that gangsters did the cutting, but the actor was visibly terrified at the story. "They'd put me on the spot if they thought I'd told on them!" he cried. Hollywood is getting to be a great big city, with gangs and ape-men and everything.

SOME time ago an interviewer (not on MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE) engaged the valet of George Arliss in conversation and wrote a story about what the valet revealed, exposing among other facts the ambition of Mr. Arliss for a knighthood. Arliss was greatly nettled with the story and sought out the publicity department. "Tell me," said he in his polished tones, "do you know a chap named So-and-So?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "he's a well-known fan writer. Would you like to meet him?"

"I'd like to send him a message," said George Arliss, suavely.

"Please tell Mr. So-and-So, that Mr. Arliss *doesn't care to meet him.*" And he turned on his heel and walked away.

THE first thing Evalyn Knapp asked her doctor when she stood without her crutches after eight weeks on her back in the hospital was, "How can I go to a dance?" They're actresses—but they're girls first.

DIRECTOR Reuben Mamoulian says that his treatment of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is Freudian. But what about the false tusks and the long greasy wig? Even Freud in his most morbid moments doesn't give the mind such power over the appearance as that! Wonder whether John Barrymore regrets demanding such a big salary that he lost the picture? And now brother Lionel has won the Academy award for the Best Performance of the year, as Norma Shearer's pappy in "A Free Soul." That part was built around a real man, a brilliant spell-binding lawyer who died in Los Angeles many years ago. Though Lionel never saw him, friends of the lawyer say that his likeness to him is uncanny—correct in every personal mannerism and detail.

THIS is true also of the amazing resemblance of J. Farrell McDonald (the coach in "The Spirit of Notre Dame") to the late Knute Rockne. They say the resemblance was hightened by Mrs. Rockne, herself, so that he played the part with Rockne's very inflections and mannerisms. Many of the speeches he had were direct quotes from Rockne's harangues to his team.

BURNING thought from Paramount Publicity boys: Speaking of the advantages of the varied scenery of California: "Thousands of Miles of travel are saved," writes the Paramount philosopher, "because certain locales look more like the real thing than the real thing itself." Oxnard, for example, looks more like the Sahara than that over-rated desert looks itself!

BROADWAY is witnessing a new exposé of the movies. It is called—appropriately enough—"Louder, Please!" and reveals with insanely funny touches, the workings of a studio publicity department. It was written by a Hollywood publicity man—Norman Krasna.

BEBE DANIELS LYON had the baby's layette marked before she was born, with the letters "B. L." to stand for "Ben" if a boy and "Barbara" if a girl. The little daughter cost Bebe dearly—she did not return home from the hospital until the baby was more than a month old. Those who have seen Miss Barbara say that she looks like her lovely mother, but photographs of her must wait till Bebe is well enough to have them taken. And Bebe *will* have them taken.

HANS VON TWARDOWSKI, German actor, has been in Hollywood almost a year, working on foreign versions, but the light of fame did not turn on him until he accompanied Marlene Dietrich (who was once his leading lady) to a première. Now, everyone wants to interview him—about the elusive Marlene. And he is frankly worried. "I have been ill—lonesome—sad about my mother's death since I am here," says Twardowski. "Marlene has been so kind to me. She is my good friend. I am her true friend. But if I have my picture with her, if I talk of her, people will say 'a romance.' It is very difficult!"

PAUL WHITEMAN didn't accompany his bride Margaret Livingston, back to Hollywood, for the simple reason that he hadn't anything to wear! He has reduced sixty pounds since his marriage and has only one suit that will fit him. Now he doesn't want to get a new wardrobe till he finds out where he's going to stop shrinking. Grapefruit juice did it, his new wife, reveals.

WILLIAM HAINES is a changed character since they re-signed him at Metro. No longer does he skip and smirk. For the first time in his movie life they are going to let him play straight, instead of comic rôles, having suddenly discovered that he is a handsome young man, as well as a chastened one. Still, lady interviewers look askance. They haven't forgotten the time he stood one of their number on her head before a crowd of players and electricians!

THEY say that: Sylvia Sidney's admirers come to see Sylvia and remain to court her pretty young mother. And that the line forms to the right at the dressing-room door of Peggy Shannon, the new Paramount siren. And that Mervyn LeRoy talks to Ginger Rogers long-distance every day. And that Edna Murphy, his ex-wife, (now back in pictures) and Ralph Ince are That Way about each other. And that Tallulah Bankhead found Gary Cooper "too normal."

ONE young actor isn't going to have to go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund for help if he knows it! Every week when Robert Montgomery gets his check, he laughs heartily over it as if it were a big joke. "No telling when this will stop and they'll find me out!" he says. "I'm going to put it away while I'm getting it." Every Saturday he has to borrow fifty cents for lunch, his twenty-four dollar allowance for the week being spent by then.

UNEMPLOYMENT relief is bitterly needed in Hollywood just now. One male star who was earning a thousand a week last year (and not saving it!) was discovered to have seventy-five cents in the house when friends investigated. And he has three children, too! It is useless to point out that he should have saved his money while he was earning it. "He and his family are just as hungry now as people who don't deserve to be hungry," Reginald Denny pointed out.

THIS voluntary-subscription idea is a far better method of raising money than the strong-arm one employed several years ago by a well known producer. He sent telegrams, bidding all the men stars of the movies to a party. Unsuspectingly they came—to find a marvelous buffet lunch and roulette wheels and all the paraphernalia for a big night. After they had eaten and gambled, the host rose.

"Boys," said he, "if you can afford to lose thousands at roulette, you can afford to give the same amount to charity. We're here to raise money for the Community Chest. As your names are called, you will

(*Continued on page 101*)

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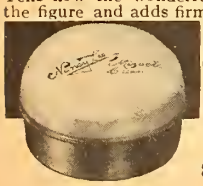
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Jean Harlow Loves Onion Soup and so does Constance Bennett

(Continued from page 80)

half cup of chicken broth. Make into large cakes and cover with small dices of onion. Cook in butter in covered frying-pan over a high flame. Keep turning meat until it and onions are crispy brown. This should take from ten to fifteen minutes. Serve at table from frying-pan (as is done at the Brown Derby). This should satisfy four persons.

Fried food, except for the famous Hamburger De Luxe, doesn't often tempt the screen stars. They don't like their potatoes fried—German fried, hashed brown, or French fried. Their spuds, as Maureen O'Sullivan might call them, have to be boiled, mashed or baked. Preferably baked. Marie Dressler has been known to order them with broiled ham (her favorite meat). John Boles takes them with his lamb chops. And they're simple to prepare in the Brown Derby manner, as follows:

BAKED POTATOES DERBY. Rub the skins of thoroughly washed Russet potatoes with butter. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Open potatoes immediately upon taking from oven and put lump of butter, salt, pepper, paprika and a few slices of onion inside. Close potatoes again and serve immediately.

If you ever manage to squeeze into the Brown Derby at high noon, another thing you'll discover is that many screen stars aren't ashamed to be seen drinking milk. We won't mention any names, lest you think some of the screen's he-men are just a bunch of farm boys. But most of the movie crowd are coffee addicts—especially the confirmed wisecrackers, like Eddie Cantor, William Haines and Jimmie Durante. They must have stimulation, apparently. And the Brown Derby has a different way of making coffee—not in big boilers, as in most restaurants. Here's how:

BROWN DERBY DRIP COFFEE. Take large tablespoonful of coffee for each cup of water. Use drip pot and let drip ten minutes for each pint of water.

And they seldom take coffee without dessert. Few ever take stewed prunes—they've seen too many of them in theatrical boarding-houses. The debs, like Carole Lombard and Marian Marsh, have an inclination toward puddings. This also goes for slim-waisted lads like Phillips Holmes and Ramon Novarro. Wallace Beery, who isn't afraid of Irish stew, sees no reason to be afraid of pie. Kay Francis, among others, has discovered Ice Box Cake. And Joan Crawford, who's slender to the point of disappearing completely, also frequently succumbs. This is the way the Brown Derby concocts it:

ICE BOX CAKE. Ingredients:

2 cups milk	1 vanilla bean
1 cup sugar	4 leaves of gelatin
6 egg yolks	1 pint whipped cream

Add sugar to milk and allow this to come to a boil, then add the beaten egg yolks. Dissolve the gelatin in a little cold water and add to the above mixture; then allow this to cool, stirring continuously. When cool, add this mixture to one pint of whipped cream. Over a half-inch layer of light sponge cake, spread caramel butter cream and place in a sponge ring lined with lady fingers; then pour the above mixture into this and set in refrigerator to cool. When cold, spread the top with whipped cream and sprinkle with macaroon crumbs.

If you like to play in the kitchen, working up surprises for friend husband or friend husband-to-be, here are possibilities for an entire meal—dishes planned to please the palates of movie stars. If you follow directions, he couldn't get anything better this side of the Brown Derby.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 99*)

stand up and sign a paper for the amount we have you down for!" One by one the seething, but helpless guests heard their names called, followed by the sums "Two thousand for you," "Fifteen hundred for you," etc. One by one, they had to sign. Then they came to Lon Chaney. He rose quietly, "When I give and what I give," said Lon, "is my own affair, gentlemen. And I shall continue to make it my affair." And he sat down. "The only man of us who had the nerve to call his soul his own," said the star who told me.

THEY tell this on Ina and Jack Gilbert, now proving to Hollywood that that ancient gag—"we're still great pals"—which is always pulled by divorced movie couples is really true in their case. It seems one of Jack's grievances in the days of his marriage to Ina was that she insisted on rearranging all the furniture in the house. After their divorce Ina paid a visit to her ex-husband's beach house. "Oh, Jack, how perfectly charming—" she is quoted as saying as she entered, "but—don't you think this would look better there, and that would be more effective over *here?*" And, without waiting for assistance, Ina began to drag the furniture about. Jack turned pale, "Leave it where it is!" he is said to have roared, "Don't touch anything! Come along—I'll call at your house hereafter. You can't come here again!"

MARY Pickford has become a newspaper columnist, turning out a column a week for the McNaught Syndicate, Inc. In one of her first contributions, she revealed that she and Douglas Fairbanks are "doing over" Pickfair. (They're expecting some royalty for the 1932 Olympics, which will be held in Los Angeles.) Also she revealed that she and Doug had considered building a new house—but decided that Pickfair held too many memories for them to give it up. She added: "Perhaps marriages would be happier if they were not cut loose from their memories. We want to keep ours."

ALICE White went into vaudeville a few months ago to prove to Hollywood producers that she still could be a big draw at the box office. And she certainly has been doing it! Her salary is reported to be around twenty-five hundred dollars a week, which is more than most Broadway stars earn, and her act has been held over in a number of cities.

BETWEEN pictures at Paramount's eastern studio, Claudette Colbert hopped out to Hollywood to visit husband Norman Foster (who accidentally injured Ralph Ince in the new picture they are making). Incidentally, Claudette wanted to squelch those rumors that she and Norman aren't so happy. They haven't yet forgotten that four months' honeymoon they took last year.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has never been what you would call a drawing-room entertainer. In the few social affairs he formerly attended, Dick was usually to be found in a quiet corner with a friend or two, talking over the more serious developments in political and motion picture happenings.

But lately Dick has blossomed forth as quite a "card." He's even doing imitations. One, of a very popular he-man rage of the present moment, is worth the price of admission.

And, what's more, Dick so forgot his dignity sufficiently at a recent party for Marion Davies as to pose in a picture with "Schnozzle" Durante in which both gentlemen made grand impolite faces at the camera.

GARY COOPER'S close friends are worried about his health. It was supposed that Gary's long rest in Europe would do him a great deal of good—but after a couple of months in New York, his doctor advised that the big boy must stay off the screen for a year at least and so Gary has gone back to Europe.

He says he could not stay in this country and not make pictures. How about that romance, Gary, under the soft Venetian moon?

IF you can believe all you hear, the Rudy Vallees (Fay Webb) are expecting the stork. And they say the men who hold Rudy's radio contract are a little worried about the rumor. A married "crooner" is dangerous enough—but a walk-the-floor-crooner—well, as Andy would say, *that's bad*. Speaking about Rudy Vallee, he's making a hit with the crowd attending George White's "Scandals" in New York. And he doesn't flinch when Willie Howard asks him, "Are you related to the Lehigh Valleys?"

WARNER BROTHERS now have two male stars who rate as "Mr." in their billing—Mr. George Arliss and Mr. William Powell. Mr. Barrymore is out.

SYLVIA SIDNEY and Carl Laemmle, Jr. have dinner together every once in a while—but the bets are off on this one as a romance. They're just good friends. Junior squires them all—especially the young and pretty ones.

HELEN TWELVETREES' husband Frank Woody, resembles Maurice Chevalier so much that it almost starts a scandal every time Helen and Frank step out together.

"You can hear the whispers of 'Look at Helen Twelvetrees and Chevalier' across an entire room," laughed Helen. "I hope Mrs. Chevalier doesn't mind."

DID you know that Karen Morley's voice is almost as deep and low-pitched as Ethel Barrymore's? Karen and June MacCloy have the deepest voices in the movies. They should have a contest to see which can descend the lowest in spouting Ethel's classic line—"That's all there is, there isn't any more."



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MARIE DRESSLER made-up for the first part of her new picture so that she looked ten or fifteen years younger than she naturally does. She wore a red wig and everythin'. The first day she appeared on the set in her new guise, some smart guy said, "I suppose that you'll want to play opposite Clark Gable now, Marie."

"Oh, no," kidded the comédienne, "Clark's out of my age class. Jackie Cooper is going to be my leading man in my next picture."

JOE E. BROWN always gets a surprise when he gets back to Hollywood after a vaudeville and personal appearance tour. Last year the wife met him at the railroad station with a brand-new daughter to welcome him home. This year, he got his surprise when the frau showed up with a shiny $16,000 Duesenberg—which Joe, no doubt, had to make the payments on. Anyway, it showed that Mrs. Joe's heart is in the right place, but Joe says in a rather subdued tone that he guesses he'll stay right here in Hollywood from now on . . . he doesn't know what the Missus will pop up with next time!

SO Gloria Swanson has nothing whatever to say concerning her new marriage—to Michael Farmer. What could she say, after fooling everybody since August 16, when the ceremony took place in Westchester County, New York?

However, just in case we might pick up something from the ex-Marquise, we visited her on the set of "Tonight or Never," in which she plays an opera singer. We learned some very interesting side-lights about her. Between each "take" her maid presses the gorgeous white satin gown she is wearing in the scene. This little precaution is taken so that the camera will not pick up any stray wrinkles. Swanson is a regular pal to every person in her pictures. She treats the extra girls with much more deference than most stars we know of—and they certainly return the compliment. Whether she arrives on the set as the Ex-Marquise or as Mrs. Farmer is all the same to them—and us, too! She's grand!

MAYBE the rumors from New York have been on the up-and-up about Olive Borden and her broker husband. It has been whispered that they were on the verge of a divorce and now comes the story that Olive is playing the lead in a stage play, "Louder, Please," which just opened on Broadway. Of course, she may have decided to combine marriage with a career . . . we'll let you be the judge.

CUPID has certainly been busy at the RKO studios this month: Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge are wed. Ditto for Rita La Roy and Ben Hershfield. Mary Astor and Dr. Franklyn Thorne pulled a secret one—and then Richard Dix and Winifred Coe eloped.

THE opening of the Warner Brothers' Western Theater was a notable event in a town practically overrun with notable events. The first item of distinction was a bridge festooned with lights. It spanned Wilshire Boulevard and made a very impressive structure to be used (according to the printed announcements) only by movie celebrities, city and state officials and "the press." This is the first time the stars have literally walked over the heads of their enthusiastic fans—in this case ten thousand strong, and it looked like fifty thousand.

Next in importance to the beauty of the theater, and the feature picture (George Arliss in "Alexander Hamilton"), was the super-display of ermine coats and diamond bracelets.

Marilyn Miller, who walked down the aisle with Don Alvarado (yes, Marilyn is still walking down aisles with Don), was practically engulfed in ermine and sables. It was the "gaspiest" coat of the evening, being full-floor length with a sable scarf that wrapped and wrapped and then wrapped some more. The beautiful Miller also wore diamonds and orchids—plenty of both.

Joan Crawford's coat was the next distraction from the elegant speeches being made by William Powell, as master of ceremonies, not to mention those made by the Mayor and the Governor. Joan's coat was also of ermine.

Sally Eilers was most effective in a combination that Connie Bennett usually favors for evening—a dark blue velvet dress and an ermine jacquette. Marian Nixon Hillman was in Spanish tile-and-silver brocade.

Gloria Swanson wore black velvet and very distinctive it was, too, being the only black velvet dress present.

Carole Lombard, stunning in white, was very nervous about Bill Powell's début as a master of ceremonies. Carole was quite sure that everything would "go black" for Bill. But he fooled her by showing up as the best master of ceremonies Hollywood has ever listened to—including Frank Fay and Jack Benny, who get real money in vaudeville for doing this very thing.

YOUNG Wallace Ford is making the Clark Gables and the Bob Montgomerys out at M-G-M look to their laurels. Wally is just a newcomer to the screen but after studio officials saw his work in Joan Crawford's new picture they signed him for five years—at a very nice figure, too. Everyone on the lot is all hepped up over his possibilities, and one of the girls explained Wally as "a heartbreaker with a sense of humor."

Sounds like he might be worth watching—that combination is rare.

AT last the far-famed Bankhead girl, Tallulah, has arrived in Hollywood to work at this branch of the Paramount studios. It seemed for a while as if she would never get this far West. But she's all settled now in Billy Haines' beautifully furnished Beverly Hills home, and thinks "everyone in Hollywood is lovely!"

She says that there never was any romance between her and Gary Cooper . . . just good friends. The first person she wanted to meet was Greta Garbo . . . but so far the introduction hasn't taken place.

BETTY COMPSON has surprised Hollywood again . . . as usual. She celebrated the anniversary of her wedding to director Jimmie Cruze (whom she divorced more than a couple of years back)—by inviting him over to dinner. There were no other

guests at the little party, and Betty reports that she had a lovely, lovely time.

It sort of bowled Hollywood over because Betty and Jim haven't been on speaking terms for several months—ever since they had a battle royal after finishing a picture which Betty starred in and Cruze directed. When that production first started, they were the best of friends. They took their meals together in Betty's dressing-room and Jim developed the habit of sending her huge bouquets of flowers two or three times daily.

All of their actions led to rumors that they might re-marry. But it didn't last long—and they had the worst blow-up ever. They refused to speak to each other and acted as if they weren't aware that the other existed. But the date of their wedding anniversary saved the day—and Betty and Jim are good pals again.

NEW ROMANCES:

Constance Cummings and Director Frank Capra.

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey.

EVERYONE working on the new Pola Negri picture enjoyed himself at the expense of Pola herself. When Negri is mad, she rants and roars—and doesn't care who hears or sees. Pola and director Paul Stein disagreed on some action in one of the scenes. Pola blew up. The microphone had been set for the "take" and just for fun the technicians turned it on and got a record of Pola burning up . . . and *was* it hot! It's too bad, but a verbatim report of it couldn't be printed here (the paper isn't asbestos-lined!).

A WELL-KNOWN interviewer wanted to see Ronald Colman to get a story on that reserved young Englishman. The studio informed said reporter that Mr. Colman was enjoying a short vacation up at Lake Arrowhead, but immediately upon his return ten days hence, he would be most happy to grant the interview. When the ten days had passed, the reporter . . . and for that matter, the studio . . . was surprised to learn that Ronnie was in New York about to embark for England. He hadn't even bothered to return to Hollywood before taking a New York-bound train. That's what is known as true nonchalance!

WHAT a job Ramon Novarro has just completed! You might be able to imagine how difficult it would be to lose a Mexican accent overnight . . . but try and picture yourself losing the accent, AND, at the same time, ACQUIRING a Russian accent! That is exactly what Roman had to do in his latest rôle opposite Greta Garbo in "Mati Hari"! How in the world it was possible, we don't know. You'll have to see the picture for yourself. It should be a wow!

ESTELLE TAYLOR seems to be setting a new fashion with her "half mourning" or "Reno mourning"—a black costume set off with white touches. By the way we visited the grand new Hotel and Casino at Ensenada the other day. It is the one Jack Dempsey once backed. From the walls in the immense corridors and entertainment rooms were hung enormous murals of ladies, and every one of them was Estelle! There was Estelle in Spanish dancer costume, Estelle looking over fans, Estelle as a lady of the court of a French king, and Estelle smiling, throwing a rose, leaning out of casements and languishing in gardens.

IF you want to know a way to make Greta Garbo look at you, don't appear to notice she is alive. Jean Hersholt used this method, and in a few days there was the Garbo at his side, speaking in the softest accents. "Why don't you speak to me?" she inquired. "Because you don't speak to me," said Jean. And they became friends.

GLEN TRYON was trying to impress the tailor Watson, on the necessity of rushing his new suit. After he had said everything he could think of he started out, then turned and rushed back, "Quick, Watson, the needle," he shouted.

HOUSEHOLD hint. In the Metro cafeteria the other day we watched John Miljan put butter into his black coffee and calmly dunk his French roll in it. "You don't know what's good till you've tried it," said he. The director across the table offered another suggestion. "I put a pinch of English mustard in my coffee percolator and it brings out the flavor wonderfully." We don't guarantee anything, but if you're a loyal fan you might try them.

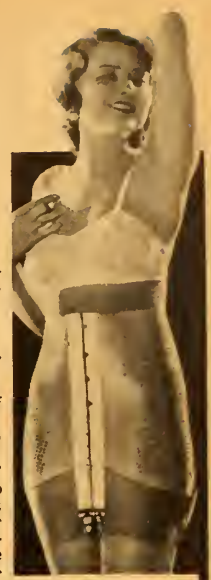
CREDO of a Hollywood man-about-town: that Greta Garbo is yearning to break her silence, but is afraid of her publicity directors. That he personally was responsible for the discovery of at least three of this year's Wampas Babies. That Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will divorce within a few months, if they have not secretly done so already. That the mere mention of the word "television" will make any movie magnate shudder. That the man-about-town, himself, would be much happier if he could tear himself away from the celluloid town and return East, or North, or wherever he came from.

And by the way, the man-about-town's latest phrase to describe two people who are what Walter Winchell calls "that way" about one another is that they are writing a play. The idea started with a beautiful actress who introduced as her collaborator a blond young man who escorted her everywhere, but who was never seen to sit down in front of a typewriter. Writing a play for the coming season: Lupe Velez and Winnie Sheehan.

CONSIDERABLE horror in the fashionable apartment house when the Clark Gables departed for other lodgings. The lady tenants who had always found good excuse to be in the foyer when Heart-Throb Gable left for the studio, discovered the Gable ménage hermetically sealed with quarantine signs on all doors. We can close our eyes and imagine their state of mind.

It wasn't until the following day that

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But, really, she was making things worse in the surest way.

For she was but one of many million Marys who had the same idea. And when they all got busy at sewing up their pocketbooks and cutting expenses to the bone, there was not enough business left to keep their husbands at work.

After all, men can't make business better. Men merely GO to business. The women make it.

Men do not keep our factories going. They merely supervise the fulfilling of demands that, nine times in ten, originate in women's buying influence.

Doesn't that put a big responsibility directly up to you, Mary?

For it's really YOUR job to make business better. And you can do it almost overnight if you will resume the normal buying of the things you need and can afford with your present income.

That is the one sure way to keep your own John at work, and to put the idle Johns back into jobs.

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they learned that some frisky little pets belonging to the Gables' dog had been left behind. Some of the ladies had been sure Clark was wasting away from a lingering, unknown, irremediable disease—poor, dear, romantic, handsome lad!

THINGS are so quiet on the United Artists lot that Mary Pickford waited fifteen minutes the other morning before a studio officer showed up to let her drive her car through the gate.

IN round, determined lead-pencil lettering on the buff-colored wall of one of M-G-M's publicity coops is written "I am bad, Lupe Velez—and I am bad." This, dear children, is known as the handwriting on the wall, modern version.

ALL evening the dinner host had been trying to veer the conversation from talk of films, but one of his guests was Samuel Goldwyn, who probably knows more about them than any other breathing man.

"Now take the Russian Five-Year Plan—" launched the host, determinedly.

"Ah, that reminds me," beamed Sam, "I got the finest scenario from Russia the other day . . . "

MRS. Blanche Ness of the Franco-Russe Café is a trifle bewildered. With her kettles full of shashlik (lamb, first pickled, then grilled), bortsch, blini with fresh caviar and other Russian delicacies, she finds she is serving roguish old muzhiks like William Powell, Carole Lombard, Billie, Dove, Billy Bakewell, while the Russian colony, with a few exceptions, is dining elsewhere. Undoubtedly at a Mexican inn, while the Latins are out absorbing chop suey, and Anna May Wong is daintily forking a crepe Suzette.

LOIS MORAN, who made a big hit on the Broadway stage last winter in "This Is New York," has deserted Hollywood again this winter to appear on the Main Stem in "Of Thee I Sing." Who said the screen's lure is stronger than that of the stage? Not Lois!

IN "Mata Hari," Greta Garbo's new picture, there's scheduled to be a Dance of the Seven Veils—but Greta, herself, we regret to report, isn't scheduled to perform it. A stage dancer named Dorothy Wagner will sub for the famous siren, they say.

DID you know that to date only one beautiful "Miss America" has made good in the movies? And it has taken Adrienne Doré, of Seattle, six years to do it. She was crowned American beauty queen in 1925, and only now, after years of "extra" work, has a contract—with Warner Brothers?

ALSO, did you know that Lawrence Tibbett has a singing brother, named Jesse, who airs his tenor voice over Coast radio stations? And that Bing Crosby has a brother Robert, who's part of the Roosevelt's Blossom Room orchestra? And that he croons a mean voice?

What The Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 10*)

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *This Day and Age*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—recently completed *Private Lives*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Ladies of the Big House*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *So Big*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Swanson, Gloria—recently completed *Tonight or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—playing in *Confession*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.

Tibbett, Lawrence—latest release *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *One Hour with You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Torrence, Ernest—latest release *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Sky Devils*—Caddo Productions, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *Panama*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—latest release *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *Charlie Chan's Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Watkins, Linda—playing in *Charlie Chan's Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Wilson, Lois—playing in *Old Man Minick*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wong, Anna May—playing in *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—recently completed *The Honorable Mr. Wong*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Roland—playing in *One Hour with You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

Pictures Not True to Life

EAST BRAINTREE, MASS.—Evening clothes, jewels, liquor, large parties, expensive automobiles—that's not us, the movie audience. So why are so many pictures made on that trend? Can't producers realize that it leaves us with a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction—giving us Communistic leanings?

But films like "Street Scene" and "Bad Girl"—there we are! Gossiping, helpful neighbors; shirtsleeves, casual fun, no frills—that's us. We recognize ourselves, see our most secret thoughts revealed, gently and carefully; we smile at things that didn't seem funny before; we sympathize with our woes, realizing that there are many others like ourselves. And we leave the theater feeling that it's not such a bad world after all. That's the kind of pictures we want.

Eleanor Stewart.

Thanks For "The Champ"

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—"The Champ" was downright human and soul-gripping. No elaboration, but simplicity, enhanced with touches of heart appeal and laughter, with the result that it is a picture that I will remember as the best of the year.

Jackie Cooper's work in this picture is beautiful and understanding while Wallace Beery has never done any playing of higher excellence and quality. Jackie is a sensation and places many of the leading adult stars in the background.

"The Champ" certainly carried the audience with it, if one is to judge from the nose-blowing and tears interrupted by sudden bursts of laughter by everyone in the theater.

Thanks, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for this beautiful drama and here's hoping you will give us more pictures with Jackie and Beery together.

Norman Davies.

Cheers For Double Features

CHICAGO, ILL.—What with the present depression wave affecting poor and rich alike, may I shout "Three cheers for the double feature program." How the movies do perk up our spirits, especially after seeing a double feature, including "Bad Girl" and "High Stakes."

It is worth our last cent to laugh and cry with James Dunn and proclaim him the dearest of all clumsy, lovable husbands, while it's equally worthwhile to follow the antics of Lowell Sherman through his sophisticated, clever comedy and to chuckle when he traps the baby-faced Mae Murray.

No longer do we grace the waning crowd of first nighters to see an expensive legitimate play. Instead, we join the crowds to witness the double feature program, shown at our local movie house, and give thanks to our brilliant movie stars for the reasonable enjoyment afforded through Double Features, offering double fun.

Mildred West Simpson.



You can't keep Jackie Cooper down when there's a microphone around. This is now he reached the radio apparatus at the opening of "The Champ"—to speak to his "vast, unseen public."

A Tale of Reckless Love

of hate, ambition and secret intrigue

the like of which has never been known!



CLEOPATRA—name to conjure with! Men called her Siren of Old Nile—most alluring, most bewitching of women. Infatuated by her charms, Julius Caesar made her Empress of Egypt. To win her favor, Mark Antony flung away the mastery of the entire ancient world.

So often the secret lives, the hidden emotions of famous men and lovely women have changed the entire destinies of nations! You read that overnight a throne was lost; that between the setting and the rising of the sun a genius found himself; that at some unknown behest a leader of armies allowed his cohorts to go down to defeat.

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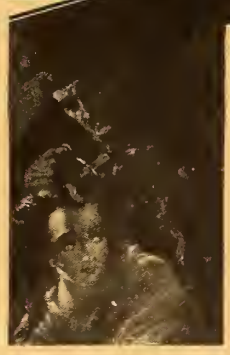
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PAULINE BONAPARTE—Favorite sister of Napoleon. Terrifying, capricious, wanton, and adored. She led the life of every woman's dreams—beauty, riches, jewels were hers. (Middle illustration.)

CHARLOTTE CORDAY—So beautiful that even on the scaffold she inspired a love in one of her beholders that caused him also to seek death that he might join her. (Bottom illustration.)



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Now You're Talking!

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Picking on Connie Again



Tell me something, Mr. Editor, must Constance Bennett always lower her head and raise her eyes to look at anyone? Has she only one expression? It is pitiful the way she willows around looking like the morning after. Someone ought to try sticking a pin in her and see if they can wake her up to the fact that she lacks pep.

And how come she is so snobbish? How can she afford to be a snob when she isn't even beautiful, to my way of thinking? *G. M., San Francisco, Cal.*

For Shame, Adrian



Of all the Turkish costumes at home and abroad, why did Adrian inflict Greta Garbo with the outlandish outfit worn by her in a short sequence of "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"? It leaves one with a blushing sense of transparent drapes, an opportune star here and there and a hat—shades of the organ-grinder's monkey—what a hat!

Really, it was an outfit that made even the lovely Garbo look grotesque and uncomfortable.

Otherwise, "Susan Lenox" was perfect, with both Garbo and Clark Gable giving excellent performances. *Virginia Leslie, Los Angeles, Cal.*

Some Resolutions for the Coming Year

Resolved that for the New Year, I will forget Marlene Dietrich's skinny legs and try to forget Joan Crawford's ghastly face when I go to see Clark Gable in "Possessed." And that I will try to be as self-satisfied as Gloria Swanson and try to find out what keeps Norma Shearer warm with so few clothes. And to try and get myself a boy-friend who looks like Phillips Holmes.

Sweet Sixteen

Demoralizing Pictures Should Be Taboo



Why must so many of our lovely actresses play in such demoralizing pictures? Take, for instance, Barbara Stanwyck, who was so wonderful in "Night Nurse," her look of disgust at the drunken immorality going on about her seemed actually real.

Joan Crawford is so capable and lovely, too, that I can't for the life of me see why she must be mixed up in one drunken brawl after another in her pictures.

A hint at the indiscreet and a slip from the straight and narrow path will gain the sympathy of all but the straight-laced old fogies of long ago, but overstepping the boundary, as so many pictures do to-day, not only demoralizes, but disgusts the majority. *F. E. Samson, Chicago, Ill.*

How Not to Pose

Why is it that when we pick up a magazine that has any female movie stars in it, we have to look at some squint-eyed person looking nowhere?

Stars are supposed to be beautiful. They only make themselves homely by posing this way. There are a few stars who have enough sense not to pose in this awful manner and they give us sincere photographs. They use common sense in posing. So, please, squint-eyed stars, give us a "real" photograph for a change. *J. W. P., Chicago, Ill.*



Something Ought to Be Done About This

Some inventor would make oodles of money if he could discover a way to eliminate seating people in the most exciting part of a picture show.

When you are sitting breathlessly watching the "big moment," someone says "Pardon please" and you have to grab your purse and any other accessories you happen to have in your lap and stand up to let someone pass. And by the time you are settled again you have missed some of the picture.

The last picture I saw I happened to get an end seat, and I'll wager I had to get up at least ten times! Besides, the people in the row in front of me were up and down just as much as I was. Between the two, I had to guess at most of the picture.

Hasn't anyone some suggestion to make?

G. Bourne, Brecksville, O.



Not So Dumb

There was a time when I enjoyed the newsreels a great deal. Then, when sound came, I thought how nice it would be to hear, as well as see, the news events.

But what do we have? Either Graham McNamee or the Globetrotter chattering throughout the picture, explaining the obvious and cracking stale jokes. And I find that I am not alone in my dislike. Recently, at a small neighborhood theater, a newsreel was shown and all around me I heard comments of joy that this was one that lacked a reporter.

Please, producers, we're not so dumb that we have to have our pictures explained to us.

Miss J. P., Baltimore, Md.

MOTION PICTURE invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Little As Possible on Harlow



What's all this talk about dressing Jean Harlow? We like her with as little clothing on as necessary to get by the Censors. The fact that we throng to see her pictures is good proof of that. Leave the clothes to those who need them, such as Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo and others. *H. F., Glens Falls, N. Y.*

Shearer Needs Shearing

The way Norma Shearer has been wearing her hair of late makes me think of a poodle dog. Does she think she will go blind if she gets her hair sheared? That's only common with poodle dogs, not movie stars. *D. Richard, Cortland, N. Y.*

Likes All the Stars



Won't some of the fans who are always finding fault with the stars try to realize that the lives of the players aren't always beds of roses and all sunshine and that they are not always to blame for a poor picture?

Personally, I have so many favorites that I couldn't take time to name them all and I only hope they all continue to give the splendid performances they always give. *E. C. Smith, Currie, Nev.*

Raving About Garbo

If for some reason or other, I never chance to see another motion picture, I will be satisfied. Ever since the night I saw Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in the picture "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," I have been raving about Garbo.

People can say all the mean things they want about Garbo, but I will still remain one of her gallant admirers. Garbo has them all beaten. Come on, you directors, and give us more of Garbo in pictures with Clark Gable, the screen's newest sheik. *K. T., Portland, Ore.*

Calling for Curves



I've been wondering what some of the players do with their salaries. They don't seem to spend much on their meals. Their bones stick out. We don't want to see skeletons on the screen. Isn't there someone who can use force to feed the following screen scarecrows: Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo if necessary? Lilyan Tashman and several other players could be included in these forced meals, too.

Also, may I suggest that they use Anita Page's figure as an incentive in building up the gals?

John L., San Pedro, Cal.

Give "Femmies" Some Credit

"Women talk too much" has been a famous male quotation. That's a lot of blustering. Where would the talkies be without the talking females? Huh?

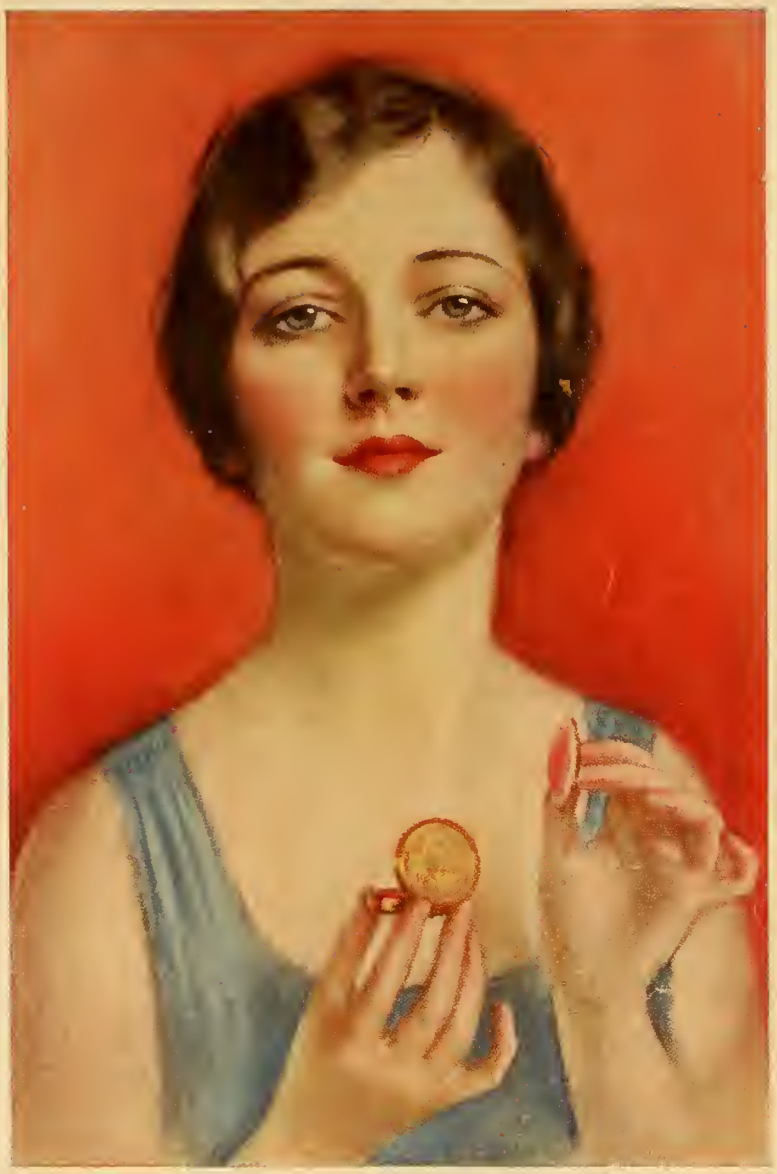
The long-heralded "Journey's End" with its all-male cast is an example. While it was a product of a clever and conscientious director and had some fine acting in it, it lacked the one t[illegible] to break up the monotony of eve[illegible] heroine.

So let us give the poor tr[illegible]males some credit. *Anne [illegible]y, N. Y.*

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NATURAL



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By Patricia Gordon

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Sally Eilers

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



5 Minutes to tilt her Hat...! Never a thought for her gums and she has "pink tooth brush!"

NO DOUBT of it! Many a heart has been won by the jaunty little tilt of a jaunty little hat!

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White, bright, sound teeth are most terribly important to that appealing smile of yours—and sound, sparkling teeth are dependent on firm gums. *Your* gums are *not* hard and healthy.

It's like this: Nature expects human beings to eat coarse, tough foods. And civilized human beings don't do it! And while you eat soft, creamy foods, your gums simply sit back with nothing to do. They've become lazy, flabby, weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush". And "pink tooth brush" warns you of the advance of serious gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even the rare, but dread pyorrhea!

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Under the supervision of • • Ernst Lubitsch • •
Directed by George Cukor
Music by Oscar Straus

Paramount Pictures

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Motion Picture

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LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIII, No. 2



CHEASLEY ANALYZES JOAN CRAWFORD

In this issue Clifford W. Cheasley, noted numerologist and author of many books on the science of numbers, presents the third of his series of character readings on famous movie stars.

The glamourous Joan Crawford is his subject this month and you will be glad to learn that the science of numbers discloses that her success will continue for many years to come.

You will want to read this interesting character analysis . . . you will want, too, a brief general Numberscope of your own when you see how easy it is to obtain one. Just turn to Page 42 in this issue.

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Cover Design of Joan Bennett Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

WRITE 'EM AND REAP A MONEY PRIZE

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York.

If you saw Wallace Beery in "The Champ," you can picture him as "Dad" to the three youngsters above—Carol Ann Priester, 15 months, and her brothers George, 9, and William, 4. Wally and his wife, who are childless, have adopted the baby and will raise the boys as their own sons. They are the children of Mrs. Beery's aunt, who recently died

$20.00 Letter

Wants More "Lowdown" Via Screen

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—I 'll confess I enjoy gangster pictures. I'd shudder to slay a mouse, but how I loved the hemstitching those machine-guns worked on bullies and buildings!

There were thrills and enlightenment in them. I enjoyed "Night Nurse" for enlightenment more than the thrills and enjoyed "Five-Star Final" for both. Appreciated the exposé in "The Miracle Woman" and the political show-up in "Politics."

I wish we could have the "lowdown" on some other things. Most of us have never seen the supporting bones of big business and professions. And the X-ray pictures are emancipating us from the slavery of ignorance. Show us some skeletons, please!

Give us Exposé. The Screen means Edification as well as Entertainment, and both combined make a favorite dish for most picture fans.

Chloe B. Ayer.

$10.00 Letter

Twelve "Don'ts" For Gable

LOUISVILLE, KY.—1. Don't pluck your eyebrows as one fan advised. They are part of your box-office appeal.

2. Don't believe that it is primarily genius that makes a talkie idol. It's something Nature does to him physically and life finishes.

3. Don't get angry because your co-star steals a scene. Your fans are not watching her or him.

4. Don't talk too much. What you've said so far is just right.

5. Don't fail to make financial hay while the sun shines. Save it now.

6. Don't think any glamourous star can replace your family. At fifty you'll know better.

7. Don't neglect the small fry in the studios. Their power for good or evil is great.

8. Don't let go of your keen sense of humor. It's your protection.

9. Don't become too sleekly groomed in your pictures. It blurrs your very definite outlines.

10. Don't permit your mental privacy to be disturbed by rumors. Guard it with your amused smile and a stiff backbone.

11. Don't change your personality. You now have what we want.

12. Don't forget you can get over in your pictures anything you wish to your fans. Go to it and keep at it.

Kalfus K. Gusling.

$5.00 Letter

Hollywood No Place For Pensions

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Hasn't anyone in Hollywood realized that John Gilbert, John Barrymore, the Misses Pickford and Compson, and a lot of others are as far gone as last year's snow? What Hollywood needed (and boy, it has it now!) is a new crop of stars. It should put out the welcome mat for Clark Gable, Mrs. Sidney's little girl, Sylvia, la Bankhead, Miss Chatterton, Linda Watkins, Fredric March, James Dunn and others too numerous to mention.

A John Gilbert kiss and a Barrymore pose are as obsolete as a horse car. One may grow old in the service of one's king and country, but not of one's public. Time was when people could tolerate Gilbert in silence muttering, "Go away, foul villain" in great style, when the waxed mustache was the rage, and when good beer wasn't worth the price of a baby grand piano. In those days, the only qualification for becoming a screen actor was a certain type of pulchritude.

(*Continued on page 93*)

CLARA, THE BRIDE— WITH REX AT HER SIDE



Acme

"Come hither," winks Clara Bow, just out of habit, "and take a look at the marriage certificate." And the husband, Rex Bell, who denied their December elopement until he was sure there wasn't a non-marriage clause in her new contract. In the circle, you can see that they are sharing their daily bread in the approved honeymoon manner—and, below, you can see how welcome Rex's strong arms are to the turbulent redhead. Also note how healthy, as well as happy, she looks.





Wide World



The Movie Circus

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THE Rumor Builders' Association in convention assembled have come forth with the startling news that **Garbo** would henceforth appear socially (if you can call her lone gadding that) in masculine attire—trousers, vest, shirt and cravat. Her tailor, in a palsy at the very thought, denied it, immediately. It seems that the gossips meant **Ramon Novarro.**

Garbo is causing consternation among the studio hired help. She rides in and out of the studio lot with the curtains of her car drawn, and the other day, we heard (when a gateman greeted her) she cried, suddenly, "Don't look at me!" We've felt that way, too, on occasion.

Perhaps it was merely audience-bait in these parlous times that prompted **Howard Hughes'** Studio Theater on Hollywood Boulevard to print in electrics on its marquee: "Moroccan Love Tails and News." And, again, it might have been that the printer, struggling with the inclination to double the **r** and single the **c** in Moroccan, as would be our impulse, went completely berserk on the "Tails."

Whatever the excuse, this purity-loving department hopes that **Mr. Hughes'** Studio Theater is not pandering to the lower instincts of the human race. There are so few of us high-minded people left. (P.S. Just learned "Love Tails" was a dog comedy.)

One compelling actor, something of a rake in his youth, if you don't mind facing facts, has a worthy idea. He talks of forming a revue of youngsters in whom he has what amounts to a parental (ha!) interest.

He plans to call it "The Mistakes of 1912."

With **Joan Crawford,** in a carmine sweater that matches the daubs on her lips, and Husband **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** hobnobbing like old cronies with Berkeley Square's **Tallulah Bankhead,** it looks like a long, dull, domestic winter for Hollywood. "Miss Tahlool,'" as us roguish old Southerners call her, thinks that **Joan** is very charming, with beautiful features, a perfect nose, very *soignée* and a few other French adjectives, correctly pronounced, which prove the advantage of being born to the purple. **Tallulah** is Southern aristocracy, as has been mouthed considerably, and is the most vivid and voluble enchantress who has been catapulted into these parts in many a moon.

But it's all very disappointing when nothing more dynamic than an exchange of dinner parties takes place. If they would only get up a healthy hate and hurl nasty, prickly innuendoes at each other, it would make it much more exciting for us mice-in-the-corner and a platoon of columnists.

Fame.

Clark Gable's success is now assured. He made the newspapers' front pages when he fell from his horse recently in Del Monte.

It is with fine repression that we refrain from coupling **Mr. Gable's** equestrian troubles with the ditto difficulties of **H. R. H. Edward, Prince of Wales.**

The social season is going *salon* this year with all the girls who own tea gowns rushing out to collect visiting lions, preferably literary. It isn't half as much fun at parties these days mooning around, holding a cocktail glass between lax fingers, looking like a passing fair imitation of Percy Bysshe Shelley, as it was when the vogue was to slap your hostess in the rear of the lap and pull your host's tie out of mooring.

Carmel Myers seems to be the most successful *salon*-keeper this season, having bagged the Four **Marx** Brothers, **F.** (flaming flapper) **Scott Fitzgerald,** an autographed edition of a **Louis** ("Green Bay Tree") **Bromfield** book, to say nothing of the distinction of carving her initials on **Harpo Marx's** chest. Her husband, barrister **Ralph Blum,** humors her in these little diversions.

It seems that every time **Harpo** entered the **Blum** home he autographed **Miss Myers'** guest book, so it was merely vendetta on **Carmel's** part.

First he wrote **"Harpo Marx."** Then "Here again—**Harpo Marx."** Then **"Harpo Marx** again." Then **"Harpo Marx** and his pals." Then "Just **Harpo Marx."** With that **Miss Myers** hid the book, and it was when **Harpo,** clad only in shorts, presented himself at the **Blum** beach bungalow for farewell before leaving for New York that revenge took place.

Begging him to close his eyes, which trusting and hopeful **Harpo** did, anticipating

(*Continued on page 82*)

They call it work, but you'd call it play. The company making "The Rainbow Trail" (by Zane Grey) go to the Grand Canyon to film it. George O'Brien, the star, is at the left, between the girls on white horses

...He takes life's corners on two wheels!

James Cagney

in

"TAXI"



HONK! HONK! Here comes Jim!... Rough... ready... romantic... The fighting-est, loving-est red head that ever skipped a "stop" light... He knows what's what... He's wise to every bright light on Broadway and speeds thru life to love— after a blow-out or two... "Taxi" —a dramatic cross section of life on the wisewalks of New York... Speedy ...thrilling...glorious entertainment!

With

LORETTA YOUNG

GEORGE E. STONE

GUY KIBBEE



Adaption and dialogue by
Kubec Glasmon and John Bright
Directed by
ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Your Gossip Test

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

By MARION MARTONE

1. Who are the famous stage and screen sisters who recently filed a bankruptcy plea?

2. Do you know the name of the movie star who received a bomb during the Christmas holidays?

3. Did an attack of intestinal flu keep Jean Harlow from making her personal stage appearances?

4. Can you give the name of the actor who was recently fined for income tax delinquency?

5. Who is the motion picture director who was married recently at the New York City Hall by Mayor James Walker?

6. Can you identify the movie star who came into possession of a million dollars recently?

7. Can you name the motion picture actress who was injured in an automobile accident in Hollywood?

8. Who is the famous movie star who got herself very much disliked by the press while she was vacationing in New York?

9. What is the name of the young man who has been reported to be paying ardent court to beautiful Evalyn Knapp?

10. Can you name the dark-haired motion picture star who was reported near death following an operation?

11. Do you know the name of the popular actor who recently became the father of three children?

12. Who is the movie comedian who said he would not contest his wife's divorce suit, but would fight her alimony plea?

13. Can you name the movie director who eloped to Yuma to be married to an aviatrix?

14. Do you know the name of the popular movie actor who lost a baby daughter?

15. What well-known movie star was married for the second time on New Year's Day?

16. Do you know the names of Sally Blane's ex-boy-friend and her present beau?

17. Wedding bell rumors are ringing out for Lois Moran and what lucky man?

18. What does the star sapphire ring surrounded with baguette diamonds, worn on "that" finger of Joan Bennett's, mean?

19. Why was a big party given in honor of Bebe Daniels at the Embassy Club recently?

20. How many members of the group pictured at the top of this page can you name?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 101)

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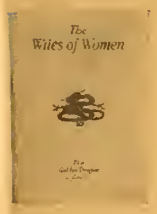
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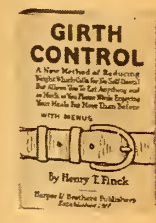
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That's Hollywood!

By
MARK DOWLING
AND
LYNN NORRIS



Three out of four like to look at cameras, but not Clark Gable—that is, when he's on vacation. This shows Cliff Edwards, Nancy Dover (the next Mrs. Edwards), Clark and Mrs. Gable during a recent brief holiday at Del Monte. They were headed for the golf course

J. P. Graham

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

THE height of swank was reached the other day when a Hollywood florist started delivering his flowers in a Rolls-Royce. At the other extreme, **Clark Gable** and **Wallace Beery,** two of the town's brightest celebrities, drive Fords.

Clark Gable, by the way, never spends a week-end in Hollywood if he can help it. His latest hobby is jack-rabbit hunting, which is pursued far up in the hills at night, with an old car and a powerful searchlight. Another sporting note occurred when amateur golfers in town for a championship match found their progress impeded at the Lakeside course, where the most unusual foursome ever seen on the links holds forth. **Slim Summerville, Laurel** and **Hardy,** and **Bert Wheeler** are the boys who play together every day they're not working.

In the scenario departments they have all the stars listed as to types. So-and-So plays vampires, and Miss X must always be an innocent heroine. A fellow new to the Pathé lot inquired about **Helen Twelvetrees.** "Oh, she's the suffering kind," somebody told him. Another entry for the brightest remark of the month was made by a young actress who specializes in scatter-brained heroines. A reviewer said she played them almost too realistically, and the actress quite innocently agreed. "I love my parts," she told a group the other evening. "They're so exactly suited to me!"

Restaurants in Hollywood have no trouble in hiring young and pretty girls to be waitresses. All hope that a director will some day glance up from his chop and decide they'd be better than **Garbo.** Check girls in the Montmartre sometimes are given parts in pictures, and studio cafés often use their girls for bits and atmosphere.

On the subject of eating houses, the last word is to be added by a Hollywood reptile enthusiast who will soon open a café serving rattlesnake meat. The film colony always demands the unusual, and there will also be a counter where one can buy snake meat steaks to take home.

The speediest work of the month was done by the RKO studio, where a complete church interior was ordered at four in the afternoon and built complete for shooting the next morning at nine. Scenes of crowded streets, with lots of extras, by the way, cost a studio $1,000 a foot. That was the estimate on the carnival bits in **Billie Dove's** new picture, "Cock of the Air."

Greta Garbo's hermit existence on the studio lot has come to an end. She and **Ramon Novarro** had met only once before they were co-starred in "Mata Hari." Now they are constant companions, and have lunch in each other's dressing rooms every day, while **Ramon** plays the piano and sings to Hollywood's mystery woman.

The other day one of the bigger studios heaved a great sigh of relief. One of their most popular stars, a blonde, had always refused to wear make-up except before the camera, and she went about town looking like somebody's poor relation, with hair mussy and spots on her clothes. At last they've taught her to be neater, and as a script girl said, "It's nice to have our stars at least as well groomed as the studio stenographers!"

Add to this the rule of the Paramount studio, forbidding anyone to bring a small camera inside the gates and take informal pictures of the stars—so many thus snapped have been unflattering—and you can understand why you fail to recognize your favorites when they pass you on the street.

On the coldest day of the year they called the swimming shots for "Tarzan." Hollywood he-men shivered on the brink of the studio lake. **Johnny Weissmuller,** clad only in the bit of animal skin he wears as hero of the picture, dove right in without a quiver. Compared to the hardships of a swimming champion's life, he finds an actor's work easy.

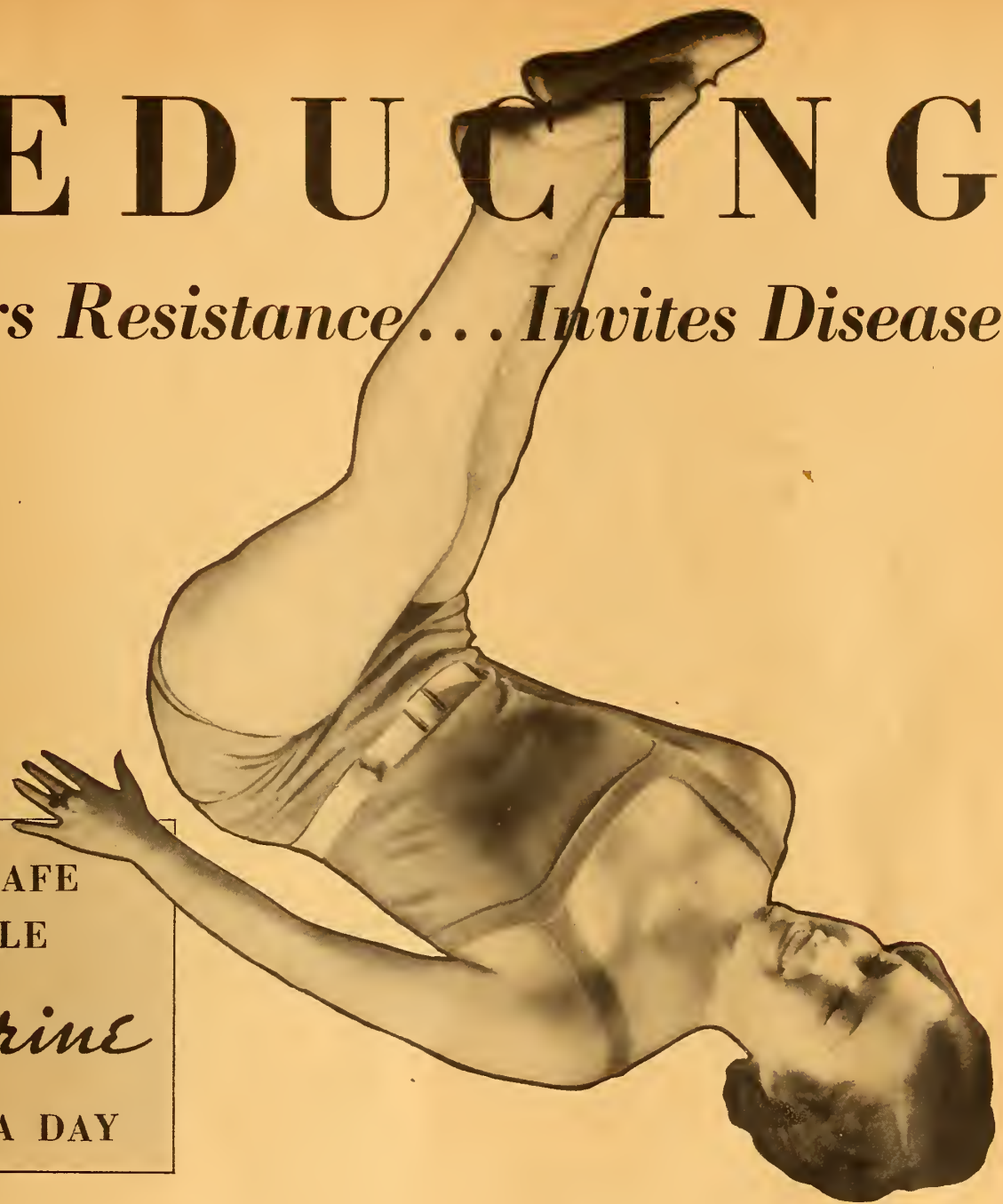
Bessie Love, Conway Tearle, Natalie Moorhead, Lina Basquette, Virginia Lee Corbin, and **David Rollins**—these were some of the names in the cast of a picture made by an independent producer recently. A few years back their combined salaries would have totalled more than his whole studio is worth. Several of them, incidentally, gave better performances than they did when at the peak of public fancy.

Another independent found himself in a curious position last week even though his picture was a success. Fifty per cent of the profits went to the releasing company, another thirty to his backer. He sold the rest to pay personal debts, and while his movie played to packed theaters, he found himself just where he started.

(*Continued on page 98*)

REDUCING

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says

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"I've no patience with women who don't look their best when it's so simple to do," says Mrs. Hamilton with her charming smile . . . "Pond's is the best short-cut to loveliness I know!"

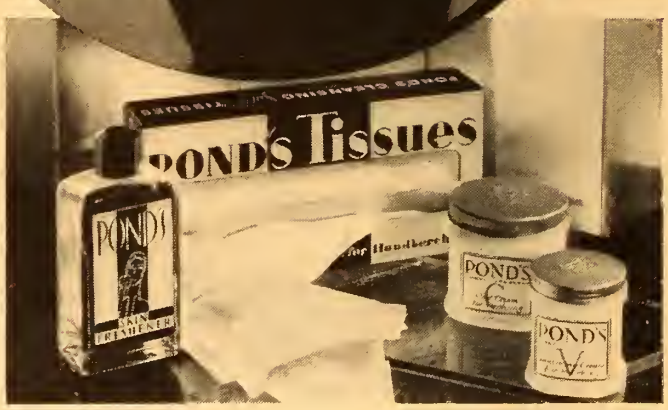
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Hal Phyfe

SALLY O'NEIL

Sally looks a trifle hurt—and you can't blame her a bit. She doesn't seem to have the well-known luck of the Irish. After being off the screen two years, she made a big comeback in "The Brat," putting everything she had into it. Yet what good did it do? Producers are still keeping her waiting for a follow-up rôle!



CHESTER MORRIS

If you remember your early talkies, you'll never forget Chester Morris. He's the chap who convinced you (in "Alibi") that talkies could be good. And he's still at it in the title rôle of "Cock O' The Air," in which he takes a fling at melodramatic comedy. Next he will revive—bring to life, in other words—"The Miracle Man"



C. S. Bull

MADGE EVANS

Even under a studio moon, Madge can look you straight in the eye and get across the idea that she's a pretty romantic young person. And there's no doubt that she's very much in the Hollywood swing. She has made six pictures, no less, in eight months—and is now at her seventh, "Courage," with Robert Montgomery



C. S. Bull

JOHN BARRYMORE

Did you know that our John will hit the half-century mark this February? He doesn't look it, act it, or care who knows it. Moreover, he isn't going back to the stage—as rumored when he and Warner Brothers parted company last Fall. He's going to co-star with brother Lionel in M-G-M's "Arsene Lupin." Watch for it!

Jeanette's Big Romance Has Hollywood Puzzled

Even her best friends suspect that Jeanette MacDonald *is* married to Robert Ritchie, her handsome business manager. But Jeanette insists that she isn't and doesn't intend to be. Being engaged is much more fun, she says — and tells why

By Betty Willis

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S engagement to Robert Ritchie has lengthened itself out until it has lasted far longer than many a Hollywood marriage—and it begins to look as if they are out for the engagement record formerly held by Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. For more than two years, Jeanette and her handsome business manager (who's also a Wall Street broker) have been causing the gossips to say, "We *know* those two are married."

But we know better. Or, at least, if they *are* married, it's Jeanette's mistake and not ours. She not only denies that she's married to Mr. Ritchie, but states emphatically that she doesn't intend to be.

She's just engaged. Engagements are much more fun than marriage. They make you respectable, yet not stodgy. They provide you with the constant attention every woman craves, yet you can be free at a moment's notice. And they don't rob you of your allure.

Jeanette is amazing anyway. With her red-gold hair and sparkling green eyes, she looks infinitely romantic, but she dissects her own heart with the cold precision of a scientist, states the case against love with no more emotion than an attorney, and ends up, in her confident and brilliant manner, by announcing that Bob Ritchie is good for her inferiority complex.

Does that make everything perfectly clear?

They Might as Well Be Married

JEANETTE and Bob are always together—a good-looking couple. They travel together. (He recently accompanied her on her triumphant personal-appearance tour abroad, where there was supposed to be a rumor afloat that she had committed suicide for love of a crown prince, or had been secretly slain by the crown princess, or something of the sort. We've forgotten just how the reporters had it.) When Bob is in Hollywood, he lives with Jeanette and her mother. If Jeanette is invited anywhere, she brings Bob along, just as a matter of course. It's as inevitable as matrimony.

Yet last summer, when all the papers were carrying pictures of Jeanette in bridal attire and announcing her wedding for the next week, Jeanette calmly sat in her living-room and said,

"Everyone says I'm going to be married, but I'm not."

She still feels the same way about it, and has her reasons all catalogued in a most un-bridal fashion.

"The only good reason for two people to get married," opines the Philadelphia Nightingale, "is so that they can be together all the time. Bob and I can't be anyway, so long as his work is in New York and mine is in Hollywood. So we wouldn't gain anything by marriage.

"Besides, I don't believe in 'true love.' I can't possibly guarantee that my love will last for years and years, and I don't believe anyone else can. It's all nonsense. A human being can't care for just one other, exclusively and forever."

To see her on the screen, you wouldn't think that Maurice Chevalier's favorite leading lady felt this way, would you?

(*Continued on page 87*)



Jeanette doesn't believe there is any such thing as lasting love. According to this star who refuses to get married, all broken hearts could be cured if people would just start getting romantic about somebody else

Russell Ball

If Pola Negri Returns, Why Doesn't Corinne Griffith?

When stars fade from the spotlight, no matter whether they are topnotchers on the screen, on the baseball diamond or in the prize ring, it's a difficult job for them to stage a comeback. Only a season or two ago Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore had a huge following. To-day their places are taken by others. Yet there are a few, like Pola Negri and Tom Mix, who are lucky enough to return to public favor

By LILLIAN SHIRLEY

ONLY a few years ago, you couldn't have picked a star who was more likely to remain a star than Clara Bow. You couldn't have imagined a more popular girl. Every picture that she made was a hit. Every young swain in the land wanted his girl to be just a little like Clara Bow—and the flappers of the nation set out to have "It." And then came illness and bad publicity and a succession of silly pictures—and, *presto chango!* Clara was no longer a star. The impossible had happened. The once-greatest favorite of them all, through no fault of her own, had toppled from the top of the Hollywood heap.



Even Vilma Banky doesn't know why she was demoted. They said it was because of her accent. But since then she has been a hit on the stage. Why doesn't she come back?

Would Clara come back? Certain executives publicly doubted that she would. Magazines ran stories about the possibility, both *pro* and *con*. Fans wrote thousands of letters to Clara, herself, to studios, and to magazines, saying that she must come back. And Clara did sign a contract to make a comeback this spring. But newspapers and Hollywood gossip now have it that she has changed her mind—and will retire for good. And will disappoint millions.

Do the stars ever really lose their popularity? And if they do drop out, can't they ever hope to climb back?

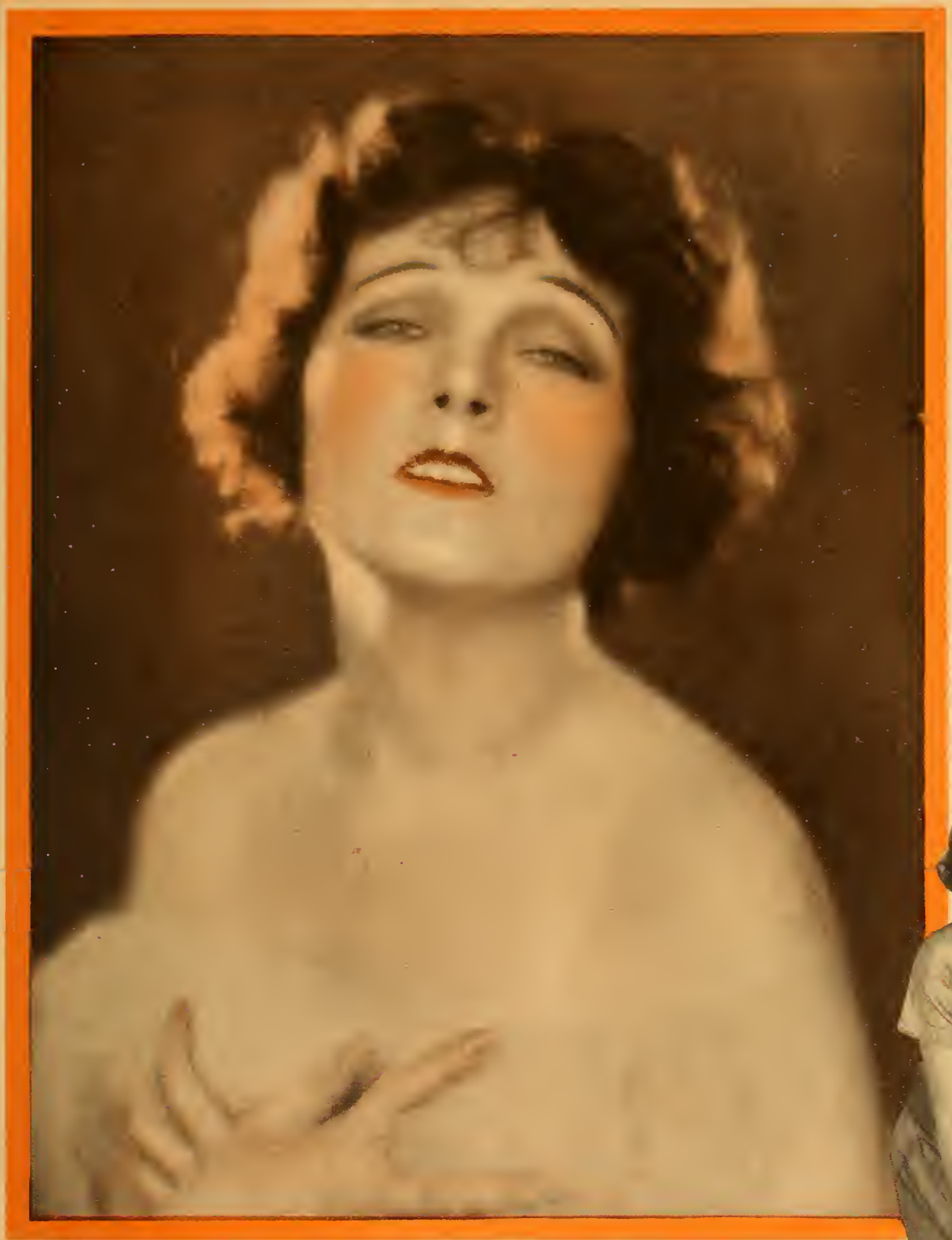
Corinne Griffith was at the zenith when the talkies came. She felt no qualms. Then she made one picture, viewed it as critically as she always viewed her own efforts, went over to her dressing-room at the First National Studios, packed up and left the lot. She has done nothing since. "I'm going to study voice for a year," she told me. "If I feel I have anything to give pictures then, I'll try again. If I don't, I won't." Evidently, she believes she has nothing to give under present conditions, for she has sold her Beverly Hills and Malibu homes and is living abroad with her husband, Walter Morosco, who is in charge of Paramount's affairs in Europe. Will she ever come back?

Why Did Colleen Quit?

COLLEEN MOORE, once the highest-salaried feminine star, doesn't know why she was swept away in the storm. Few girls have proved so popular. Then the film grew a voice along its edge, and Colleen was no longer a star. Colleen was one of the cleverest of pantomimists—but, apparently, pantomime was no longer needed. She made two talkies, then went on "vacation." In February, 1931, she told New York reporters that she was definitely through with the movies. With those fans who followed her avidly, it's hard to believe—even after a year.



Colleen Moore, who started the craze for the Buster Brown bob, was once the highest-paid star of all—yet she lost her contract. She says she isn't coming back. But can she mean it?



The beauty of Corinne Griffith won her the title of "The Orchid Lady," and there was no doubt that she could act—but she felt she wasn't wanted in Hollywood, and left. Why?

Tom Mix was once the highest-paid male star, but when talkies came in, that didn't seem to mean a thing. The movie magnates decided that talk was what they needed, not action—so Tom was given the nudge. For three years Tom has been a circus cowboy. Only recently have the moguls changed their minds, and decided that they could well use a little action—so Tom has come back. And the number of telegrams and letters he received when peritonitis nearly claimed him for a victim in the early winter showed how popular he still is, and always has been. The magnates were wrong about Tom. Couldn't they have been wrong about some of the others, too?

When Constance Talmadge married Townsend Netcher, she said she was giving up the screen—and from that day to this, she has kept her word. Her sister, Norma, however, has never been credited with any remarks to the effect that she was giving up her career—yet she hasn't made a picture since "Du Barry, Woman of

(*Continued on page 102*)



Alice White, another ex-star, is now touring the country—to prove she can still draw crowds

DON'T DIET!

That's the advice that Hollywood watchword is: "Be a Garbo if you In other words, try to be pleasingly It's more natural

By DOROTHY





Would Clara Bow (above) have been called "The It Girl," if she hadn't had feminine curves? Anita Page (right) is another favorite whose curves have never been a handicap

DON'T diet! Curves are coming back! That's the word that's going around Hollywood these days—and the screen beauties are heeding it. And that means that you and you and also you will soon be doing likewise. In short, the watchword is: Be a Garbo if you must, but be a Harlow if you can!

Florenz Ziegfeld, who has seventy-five of the most beautiful girls in the world in his present "Follies" (and every one of them generously curved) expresses the same idea this way: "The new beauty has the softly feminine contour. Curves mean health, and health means vitality and verve—the things that create personality."

But the Hollywood girls didn't need the Great Glorifier to tell them. When Jean Harlow first appeared on the screen, the calory-counters would have shaken their sides laughing, if there had been anything to shake. She was *plump*, they pointed out. She'd have to reduce before she could hope to succeed in pictures, even if she did have platinum hair. Why, she'd have to lose pounds—fifteen or twenty of them, all on the curves. BUT—

Jean Harlow made every pound she had (112, if you must know) count the full sixteen ounces. She wore clothes that showed off her curves—when other screen girls were earnestly striving for only one dimension. She showed a startled world that women weren't originally planned to look like men, and she showed it how women *were* planned. Her instant success made her rivals thoughtful over their spinach and lamb chops. And it wasn't long before they began to try to mold themselves along the Harlow lines.

Hunting for More Harlows

AND naturally, according to the good old custom, all the studios began to look frantically for girls who could compare with her, so far as Nature's endowments were concerned. First National discovered curvy and cuddlesome Joan Blondell, who could never disguise herself as a boy—and they persuaded Lil Dagover, of the plump white shoulders and



When Jean Harlow (above) first startled the world, other screen beauties laughed that she was too plump to succeed long. BUT—they have lived to wish they had her figure



The extreme slimness of Constance Bennett (right) worries her employers. Can you imagine Connie in lingerie?

CURVES ARE COMING BACK!

now is giving—and taking. The must, but be a Harlow if you can!" plump, instead of boyishly slender. and it's healthier!

CALHOUN

famous back to come over from Germany. Universal signed up Sidney Fox—and if you saw her in that evening gown in "Strictly Dishonorable," you'll understand why. That daring décolletage wasn't wasted on Sidney (who stands five feet tall, and weighs ninety-five pounds), the way it would have been on some of these thin girls.

M-G-M looked around and discovered young Joan Marsh, who had been waiting for her chance for two or three years and had never had it because she was undeniably a trifle round for the hipless, chestless gowns. They signed up the shapely Madge Evans in a hurry—and *are* they glad they did? And Paramount gave a contract to a good deal more of player than usual when they signed curvy little Sylvia Sidney, who has captured the best feminine rôles on the lot ever since. Fox suddenly discovered the attractions of Greta Nissen and Sally Eilers, and noticed that Sally O'Neil still had a cute figure. And RKO dispatched couriers to New York to bring back the luscious Lily Damita, and told Pola Negri to hasten to Hollywood.



Joan Blondell (above) and Sylvia Sidney (left) don't weigh so much—it's *where* they weigh that makes the difference. And maybe they don't hold a couple of handsome contracts!





Tallulah Bankhead (above), who was almost as thin as Connie Bennett when you first saw her, has now filled out—by drinking milk. Note her rounded, healthy cheeks

Peggy Shannon (left), who stepped out of the "Follies" into the movies, has the curves that Ziegfeld says spell health

Studio designers, tired of trying to fashion skimpy clothes to cover bones, seized rapturously on the chance to create garments to show off real figures. And studio cafeterias and the stars' favorite restaurants noticed the difference immediately.

Not Afraid of Potatoes Now

"THEY'RE not dieting the way they have the last few years," states Nick, the head-waiter at the Brown Derby. "We have added many desserts to the menu. They take salad-dressing now, and they eat potatoes and bread—particularly bran bread. And take cream in coffee."

It was only a few months ago that studios were warning their players that unless they kept their weight down or lost weight, their options would not be taken up. Kathryn Crawford reduced ten pounds in a week to fit into "Flying High." Marlene Dietrich lost fifteen pounds on her last vacation, and

everywhere screen girls were striving desperately to keep or to acquire the lead-pencil silhouette made so fashionable by Greta Garbo and Constance Bennett. Now, the studios are still keeping a sharp eye on their players' measurements, but their advice has a different tune. They are urging the slim girls to become curved, the thin girls to grow plumper.

Tallulah Bankhead drinks quarts of milk a day in an effort to put on flesh. Karen Morley tries every known method of gaining weight, and even Joan Crawford, whose almost incredible slenderness has been the flapper's envy for years, has been advised to stop the dieting that has reduced her from a normal hundred and forty-five pounds to a hundred and fourteen. Would Pola Negri have pulled through her recent emergency operation if she had been as thin as Joan?

When Paris tries to tell the world that this season's Beauty should be five feet, ten inches tall, with athletic shoulders and no hips, Florenz Ziegfeld snorts with scorn. "Such a woman would be built like a man," says Ziggy, who discovered Billie Dove, Marion Davies and Dorothy Mackaill, among others. "The softly feminine contour is the style to-day." The ideal height for womanly beauty he puts at no more than five feet, seven inches; the weight at close to one hundred and twenty pounds; the bust should measure thirty-nine inches; and the waist should measure thirty-one inches.

Clara Has Her "It" Again

HAS the extreme boyish figure ever met with the entire approval of a beauty-loving public? Look at the favorites of the last few years! Clara Bow, no matter how she struggled and dieted, always had a tendency to curves. Unnaturally thin when she left the screen last Spring, Clara has regained the lost pounds for her comeback *this* Spring. Gloria Swanson, never thin, has been an even greater favorite in talkies than in silents—and her clothes leave no doubt that she still has the same figure that she had when she was a Sennett bathing beauty. Billie Dove has managed to be slender and, at the same time, to keep her delicious curves.

Norma Shearer has been able to wear the most daring gowns on the screen. The followers of Marlene Dietrich, as opposed to the followers of Greta Garbo, will tell you that Marlene looks healthier. The amazing rise in the last few months of Lilyan Tashman, who has been on the screen for years, can be traced largely to her gorgeous figure, which certainly stands out, in this fleshless era, as it never did before. Anita Page, whom any skinny little flapper would call plump, has maintained a consistent popularity through the seasons of slimness.

Beauty on the screen has always relied as much on personality as on features, and personality and health are closely related. When Alice White, round-faced and round-limbed, began to worry about weight and starved herself into the bony outline that was then the fashion, she lost what was more important than pounds—her pep. And from that moment her decline in popularity dated.

Joan Crawford, who won her fame as the "hey-hey" girl, had vitality and verve in her plumper days that were lost when she became thin to the point of emaciation. How much of Clara Bow's "It" was due to her feminine curves, and how much of her constant sickness and gradual loss of screen fans, was due to her self-imposed starvation are matters for conjecture.

Garbo's Health Has Suffered

IT is an open secret that Greta Garbo's reduction from a robust Swedish girl to the thin, anemic Garbo of to-day seriously impaired her health. But only M-G-M knows how difficult her present thinness is to costume becomingly, to light and to photograph. Connie Bennett's exaggerated slenderness is a matter of concern to Pathé. She seldom appears in a costume that reveals her figure, such as a bathing-suit or lingerie. Helen Chandler, another actress with the hipless figure of the recent mode, refuses all parts in which she must wear "a nightgown, teddies or bathing-suits." (And Helen, by the way, has just gone back to the stage.) Mary Nolan's extreme slimness was, it is said, the main reason for her losing her Universal contract.

This year's crop of Baby Stars shows the new tendency toward curves in picking beauties. Among the lucky thirteen are only three who could be called slender—Karen Morley, Anita Louise and Rochelle Hudson. The rest display curves that wouldn't be amiss in the "Follies." Constance Cummings indeed, was let out from contract by Sam Goldwyn, who felt that she was too plump for picture beauty, though his productions starring the generously-molded Gloria Swanson have never lost money. Even with dieting, Marian Marsh is round and cuddlesome. Judith Wood and Frances Dee would fit into the "sumptuous" classification of beauty. So would Marion Shilling, Barbara Weeks, and the aforementioned Joans—Marsh and Blondell.



Three out of four now have "It": Sidney Fox, at the top, has the figure to wear dresses that would hang on some of these thin girls. Lilian Bond, next in line, is Jean Harlow's closest rival so far, in the matter of form. Dorothy Lee, third in line, still has a *boyish* figure. But Joan Marsh, last but not least, has the lines that a 1932 beauty *should* have

And still they come. No newcomer in years has made such an instantaneous personal hit with the Hollywood lads as voluptuous Lilian Bond. Not far behind her is Peggy Shannon, who was given the tough assignment of taking Clara Bow's place in "The Secret Call" for her first picture rôle—and didn't disappoint. Vivienne Osborne, newest arrival from the New York dramatic stage, has not only "It," but "These" and "Those" as well. Helen Hayes, the best actress who ever left Broadway temporarily for the screen, doesn't act any the less vividly for having sex appeal. Conchita Montenegro, newly arrived, is the most luxurious Spanish type ever to grace the

(*Continued on page 89*)



C. S. Bull

HEADS UP! MARION'S SWINGING A SOLO

Marion Davies is always easy to look at, but now you could almost say she's trap-easy on the eyes. Deciding nothing can be more fun than a circus, she swings away from comedy in "Polly of the Circus," and under the Big Top becomes a dramatic trapeze performer. You've never seen her in a rôle like this before—but she'll grip you, just as she's gripping those ropes! For this is the high spot of her talkie career

SECRETS Of The Marrying Judge Of Yuma



Judge E. A. Freeman (left), of Yuma, can tell you how movie stars act when eloping



Here is Yuma's famous Court House —the place where most of the eloping Hollywood couples get married



Judge Freeman kept secret the marriage of Mary Astor and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe because Dr. Thorpe asked it

By JACK GRANT

WHY did Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackaill and Richard Dix "elope" to Yuma, Arizona, to get married—instead of remaining right in Hollywood, where the knots could have been tied just as securely and where they would have received ten times more publicity? Why are so many other Hollywood lovebirds displaying "a sense of Yuma"—showing a marked preference for the Arizona town over its Nevada rival, Las Vegas? Half the secret is Judge E. A. Freeman, the "marrying magistrate," who has performed practically all the "secret" Yuma marriages of the stars, and knows all the secrets of those ceremonies.

The list of these "elopers" is constantly growing. Already it includes: Loretta Young and Grant Withers; Jetta Goudal and Harold Grieve; Mary Astor and Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; Aimee Semple McPherson and David F. Hutton; Richard Dix and Winifred Coe; Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller; Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer; Marjorie Rambeau and Francis A. Gudger; and June MacCloy and Schuyler Charles Schenck. But why have they all gone to Yuma, instead of Las Vegas, to be united forever and ever?

You won't find the answer on the map. Geographically, Yuma and Las Vegas are equally convenient to Hollywood by train, 'plane or car. Nor from a legal aspect is there any reason for preference. The state laws of Arizona and Nevada are identical in offering eloping twosomes facilities for quick weddings. California requires that a license be obtained at least three days before the marriage ceremony, but Arizona and Nevada aren't that way. The ink on the license need not be dry before the fatal "I do" is uttered. Eliminating three days of publicity is, of course, a boon to film celebrities who wish to get a head start toward a quiet honeymoon. But the answer to "Why Yuma?" is to be found in the likable person of the aforementioned Judge Freeman.

Keeps Track of "His" Marriages

THE Judge performs in the neighborhood of ten marriages daily. Naturally, but few of the couples he unites in matrimony are world-famous personalities. Which makes not the slightest difference to him. In fact, you suspect that this fatherly J. P. would rather officiate at ceremonies for local people than for transients. It is easier to keep track of local folks and that's what

Why have Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill and Richard Dix (like so many other stars) "eloped" to Yuma, Arizona—rather than to some other place? You'll find the answer in this story about Judge E. A. Freeman, the man who married them—and knows all about their weddings

he enjoys—following the fortunes of those he marries, feeling happy when they are, and advising them when they aren't. He has a drawer in his private safe filled with letters from these couples. They write to tell him how they are getting along, to inform him of "blessed events," to ask his advice when the marital bark is heading for the well-known rocks.

Imagine a marrying magistrate caring two hangs about what became of you after he had done his duty and married you! Imagine yourself keeping the justice of the peace who married you informed about your marital joys and sorrows! But that's the kind of man that Judge E. A. Freeman is — the kind of man that movie stars seldom meet. That's why they like to go to Yuma.





Acme

Judge Freeman re-married Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer (above)

Neil Miller was nervous, Dorothy Mackaill was cool when they eloped

It always breaks him up when one of "his" marriages ends in divorce. (Few have, incidentally.) He blames half of it on himself—as if he hadn't done enough for them. This is what he told me, in expressing how he felt about Loretta Young and Grant Withers:

"Too bad those nice youngsters had to part. Loretta is a lovely girl and Grant a thoroughly fine fellow. When they came here to be married, a friend wired me the time of their arrival. I met them at the train and drove them to the Court House for their license. Both were extremely nervous when they signed the register and, somehow or other, I felt they would be happier in home surroundings. So I took them to my own home to perform the ceremony. Yes, indeed, it was too bad these charming youngsters didn't make a go of it."

Loretta a Privileged Bride

HAD Loretta and Grant but known, the Judge signally honored them by inviting them to be married in his home. It is the only time on record that he has done so, though many others have exhibited nervousness in facing the license clerk. Richard Dix, he reveals, dropped the fountain pen and only with great difficulty was able to sign his name at all. But then, of course, Rich had never been married before—and had been a single man a long time—(thirty-seven years, to be exact)!



Richard Dix felt "differently" after marrying Winifred Coe in Judge Freeman's chambers

With only one exception, our supposedly self-assured stars have all been visibly nervous in the license ordeal, in which they have to reveal their correct ages, and real names. Dorothy Mackaill, Judge Freeman says, was the nonchalant one. She reached for a certain brand of cigarette and chatted gaily, while Neil Albert Miller somewhat shakily inscribed his three names. But even Dorothy's nonchalance vanished during the ceremony. She was openly weeping by the time Judge

(*Continued on page 96*)

News *and* Gossip



Lippman

Evalyn Knapp, who's used to the tile kind, apparently had cold feet after she stepped into this old-fashioned tub, which came West from Missouri about fifty years before she did. Just the same, she's glad to be on those feet, after being a semi-invalid for months as the result of a fall. You'll see her next with Joe E. Brown in "Fireman, Save My Child"



Anita Page—whom Lil Dagover calls "the most typical American beauty in Hollywood"—has now taken up cricket. For fun, not figure!

TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S feminine perquisite of changing her mind is going to cost somebody a lot of money. She had arranged to rent Bill Haines' Hollywood home, complete with servants and well-stocked with supplies. And then stayed on in New York! When she arrived finally, they had to hold the train at the Los Angeles station for ten minutes in order to get all her baggage off!

WITHOUT letting anybody in on her secret (which is like Greta), the Great Garbo stole off to New York before starting "Grand Hotel." She thought she'd escape the reporters. But someone who knew his movie stars, even behind smoked glasses, spotted her and tipped off the newshawks, who stormed the hotel where she was registered as "Gussie Berger, Chicago," until she had to give an interview. It's the first time they've been able to corner her, and maybe they didn't get a kick out of it! She didn't reveal much when interviewed, but she talked—after all these years! And that's something!

YES, it's salary-cutting time in Hollywood. That's the theme song now being sung in this neck of the woods. We hear that all of the players on a certain lot, not so far distant from the center of town, have been asked to take a thirty or forty per cent cut—but a mere handful of the top-notchers, having straight non-option contracts, are not affected. Two studios are awaiting the blow which inevitably follows reorganization. As someone cracked the other day, reform in the movies means that new people come in and clear out all the relatives and friends of the old people and put in relatives and friends of their own. And when Wall Street steps in the rich get richer and the poor stars get poorer.

WHEN a crowd at the last opening caught sight of Clark Gable descending from a car, they raised a shout not unlike that which greeted the Trojans after their triumphant return after beating Notre Dame. Clark, good naturedly, took a bow, while his companion waited in the shadow. "We want Mrs. Gable, too!" the crowd shouted. It was then that Clark gave the retort courteous. Taking his wife's hand, he led her out under the blaze of the arc lights. "Let me introduce you all," said he, "to Mrs. Gable."

HOLLYWOOD has been saddened by many deaths and illnesses in the film colony lately. Strange that two from the cast of "Rebound" should have died so soon! Bobby Ames was terribly depressed by the death of Bob Williams and seemed to feel a sort of presentiment. Ina Claire, who had just telegraphed Ames, "Darling, I am necessa-



Here's looking at you! *Rossika*, W. K. Kellogg's famous trained mare, is led to drink by Bobby Hutchins, the *Wheezer* of Our Gang

J. Eldee Hester

of the Studios

rily delayed," was prostrated by his death. Next, Tom Mix and Pola Negri both had to undergo emergency operations and were dangerously ill—so ill that newspapers had obituaries in type.

THE only people Tom Mix asked to see when he lay supposedly dying were his first wife and his daughter, Tomasina, according to reports of hospital authorities. Cowboys lingered all night before his door, when he was so desperately ill, and asked the nurses in hoarse whispers whether "they'd better take off their spurs so's the noise wouldn't disturb Tom." Automobiles filed by the beautiful Mix estate in Beverly Hills and watched with morbid interest the huge flag flying from the flagpole. Tom is the only star who keeps the flag flying from dawn to dusk and then has it ceremoniously lowered as the sun goes down. But thanks to Tom's indomitable courage and fighting qualities, it did not go to half-mast after all.

WHEN Tom Mix fell ill soon after the death of Bob Williams, Hollywood shook its head. Deaths in the film circles always go in three's, they say. And when Lya De Putti died, it was openly said, "Poor Tom. He's the next." Then Bob Ames' sudden death shocked the world. And suddenly all Hollywood gave up worrying about Tom Mix. "He'll live now," they said, "the three have already gone—"



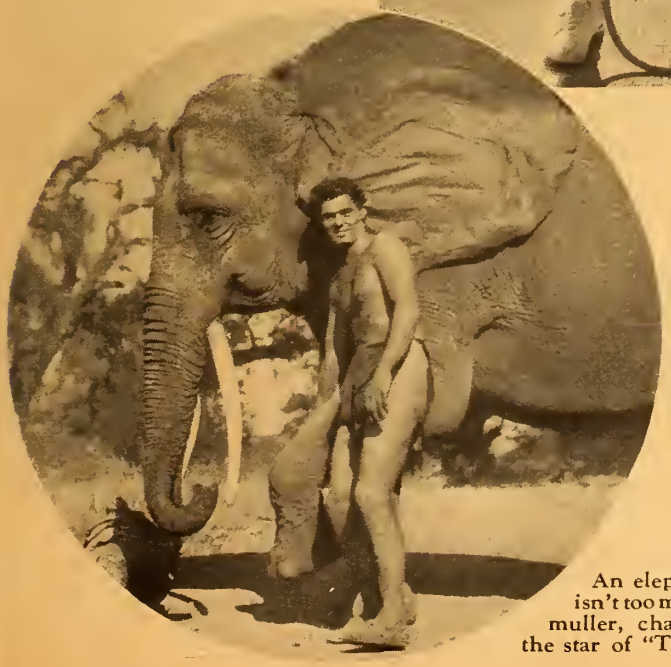
Ralph Bellamy, who has a military build, sports a military coat—and you don't need to be told that he's making rapid strides toward stardom, if you saw him as the mutilated German captain in "Surrender." Since then, this new he-man from Broadway has finished three pictures in a row—"Disorderly Conduct," "Almost Married" and "Forbidden"



Linda Watkins grins that she'll be a screen star before she's ever a tennis star. And that's no joke—as you'll see after "The Gay Bandit"

THE first visitors to the cowboy star's bedside were Carl Laemmle and Will Hays. As Uncle Carl entered the room he flung out his hands, "Oh, Tom, Tom!" he cried, "you're getting a million dollars, worth of publicity and Universal isn't getting one cent of it!" At least that is the story one of his nurses told me!

TOM MIX is not going to be married to a circus bareback rider as reported. Tom, himself, rises from his hospital bed to spike the tale with his scorn. Did you know that at the crisis of his recent illness he received messages from admirers at the rate of five hundred an hour?



An elephant or a movie rôle isn't too much for Johnny Weismuller, champ swimmer. He's the star of "Tarzan, the Ape Man"

NANCY SMITH, youthful-looking press-agent and mother of Dorothy Dwan, who married and retired from the screen, is getting boxes of flowers these days, "To Hollywood's youngest and prettiest grandmother." She declares bravely that she isn't going to have her grandson calling her "Nancy" or "Dearest" or any evasive names, but just good plain "Grandma." That's not a fighting word with Nancy. She believes in being her age. "Okay! Grandma Smith," as Walter Winchell would say—"Here's to you!"

Daughter Dorothy, whose first husband was the late Larry Semon, comedian, is now Mrs. Paul N. Boggs.



Gordon

Turn on the radio, girls—Buddy Rogers is broadcasting. Tired of movie-acting, he has gone to New York to lead his own orchestra

DICK ARLEN and his wife, Joby Ralston Arlen, aren't going to let Hollywood gossip touch their lives. When Dick had worked with Peggy Shannon for two pictures, he found to his dismay that Hollywood was hinting at a "romance" between himself and Peggy. He went straight to Joby with the tale. "You're going to hear this," he said, "there's no truth to it, but there's nothing I can do to stop it. So I'm telling you everything people are saying and are going to say, in advance." Joby, forewarned, only smiled when well-meaning friends started elaborating the rumors.

FROM the Nile comes the tale of Gary Cooper, basking in the Egyptian sun, and emulating Doug Fairbanks by making travel pictures. With all parties to his romance with Lupe heard from, one still wonders what really happened! His mother claims that Gary is going to marry a fifty-year-old lady of title or a fifteen-year-old flapper as variously reported. Meanwhile Lupe and Jack Gilbert seem to have broken off definitely. They say that Europe didn't approve their new romance and that the tales became so unpleasant to them that they were forced to return home earlier than either of them planned.

NOW Carmen Pantages and John Considine have patched up their broken romance, and Joan Bennett, rumored to be the successor of Carmen in Considine's affections, seems about to become engaged to Gene Markey. And Gloria, once supposed to be engaged to Gene, is away on a honeymoon cruise after a battle for "headline" supremacy with Connie Bennett such as the movies have never seen before. All of this movie "give and take" could take place only in Hollywood.

EDDIE GOULDING was always kidding people by asking them to "drop in some afternoon for a cup of weak tea," so when Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood received telegrams from him asking them to come to his house Saturday "for a cup of tea" they did not realize that they were being invited to his wedding to Marjorie Moss, the dancer. They missed a gay time—such as Lupe making a gorgeous fuss over John Gilbert (can they have made up?), but she made just as big a fuss over Ramon Novarro.

Soon after Goulding's wedding, two other well-known directors stepped off. William Wellman married Marjorie Crawford, actress-aviatrix, and Monta Bell married actress Betty Lawford. Now that Novarro is director, as well as actor, we wonder—



Gaston Longet

Go slow and see the Judge—Arline Judge, the youngest Hollywood bride of the year. Wesley Ruggles, 40, was a confirmed bachelor until he directed the 19-year-old Arline in "Are These Our Children?" They plan to live happily ever after, for Arline's going to keep right on acting—with "Girl Crazy" her next picture

AND Ramon, we understand, is beauing Greta Garbo about a bit these days. He makes no bones about saying she is the most wonderful woman he ever met, though he admits such statements are dangerous. He once picked out Madge Evans as his favorite leading lady and after the interview met May McAvoy on the street. "How could you say Madge was your favorite?" she asked with tears in her eyes. "Don't you remember I once played opposite you?"

BY the way, Boris Karloff, the monster in "Frankenstein" (and don't go to see him in it unless you have a good constitution), owed some money to a theatrical agent. Not having any part in a picture at the time, he went to work on a truck, moving furniture to earn the money to pay his debt! Now he's moving your emotions!

AND now Mary Nolan's gown shop is closed—temporarily, Mary says. She has designed the clothes for her shop herself, and has sold all her original models. "They went so fast," she explains, "that I had to shut up the shop—so as to design some more." But others say that the shop lost a lot of money. Mary is getting tired of hard luck. When attached the other day for a labor bill she stamped her foot and cried desperately, "I'm getting good and sick of this!" However, she is going to play "Becky Sharp" and that should offer some compensation.

CLARA BOW'S cousin, Billy, just dropped in to tell us that the chief reason Clara isn't at the ranch nowadays is not that she and Rex have split, but that it's too c-c-cold up there for

her. "We went up the other day," says Billy, an engaging youth who looks like a foreigner, and who is Clara's first cousin on her father's side, "and when we got there after an eight-hour drive it was so cold we stayed two hours and then got into the car and came right back to Hollywood."

AN old lady who lives in an obscure side canyon near Santa Monica doesn't sleep very well and so arises at dawn. Puttering about her bit of a front yard, she has formed the habit of speaking every day to a tall, big-boned girl who takes an early walk by her house every morning. The girl is Swedish, and the other day she confided to the nice old lady that she was intending to go back to her own country in the spring. It wasn't, however, until the old lady's nephew took her to the movies that she discovered that her friend of the early mornings was Greta Garbo.

Her contract comes up for renewal in March and there's every prospect that it will be renewed. But Greta may then take a vacation.



Hurrell

Lawrence Tibbett, back with the Metropolitan Opera for the winter, is trying to keep his mind on music. But how can he—when women rush the stage to meet him, and has a new wife—the former Mrs. Jennie Burgard, of Pasadena



Ray Jones

From here, it looks as if Sally Sweet is not only in a soft berth, but is on her way to being a second Cleopatra. But guess who her Mark Anthony is going to be—Slim Summerville! She's his new leading lady in Universal Comedies



Acme

Norma Shearer (Mrs. Irving Thalberg in private life) takes the oath of allegiance and becomes a United States citizen. She was born in Montreal, Canada

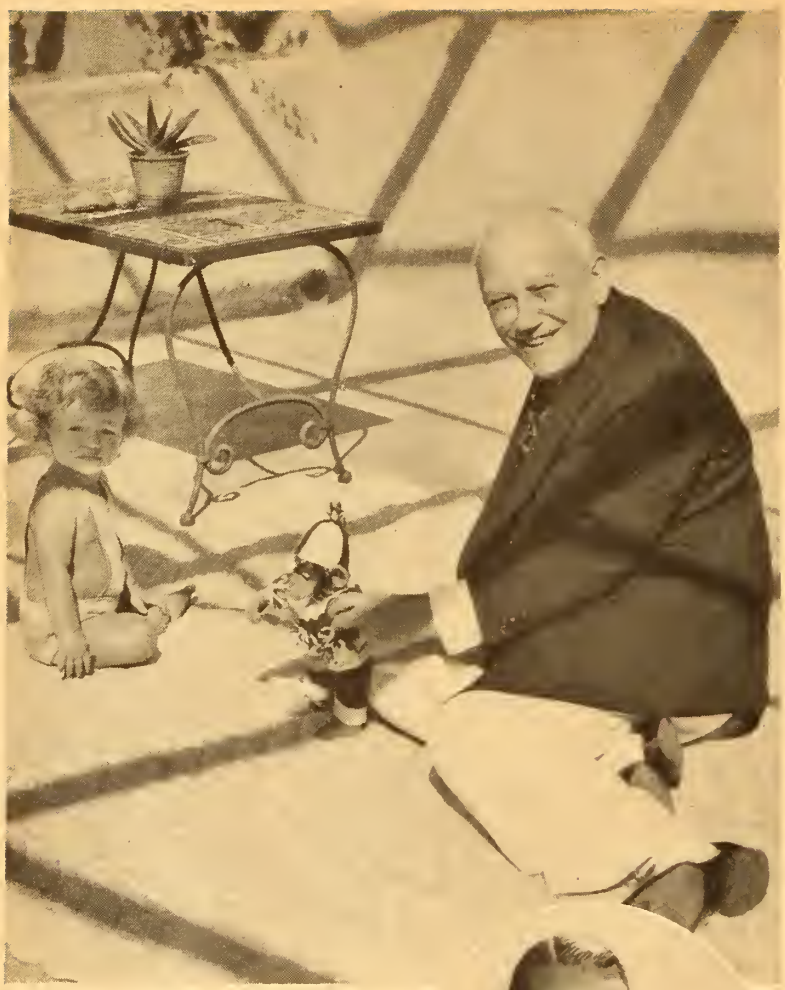
WHEN Jean Harlow was attending a Hollywood private school for girls some years ago her schoolmates all thought that she was an Albino, and openly pitied her for her strange-colored hair! Now everyone is besieging beauty parlors for platinum hair. We understand that the treatment necessary to bleach the hair the proper Harlow color is so rigorous that it may cause baldness in time. It's better to be born that way like Jean. Yet Jean will tell you that her hair is tough to keep clean. She shampoos it at least twice a week—and oftener when traveling (which she's doing now). She *doesn't* shampoo it in milk, despite all rumors to the contrary.

ONE of the sure-fire ways of raising money at the bazaars given by local private schools is to sell autographed photographs of movie stars for a dollar apiece. As some of the girls occasionally go out with Phillips Holmes and Joel McCrea, it adds a touch of romance to the occasion . . . Joel, for instance, was seen at the last Mayfair with a pretty prep school senior. Well, a movie star can't study his Latin all of the time. And all the pretty girls aren't in movies.



Bette Davis, between scenes of "The Man Who Played God," asks Max Factor if her make-up is correct. Every star and starlet asks him that—for he's Hollywood's make-up specialist

IF all the rumors current in Hollywood are true, Gloria Swanson Farmer's next appearance will be in a mother rôle. We hear she will be cast for this rôle sometime in the spring. Meanwhile, she has taken Gloria, Junior with her to France. As for Connie Bennett (strange how one couples these stars together), she says that she isn't thinking of retiring from the screen because of her marriage. She has no desire to use the title of "Marquise." Instead she will be just plain Mrs. Falaise to you and you and even you.



Ray Jones

"O, to be in a sun-suit myself!" says "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, president of Universal. He takes time off every day to play grandpa—like this—to Carol Laemmle Bergerman

PANHANDLERS are everywhere in Hollywood. Tom Mix hadn't walked a block from his dressing-room the first day at the studio before he was accosted by twenty begging for money. The Embassy is a good hangout for them, as the movie stars are notoriously soft-hearted. A newspaper woman passing the entrance the other day was approached by a sad-eyed bozo who whined, "Miss, I'm starving! Can't you give me fifty cents for a meal?"—"I'll do better than that!" said the newspaper girl, briskly, "I'm going down to Henry's for a bite of lunch myself right now. You come along with me and I'll pay your check." The "starving" beggar snarled at the suggestion. He was still shouting curses at her as she walked on. Plenty of people —not in Hollywood alone—have had this same experience. The next time you suspect that a panhandler wants money for drink, invite him to eat with you—and see what happens.



Dyar

Meet Paramount's newest "find"—Randolph Scott, who looks, at first sight, like a combination of Gary Cooper and Maurice Chevalier. He starts in "The Miracle Man"

THERE was Fifi Dorsay, at Lew Cody's dinner of corned beef and cabbage, in a Paris model gown, peppy as ever, with her incredible scream of laughter tearing the air every moment or so. She was bubbling over with highlights of her trip. "Oh-h-h, so many speakeasies I saw!" she cried. "Do you know? I have leeve in 'Ollywood years and I did not know there was a speakeasy in the 'ole town. But since I come back—ooh-la-la!"

FRANK Albertson is the most belligerent husband in Hollywood. At the Mayfair the other night a slightly tipsy gentleman paused by their table to bestow a languishing smile on the Missus. Whereupon Frank rose, doubled his fists and sailed in while bystanders cheered. Mrs. Frank, on the other hand, doesn't like women, and says so without hesitation. So she and Frank are constantly surrounded with his bachelor friends. It looks like stormy times ahead for such a Jack and Mrs. Spratt—especially with the gals giving glances to hubby and the men languishing looks on the little woman.

AMONG the dancers on the handkerchief-sized dancing space at the Mayfair was Marion Davies. We didn't notice who her partner was—not when Marion (with her hair flying) executed those backbends and other echoes of her old Follies days.

BY the way, the next Follies will have a big Hollywood representation. At last Lupe has found the spot she was meant for, and will go East at once to start the process of being glorified. Then there is Buddy Rogers, who stalked out on the movies after tearing his last script into bits as a final gesture. No doubt Buddy has been longing to do just that for years. We hear that Frank Albertson may be loaned by Fox for the Follies juvenile, and that Jean Harlow took her platinum-blonde hair East with the Ziegfeld show as the final stop. There's a report that Ziggy tried to sign up Pola Negri —who now sings—before she fell ill.



Freulich

It pays to be serious about this movie-acting, as Rose Hobart demonstrates. Not only because she can wear chinchilla collars, but because she has stood out in every picture she has made—including her latest, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

JEAN HARLOW has rebelled. She is tired of getting a tenth of what she is rented out for while the short hour of Fame ticks by. Who knows—in time Jean's silver locks might be streaked with gold! But boss Howard Hughes is not—they say—receiving the astonishing income of eighty thousand dollars a week which he got when he first came—if he did get it. The depression has hit the oil-drilling business, too.

WE hear the Billie Dove-Hughes romance is on again. Didn't we catch Billie, with our candid camera, standing on tiptoe to whisper something sweet into Howard's ear at the Mayfair the other night? And of course that would have to turn out to be the one film which didn't come out! But we did get Harold Lloyd being kissed by some little brunette. And a profile shot of a certain famous blonde star, who doesn't like profile pictures of herself. And was she mad?

THE fan writer in Hollywood does get some amazing *vignettes* to preserve in memory. There was the one of Richard Bennett, in a sky-blue satin one-piece sleeping suit, which made him look like an aged little boy, curled on his wife's *chaise longue* among the lace pillows, talking over his daughter Connie's wedding. And by the way, Richard *pere* was not present during the actual ceremony, says one guest, and so did not shout "Cut!" when the last words were spoken.

(*Continued on page 80*)



Ray Jones

Maurice Chevalier, who hasn't any press-agent, himself, becomes an honorary member of the Wampas (the publicity men's fraternity)—and immediately has Joan Marsh at his feet, with five other Wampas Baby Stars gathered 'round. Sidney Fox is holding down the piano. Those standing, left to right, are Barbara Weeks, Marian Marsh, Marion Schilling and Anita Louise



The fire chief of Malibu Beach, where the movie stars get their sun baths, takes it easy. His name is Baxter—Warner Baxter—and what he's doing at the moment besides lolling is studying the last scenes of "Scotch Valley"



Shades of Ruth Roland and Pearl White—a new serial queen has risen in our midst! She's Lucille Browne, left, heroine of "Battling with Buffalo Bill"



Before the end of September, Joan may see changes in her private life that will affect her future, according to Clifford W. Cheasley, famous Numerologist. The science of numbers also discloses that the success she has worked so hard for will continue until 1936, at least—and that Joan needs relaxation

By
CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

Joan Crawford's Home Life May Change This Year, Says Numerologist

General Forecast for March, 1932

According to Numerology, March will play an important part in the drama of 1932. During this month, there will be a universal urge for a "get together" of international interests—not only for world peace, but for world prosperity.

It may be in March that the United States will again draw the attention of the world for an outstanding suggestion for the promotion of international welfare.

Public confidence, encouraged by the definite improvements noted in February, will promote business and financial conditions generally. Renewed activity in industrial centers can be confidently expected.

During this month, the temptation will be to act on impulse, but such action should be avoided and careful judgment used. It will be a better month to conclude older activities successfully than to start new ones.

Cheasley

THERE has been some dispute about Joan Crawford's real name—some saying that it is Lucille Le Sueur, others that it is Billie Cassin. I have before me a signed statement of Joan's, in which she discloses not only her birthdate, but that she was born Lucille Le Sueur and, as a child, changed her name to Billie Cassin when her mother married again and became Mrs. Cassin. In compiling Joan's Numberscope, I have accordingly used the name of Lucille Le Sueur.

This Numberscope reveals that she has an Inner Nature or Motive number of "6," and a General Temperament, Ability or Expression number of "4." I shall tell you what these numbers signify.

They prove that Joan (or Lucille, if you prefer) is no weakling, but an intensely serious person with a highly dynamic personality—a personality that might run away with her. if she were not so intensely serious.

(*Continued on page 92*)

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN



For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



THE DOVE THINKS OF FLYING

Very feminine—and not a little daring—in her black lace, Billie Dove isn't gazing skyward just for the effect. She's looking for Chester Morris, who co-stars with her in "Cock O' The Air" and is supposed to be up there. And she's wondering if she ought to get out her own 'plane when the day's work is over. Billie has a pilot's license, you remember

Has Novarro Fallen in Love with Garbo—

and did Garbo Fall in Love with Novarro?

During the filming of "Mata Hari," Ramon sent Greta roses every day, wrote her poems, shared her every mood—and the cool Greta warmed to him. Read this story if you want to know why there are romance rumors about them—and what these rumors may mean to both of them



When Ramon first began paying marked attention to Greta, Hollywood thought he was just being polite. But as time went on, and the attention increased, Hollywood began to wonder—

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

THERE were American Beauty roses every day for Garbo's dressing-room with a card saying simply, *Ramon*, in his fine idealistic scrawl. There was a poem, merely to *A Lady*—a lady so like Garbo that there could be no doubt as to whom the poet had in mind. They shared cigarettes at tea-time in his luxurious Spanish dressing-room—laughing conferences that were the talk of the lot. For never before had the great Garbo been so friendly as to "visit" in a fellow-player's dressing-room.

They strolled arm-in-arm about the lot, to and from the set . . . lunching together . . . laughing together, talking together . . . listening to Ramon's fascinating Mexican records . . . this was the amazing spectacle that intrigued all Hollywood during the filming of "Mata Hari."

With any stellar couple other than Garbo and Novarro, the town would have buzzed with rumors that they were That Way about each other. But Hollywood has long since ceased putting credulence in romance rumors about the sphinx-like Greta. Apparently, she liked the romantic Mexican boy better than any other Hollywood hero who has appeared opposite her and showed it in many ways. But as for Garbo—no, there is no talk that Garbo might have become romantically interested in Novarro other than as a good friend.

But there *are* whispers that Ramon is deeply, romantically infatuated with Garbo. And that is too bad.

What Romance Rumors May Mean

IT IS too bad for the host of fans who see them and thrill to their love scenes in "Mata Hari," and will want to see them together again. It is too bad for the happiness their new-found friendship might have brought them both. For it is an unwritten law in Hollywood that men, particularly actors, who make the mistake of falling in love with the great Greta do not see her any more.

If it is true that Ramon made the mistake of falling in love with Greta during the filming of the picture they made together, then he did more toward removing her friendship from his life than if they had quarreled and bickered and fought gorgeously through the picture, as Hollywood had expected them to do in the first place!

Imagine Garbo and Novarro *teamed* in "Mata Hari"! Here was the setting for a royal battle of stellar temperaments. Here was the reason for the sympathy extended to George Fitzmaurice, the director. Two stars in one production have invariably proved to be a handful in any studio. But Ramon Novarro and Greta Garbo together—two great stars of a great producing company—here *was* a combination to speculate about.

It was expected that they would clash not only in stellar temperament over close-up footage and "scene-stealing," but because their nationalities would bar them from friendliness. Novarro is a warm, impulsive Latin who has never grown away from his illusions and ideals. Greta, as she appears to Hollywood, is a cool Swedish type, suspected of being disillusioned and discontented, who refuses to be known by the people around her. What possible chance did they have to make a "go" of a pro-

duction together—or to become pals?

How They Differed — Once

THE great Garbo did not like to rehearse scenes. Novarro liked many rehearsals! Garbo was known to have gone through entire productions with merely a casual "Good morning" to members of her cast. Novarro was as friendly with his troupe, from the director to the prop-boys, as the average "extra." Greta was used to being the Queen of her set. Novarro was equally used to being the King of his—and he had been a King on that lot for a good five years before Greta ever set foot on it.

Is it any wonder that Hollywood sat back in speculative delight to watch the expected fireworks? But good old Hollywood overlooked one thing—that old saying, "Opposites attract." For it was no later than the first day of "shooting" that the story was around of the roses Ramon had sent to Garbo's dressing-room—a charming rite that was repeated regularly as the production went on.

After all, it is difficult for even an aloof mystery woman to grow temperamental with a smiling young man who is a bit too intrigued with her to argue. One cannot quarrel with one's self—in a corner, alone. If Greta wanted two hours, instead of the customary one for lunch, that was delightful to Ramon. He was in no hurry. He was going nowhere.

If Greta liked to sit in a quiet spot on the set and study her lines without interruption—that, too, was pleasing to Ramon. He would not disturb her if she did not wish to be disturbed—or better still, why couldn't they study their lines *together* in his dressing-room, where they would be completely undisturbed?



Not since the Garbo-Gilbert days, has Greta acted as happy as she has with Ramon

Greta's Moods Were Ramon's

FROM the start of the picture to its preview in a typical small-town near Hollywood, Ramon was the soul of tact, sympathizing with Greta's moods—almost sharing them with her. When Greta did not feel like working, neither did Ramon. When Greta was deep and alive in her rôle, so was Ramon. Let the overtime go merrily on! No royal prince on a visit of state to a neighboring queen could have been more eager to please than Ramon.

At first the wise ones were inclined to chuckle at what they thought to be a "clever" attitude on Ramon's part. As the picture went on, and the two stars grew more and more friendly, it was plain to see that even indifferent Greta was making noticeable efforts to please her charming co-star. In the matter of rehearsals, for instance: Garbo does not rehearse! That is law! But if her good friend, Ramon, was used to rehearsing—well, "We rehearse!" Five, six, seven times would Garbo go through a scene before the cameras started grinding. Garbo, who has never done such a thing before. Yes, Ramon was clever. But wait, another whisper had begun to intrigue the whispering chorus:

Was Ramon behaving as a clever man "managing" a moody and difficult woman—or was he merely an impulsive, infatuated boy who completely forgot Garbo, the temperamental artist, in being intrigued with Garbo, the fascinating, sensitive *woman*?

If this new theory is correct, or even if it gains momentum, it is a dangerous threat to a possible second appearance of Garbo and Novarro together on the screen again—no matter what "Mata Hari" does at the box-office. And there are indications that it is going to do plenty.

Greta Shuns Romance

IT IS not dangerous for the men who play with Garbo to be indifferent to her. It is not dangerous for them to argue with her over a certain disputed point (as it is said Clark Gable did in the filming of "Susan Lenox"). It is not dangerous for them to leave her alone between scenes, or to forget to place her chair for her, or to fail to send flowers to her dressing-room.

But it is dangerous for them to fall in love with her—even a little bit—even to the point that by their praise in her honor they create the impression that their regard goes to her as a woman, rather than as an artist. At least, it has proved that way in the past:

(*Continued on page* 91)



Lew Ayres and Lola Lane, kidding William Bakewell, told him they'd have children calling him "Uncle" before he ever got married. So he started the rumor they were "expecting." They are—but not for years

What's all this Baby Talk

If you can believe all you hear, the stork is ing to make a happy landing. According to all Joan Crawford and Lola Lane are planning to Did you know that their children-to-be are offspring of Norma Shearer,

Esther Ralston, Bebe Daniels, Dolores Costello, Norma Shearer, Helen Hayes, Alice Day, "Bubbles" Denny, Dorothy Dwan, Eleanor Boardman, Shirley Mason, Olga Baclanova, Vivian Duncan and other *bona fide* actress - mothers. And this latest Hollywood fad, as usual, has the town divided in its reaction.

Back in the old days, the sirens of the screen figured that their public would desert them if they ever became mothers. Norma Shearer proved that the notion was a false one. Marlene Dietrich talks of little except her child—and who's saying that Marlene is unpopular? So now, many a Hollywood wife is discreetly hinting that she is longing for Little Ones. The question, however, is: Do some of them really mean it?—Editor's Note.

HAVE you a little phantom-child in your home, installed in a make-believe nursery, and do you have your theories about raising "it," and a name or two already picked out? No? Well, it's a safe bet that your favorite movie star has!

What's more, these non-existent movie babies, whose sex and birthdates are determined years in advance, are beginning to receive so much publicity that, in certain cases, bewildered fans have already written in asking for snapshots of the "new baby." Considering that the heir isn't due to arrive for a year or two yet, this has proved embarrassing. Ask Joan Crawford. She knows.

As a popular fad, "announcing babies" is enjoying a greater vogue than the Garbo mystery or contract bridge (and which system do *you* play—Lenz or Culbertson?). Ballyhooed babies are pulling down more publicity for their parents-to-be than those that have actually arrived in the authentic nurseries of Mildred Davis Lloyd,



Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., want some little Fairbankses—but will wait

There are those, for instance, who take it seriously, holding forth that this insistent yearning for children is an authentic heartbreak among women who must keep their bodies fresh and young and fashionable upon the high altar of their stardom. And there are those, less sentimentally inclined, who take an "Oh, Yeah?" philosophy about the whole thing. When the girls and boys get to chatting about all this baby talk now going on in Hollywood, here's what they say:

Going On in Hollywood

hovering over Hollywood and impatiently wait- the rumors, Lilyan Tashman, Barbara Stanwyck, knit baby clothes in the not-so-distant future. rapidly becoming more famous than the actual Bebe Daniels and company?

Do They Really Want Children?

"WOMEN, even movie women, who really want to have babies, have them. Look at Bebe and Norma and Gloria and the others who have actually gambled with their success to take time out to become mothers! Norma Shearer had little Irving Thalberg, Jr., at the height of her greatest screen vogue. Bebe Daniels actually risked her life to bring Barbara Bebe Lyon into the world. So did Vivian Duncan Asther after she had been warned that it might prove fatal to bear a child. Gloria Swanson has one of her own—she has adopted another—and there's talk that there is a third on the way. These women have proved that even successful actresses can make a go of motherhood if they want to. What is this thing called 'mythical motherhood,' unless it's a good publicity gag combining all the nice features of maternity without any of its discomforts?"

There you have both sides of this motherhood problem in a nutshell, and whether the reason that prompts the parental urge is a sincere heart-felt yearning or just another Hollywood gag—the fact remains that the population of Hollywood is being increased almost daily by a new "announcement."





Lilyan Tashman, wife of Edmund Lowe, hopes for a child (a Patricia, if possible) "within three years at the latest"—and isn't kidding

Lilyan Tashman gets the credit, or the blame, for starting the whole thing. Which is rather fitting and proper, considering all the other fads Lilyan has started and made fashionable. Lilyan's famous, and much-quoted words were, you remember: "I plan to have this baby, if all goes well with me, within a year at the earliest, or three years at the latest."

The Lowes Crave a Patricia

AS six months have gone by since Lil made her startling declaration, and there has been nary a hint of the Blessed Event, it may reasonably be supposed that Edmund Lowes' heir is not expected in the very near future. But

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days [illegible], and again the screen will resound to the crash of the "six gun," the clatter of galloping hoofs and the high-voiced yell of

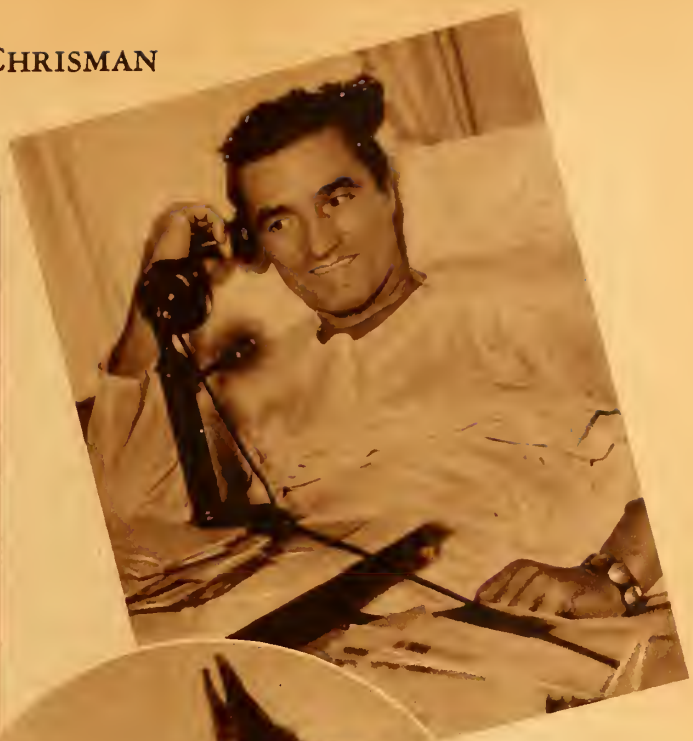


At the left, you see Tom—on the horse nearest this caption—as a Sells-Floto circus cowboy, which he has been for the last three years. In circle, how Tom looked, back in silent days

BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



To know Tom, you have to get a squint at his living-room—chock-full of trophies of his adventures. It's the kind of room every cowboy hopes to have in the next world, if not here





The picture above shows Tom in his hospital bed, after his recent bout with peritonitis, cheering up some worried friend. At the left, of course, is Tom's inseparable pal, "Tony," his screen partner

the cow country—for good old Tom, who has been in the game for twenty-two years, is swinging into action again *pronto*.

For three years, Tom has been on the road with the Sells-Floto Circus, having vanished from the screen when the movies went in for words instead of action. Now Hollywood, which has learned that it needs both, is glad to welcome him home. For Tom, with his colorful costumes, his big "ten-gallon" Stetson and his fancy, high-heeled boots, brings back some of the romance which was Hollywood's in the days before Wall Street and the talkies.

When I drove up to the big white house on the hilltop above Beverly, only three cars reposed in the wide parking place where, in the old days, you couldn't find room to park an Austin. I mentioned it to Tom.

"Does look kinda funny, don't it?" he grinned, looking over the deserted yard. "But, then, that's how it's goin' to be from now on. My circus experience knocked some horse sense into me. I reckon I'm the only man in America ever to run a night-club and never have no cover charge. That's what this house used to be—a night-club. Used to get cluttered up with people I didn't hardly know from Adam's off-ox. And doggone if there wasn't nights I had to hunt a place to bed down, right in my own house! Them days are over and if Hollywood is waitin' for Tom Mix to reopen his night-club, they got a jolt comin'."

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Hurrell

THE FLOWER OF THE PAMPAS

Mona Maris is the only foreign beauty on the screen who has not been accused of being "another Garbo." Take a look at her black hair, her melting brown eyes and her sun-kissed smile—and try to resist her. In a town full of blondes, she stands out like a beacon. Born in the Argentine, she was educated in France, and got her screen start in Germany. Ziegfeld wants her to light up Broadway, but she likes California and her rôle in "Her Cardboard Lover"!

Wallace Ford — The Orphan Who Made a Name for Himself

Where did Wallace Ford come from in England, and who were his parents? He doesn't know, himself. He grew up as an orphan in Canada—and a mistreated one. He got his present name, he reveals, from a hobo who was his first real pal. But what a name this newcomer's making for himself on the screen!



Wallace Ford's unusual—like his life-story, which can't be matched by any other screen actor

WALLACE FORD, the newcomer who played the Other Man in "Possessed" and became famous overnight, doesn't know who he is. He doesn't know who his mother and father were, or where they came from or what they did or when they died (if they are dead) or where they are buried. He isn't sure of his real name. No relative, near or distant, has ever risen from the obscurity of his origin to claim him. Up to two years ago he didn't know where he was born. His is the most astonishing story in Hollywood. It is told here for the first time. And he hopes it will bring someone to him with a clue to his parents.

If you saw Wally in "Possessed" or in "X Marks the Spot" or when you see him, as you will, in "Freaks" and in "The Beast of the City," you will know more about him than he does, himself.

Two years ago, in New York, a kindly priest took an interest in Wally and in his origin. Wally had only one lead to give him—he knew that he had been given, as an infant, to Dr. Bernardo's famous orphan asylum in London, England. The good priest wrote to Dr. Bernardo's. An official forwarded a certified copy of Wally's birth certificate—with some spaces blank.

Wally then learned for the first time—this was only two years ago, mind you—that he was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England; that his mother's name was Katherine Jones and his father's name was Grundy. He learned that he had been named Samuel Jones by Dr. Bernardo and had been so called at the orphanage. The rest of the information was scant and very vague. It was believed that Wally's mother had been a street-singer. She had, they remembered, brought him to the orphanage when he was a small infant. She had appeared to be destitute, dying and unable to support him. About his father there was no information whatsoever—except for that single last name.

BY GLADYS HALL

He Had No Friends Then

HE WAS so small when he was in the Bernardo Home that he doesn't remember anything about it—with the exception of one dark and very intimate experience. That was his punishment for committing the indelicacy of wetting the bed. He was promptly placed in an empty swimming-tank by some angry grown-up and hosed with hot and cold water in turn, alternately chilled and scalded. The whole of Wally Ford's childhood should call Dickens from his grave to write afresh of the cruelties practised on modern *Oliver Twists*.

When he was—(he doesn't remember what age, but it must have been very young because he doesn't remember the journey), he was shipped to the Toronto branch of the same institution. He was to be adopted. And he *was* adopted, alas!—by a family of farmers named Newton, in I——, Manitoba. The family consisted of an aged and immensely fat mother, suffering from dropsy, and her son, aged forty. These people hadn't adopted a boy because they loved children. Very far from it.

They adopted him because they figured that, in just a few years, they would have a chore-boy for nothing and in due course of time a hired man without the need for hire. It was cheaper to feed scantily and to beat brutally a small, defenseless object of charity than to pay a man wages. And they did beat him. They put him at hard labor. They bought him one pair of overalls a year and one pair of very necessary boots. He never knew what Christmas was. He never heard of Santa Claus. He never knew other boys, or bedtime prayers, and *he never went to school. Never in all his life.*

He Ran Away From It All

HE MUST have been ten or eleven years old, he says, when the breaking point came and he decided to run away. He didn't know where he would go. He had passed caring. He didn't have a penny in the world

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HER CLOTHES TELL YOU WHY JEAN HARLOW IS MOST GLAMOUROUS IN LATE AFTERNOON OR EVENING





Especially flattering to Jean Harlow's graceful form and platinum-blonde beauty is this white satin evening gown, which is cut on the bias. It has a cowl neck and a belt that ties in front. The view above shows the backless effect, broken by a strip of satin which runs from the neckline to the waistline

Miss Harlow believes there is nothing smarter for street wear than black and white, and this three-piece suit of Morocco crêpe proves that she knows a smart outfit when she sees one. The top of the dress, as well as the scarf on the jacket, are white, appliquéd with black—and the three-quarter-length sleeves show the white appliquéd trimming on the sleeve of the dress. A small black hat, black shoes and white gloves add the finishing touches





These portraits of Jean Harlow were posed exclusively for MOTION PICTURE.
Photographs by Mitchell.
Gowns by Milgrim

The lovely white ermine evening coat, which is wrapped so luxuriously around Jean Harlow and which she wears over the white satin evening gown shown on the opposite page, has a large shawl collar of brown sable fur, which adds richness to the wrap

HER SCREEN RÔLES SEEM TO DEMAND FLASHY GOWNS —BUT THE PLATINUM BLONDE'S OWN TASTES DON'T RUN THAT WAY. WHEN SHE CAN DRESS AS SHE LIKES, ON AFTERNOONS-ABOUT-TOWN, THIS IS HOW YOU SEE HER





And here's another outfit of which Jean is very proud. It is a three-piece suit of black wool crêpe, the dress of which is trimmed with leopard at the neck, sleeves and belt. The leopard jacket has short sleeves and is lined with crêpe de chine

Rose-beige and brown Roshanara crêpe make up this chic afternoon gown, with three-quarters of the sleeves of brown, and a brown suède belt. The tricky felt hat is tan, trimmed with brown feathers. Miss Harlow wraps some gorgeous sable skins around her when wearing this dress

What could be more striking than this black and white three-piece ensemble of Moravia crêpe? The top of the dress is white, embroidered at the neckline and waistline in silver. The sleeves, slit from the shoulder to the elbow, and the back, slit from the neck to the waistline, are also embroidered in silver. Jean wears a white crêpe turban, which is caught at the back with bows. The view at right shows the same dress with a cape-effect jacket of the black crêpe





These portraits of Jean Harlow were posed exclusively for MOTION PICTURE.
Photographs by Mitchell.
Gowns by Milgrim



The stars also have their favorite magazine—MOTION PICTURE. It has been their friend for twenty-one years because it details their lives and adventures and romances with truthfulness and color. That's why it's being read above by Clark Gable and Marion Davies, who are appearing together in "Polly of the Circus." And if you don't think they're interested in it, just study their faces! They are only two of the hundreds of players who are enthusiastic readers of MOTION PICTURE



Are You Up-to-date About Lois Moran?

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

LESLIE HOWARD has just left Hollywood because it was boring him to death. Kent Douglass has deserted it because he felt that it was not the place for his full development as an actor. And now Lois Moran, the only girl ever voluntarily to quit the film hamlet while at the top of the heap, has shaken its dust from her dainty heels for reasons which you are about to learn.

Without question, when Lois stepped out, she was the fair-haired child with the film moguls. In the five months just before leaving, she made four successful pictures—"The Spider," "Transatlantic," "The Men in Her Life," and "West of Broadway." In all of these she gave such consistently fine performances that option-day found her stock higher than ever at Fox. And don't forget, either, that Lois was receiving no less than a thousand a week—which is big pay these days in Hollywood, where even money talks.

But no more pictures—for the present—and no more Hollywood. There is too much ahead of her, too much that wants doing, for her to give any more of her present time to the West Coast village.

"I hold no brief against the place," she told me. "I like it—especially in the summer. And I'm sure it is a grand place in which to die. But I'm not ready to die, just yet. There are things to be done!"

On Her Toes Even Then

AND recalling Lois' life-story—perhaps the most colorful story of any American girl now on the screen—it is evident that this is no new-born urge which caused her to relinquish a gilt-edged movie contract in favor of the precarious chances of the New York stage. Her stage ambitions started early—so early that at eleven, a little blonde American girl attending school in France, she made up her mind to be a dancer . . . and forthwith, with the bravery of extreme youth, presented herself at the celebrated Paris Opera.

Luck was with her. No sooner was she inside the door than she attracted the attention of the mistress of ballet. Questioned, she admitted her hopes, and at once, with that strange good luck which has marked her whole progress, she was admitted to the ballet school.

For six months she studied, working as hard as any workhouse child ever worked. And to such good purpose that she was admitted to the Opera ballet—with the opportunity of working even harder. But this was what she wanted, and she did not protest at the grueling three hours a day of practice under the guidance of the sternest ballet masters in the whole dance world. Rather, so intense was her determination that she increased her stint to five hours, in order to squeeze in two hours a day of singing!

A French Movie Star at 14

THIS was her life for more than two years—appearances at night in the Opera and hours of practice a day, interspersed with formal studies supplied by tutors. And then, when she was fourteen, it all suddenly ended because of a square

(*Continued on page 94*)



Ernest A. Bachrach

Rochelle Hudson can't help looking young and fragile and winsome for, after all, she's only seventeen (Still going to school, too, if you must know.) But she can act as if she had done all the things worth doing and had gone to all the places where sophisticates go. In other words, she's something of a phenomenon, considering, too, that she became a Baby Star after only two pictures. The story opposite tells you all that you should know about this little Oklahoma wonder

Rochelle Hudson—The Surprise Package from Oklahoma

She hasn't any girl-friends—and that's because she has so many boy-friends. There's something about this little beauty from Will Rogers' old home-town that gets 'em, young or old. She has done only three pictures, but was a Baby Star after she had done two. What a life to be living at seventeen!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

FOR a screen youngster with only three pictures behind her, Rochelle Hudson shows a startling amount of That Certain Something that every star-to-be needs. Call it looks, call it sex appeal, call it talent—but whatever you label it, Rochelle has it. She's attractive to men—a disconcerting fact that makes it practically impossible for her to have any girl-friends. They're all jealous. Rochelle bears this deprivation with fortitude.

When she was twelve or thirteen, back in Oklahoma City, it was the same. She lost the friendship of the only feminine chum she ever had because of her fatal lure. You know how women are about a man. Rochelle illustrates the tragic break with two hands thrust suddenly outward, then apart. Perhaps it was this state of affairs that caused Mother Mae Lenore Hudson to bring her daughter to California four years ago and to settle in Van Nuys, a valley town, very quiet, and somewhat removed from Hollywood.

This disproves the prevalent legend that they arrived last year to crash the movie gates after learning that minors are barred from the Oklahoma stage. During the past year Rochelle has occupied herself very creditably as an actress, first in "Laugh and Get Rich," next, in "Fanny Foley Herself," then as *Mary*, the durable, wearever sweetheart in "Are These Our Children?"

She is seventeen and outwardly world-weary, inwardly eager, always anxious to appear satiated. But that's the post-war generation. Rochelle is no exception. She's a child one moment, an adult the next. Life is just a bowl of cherries. Or raspberries. She was born in Claremore, Oklahoma. So was Will Rogers. And Lynn Riggs, playwright.

How She Acts in Public

ROCHELLE has a broad, high, intelligent brow, and long, slim, sophisticated legs. Moreover, she knows the proper abstracted, faintly bored manner to use in trailing into a dining room in the wake of the head-waiter. Don't ask me how she knows. It's just intuition. Or a gift. Poised like a queen, and standing five feet four, she is thinking, probably, of lemon chiffon pie or if her lips are on right. She looks as if life held no more secrets for her. But it does. It has to—at seventeen.

Rochelle lives, an only child, with her mother in a six-room Spanish duplex with three bedrooms, and hers is modernistically furnished in green and gold. They have changed addresses four times since March, 1931, which must be very confusing to Father Lee Hudson on his cattle ranch near Ashland, Kansas. Three bedrooms for two people. What does she do with three? "Just wander about in them," she answers readily.

She knows all the stories about wealthy producers with yachts who invite girls on week-end parties, and isn't interested. You get the impression that she heard those tales along with her first nursery rhymes. She doesn't like to read.

She is indifferent to Rudy Vallee, Greta Garbo, and Clark Gable, and doesn't care much about being a motion picture actress. She would rather be a dancer, which she is, and dance in a Manhattan musical and then go in for dramatics on the stage, but she doesn't believe she cares to imitate Katharine Cornell. Of motion picture players she prefers Joan Crawford and Leslie Howard—the latter's subtle suggestion of well-bred decadence, you presume, being more enticing than Gable's obvious virility.

All that life holds for her then, is bouncing along on Southern California roads in her blue, cream-trimmed Ford roadster, windshield down, moo-ing her "moo" horn at skittish chickens and letting her long bob toss in the elegant breeze. Life also holds dates with Johnny Darrow and Tommy Loughan and the grandson of a Mexican general

(*Continued on page 85*)



You'd think she had been around the world a dozen times, up and down and across. She certainly acts it. But she learned about life in Oklahoma!

Watch Johnny Weismuller—He may be Gable's rival!

It took the movies a long time to discover him, when he's world-famous already as an athlete—but he's a star in his first picture. (Gable, by the way, was considered for the rôle.) Johnny has the greatest physique in Hollywood, he has looks, and he can act. There's no telling how far he will go!

By
CAROL BENTON

The only strange thing about Johnny Weismuller's breaking into the movies—a star in his first picture—is that Hollywood didn't discover him sooner. He is already world-famous for his athletic prowess, he is good-looking, he has a great physique, and he has poise. This story tells you how he was brought to the screen—and what the future may hold for him.—Editor's Note.

SO Clark Gable's the only movie hero that Mr. and Mrs. World are talking about? Maybe he is, to-day. But tomorrow they'll also be finding words to describe a young chap named Johnny Weismuller. Here is the lad with the greatest physique ever filmed by a movie camera—a sun-bronzed youth standing six feet three, with curly brown hair, and eyes as clear as water. And there are some who say that he resembles Gable slightly in looks, and there are others who aver that he is even better-looking. One thing's sure—he's a star in his first picture, a picture, by the way, for which Gable was considered.

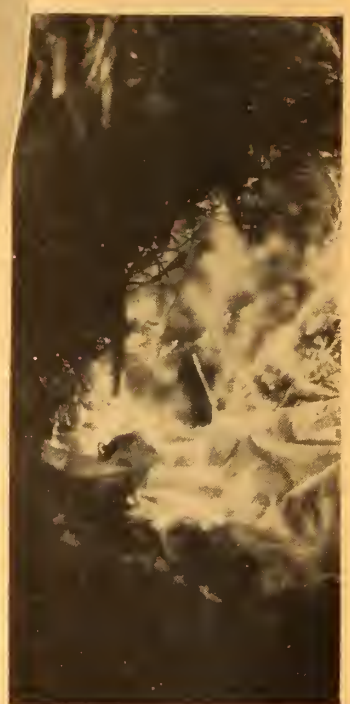
Maybe his name sounds a bit familiar to you. It should. He's world's champion swimmer and holder of Olympic records which have never been broken, and which will not be broken, they say, for many Olympiads to come. But it was an odd freak of chance that made a movie actor of Johnny Weismuller. He, himself, never thought of such a thing. All he ever was interested in was swimming.

He swam into fame. He swam into romance when pretty Bobbe Arnst, petite Broadway musical comedy star, saw him in a Florida pool. And he swam into screen stardom when director William ("Trader Horn") Van Dyke spotted him, after hunting futilely for six weeks for someone in Hollywood who could meet the requirements of the title rôle of "Tarzan, the Ape Man."

The chap who played the part had to be good-looking, he had to have a great physique (for *Tarzan* would wear few clothes), and he had to be able to act natural in the flesh. Van Dyke considered Charles Bickford, Joel McCrea, Johnny Mack Brown, George O'Brien, and Clark Gable—and decided that none of them was the man he wanted. His comment on Gable may interest you: "He has no body!" He wanted someone like Jack Dempsey, only younger. He tested college athletes for the part. He tested circus acrobats. For forty days and forty nights he searched for a *Tarzan*. And then his eyes lighted on Johnny Weismuller—and all he had to do was to persuade Johnny to become a movie actor.



Keystone



Above, Johnny in the B. V. D. swim-suit in which he keeps fit. (He designed it, by the way.) Right, in the title rôle of "Tarzan, the Ape Man," for which he was picked over all of Hollywood's he-men. The girl is Maureen O'Sullivan

Hopes to Stay in Movies

SWIMMING had given Johnny well-developed muscles without bunchiness and had made him at ease without clothes. Moreover, he was handsome in a he-man way. And years of high diving had taken away the fear of heights, so that swinging around in the "jungle" treetops would be child's play to him. So Van Dyke went after him, with the argument that he was the only man he had seen who looked as author Edgar Rice

Burroughs pictured *Tarzan*. So Johnny became an actor, with greasepaint on his face and an antelope skin around his taut waist. He has exchanged sunshine and open air and the cold world of water for dark stages lighted with the glare of sun-arcs at midday, and artificial pools peopled with rubber crocodiles. And he likes it. If he can get other parts, he will stay in Hollywood.

"Why not?" he grins. "It's fun. It's different. And you can make heaps of money—"

Already the joyous, unmercenary years of amateur championship seem far back in the past. The spell of Hollywood and the glamour of this make-believe world are upon him. His eyes are turned longingly toward the desire of every actor—an Italian villa with a swimming-pool. "If I ever have one," he says, "there'll be *one* Hollywood swimming-pool that's used for swimming!"

Johnny began to swim when he was ten. By the time he had gone through high school and had entered the University of Chicago, he was beginning to be famous in a small way.

"I guess," he admits, ingenuously, "that I was about





Here's the boy, himself—Johnny Weismuller, 27, world's champion swimmer and movie star—who has personality, looks, and the greatest physique you're ever likely to see

the most unpopular man in college. You see, they wanted me to swim for the University, but I'd had all my training at the Illinois Athletic Club and I wouldn't desert them. So they hated me on the campus. I didn't even get a fraternity bid!

Glad He Left College

"WHEN I was half-way through college, my coach, Mr. Bachrach, talked to me seriously. He wanted me to give up everything else and go out for the swimming championship of the world. It meant spending a year at the hardest kind of training before I even swam a stroke in public, but he believed in me, and he made me believe in myself. My mother was able to stake me while I was in training, so I left college and went to work. I've never regretted it. Why should I? Where are most college grads, anyhow? Working at stuffy jobs in offices or maybe running gas stations. And I've had fun—"

(*Continued on page 99*)

The PICTURE

REVIEWS OF THE



A WOMAN COMMANDS

Negri Returns With All Her Emotions: Pola Negri's return to the screen has been honored by Pathé with all the resources of the studio. The scenario department has given her a story with no less than a king as a lover, and filled to overflowing with all the more ornamental emotions of passion, renunciation, and sacrifice. The set designer has been lavish with grand staircases, cathedrals and throne rooms. The costumer has donated gorgeous gowns.

As the café entertainer who manages to marry a weakling king, she brings the grand manner back to the screen, where it has been woefully lacking of late. And she not only speaks well with only a fascinating trace of accent, but she surprises us by singing with a throaty, untrained sweetness. Roland Young, as the clownish king, is as perfectly adequate as always. If you like your romance *really romantic*, you will revel in this picture.



MEN OF CHANCE

Race-Track Story Should Please: If there's enough Kentucky blood in your veins to like beautiful women and beautiful horses—you'll like this picture of racetrack gamblers in spite of the improbable story. Ricardo Cortez as *Johnny Silk* is tricked into marriage with Mary Astor, pawn of a rival betting ring. Mary is supposed to be a French countess and it's her job to slip drugged sugar to *Laddie Boy* the day of the BIG RACE. Bright pupils who get the idea of what really happens may rise and take a bow.

Cortez, as the diamond-studded gambler of the telephone rooms, is so much at home in his rôle you begin wondering if you haven't seen him there before. Mary Astor is very beautiful as the "Countess" who falls in love with the man she is expected to dupe—but John Halliday as her "angel" runs away with the acting honors.



MATA HARI

Garbo's Greatest Picture, Don't Miss It: By far the great Garbo's greatest picture. It is a poignant, moving tragedy made more poignant, more moving by the finest, surest performance Garbo has ever given the screen.

Fact and fiction are convincingly interwoven to make this famous tale of a famous woman spy superlative film entertainment. We follow the career of *Mata Hari* from the time of her reign as the dancing idol of Paris, through her wartime intrigues, to her death before the firing squad —a death she meets gloriously, a sacrifice to the one love of her life. Ramon Novarro plays the youth for whom the spy allows herself to be betrayed. His love scenes with Garbo rank with the best work he has ever done. What a romantic team—Garbo and Novarro! Adding to the brilliance of the proceedings are the sterling performances of Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Karen Morley.



THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO

Dagover Miscast In Interesting Story: This story of the self-sacrifice of a courtesan would have been much more effective if Lil Dagover, the imported siren from Germany, looked more like a courtesan and less like a matron. Despite displays of her famous back and shoulders (said to be the most beautiful in the world) the lady has the comfortable curves associated with respectability in the American mind. Against a Continental background of gaming palaces and Riviera resorts this wartime melodrama unfolds.

A woman of light morals meets and marries the Commandant of a French vessel, glumly played by Walter Huston. Pure accident finds her in the captain's stateroom when the boat is torpedoed by an enemy ship after flashing the signal "Friends." Since no woman is supposed to be aboard, she keeps her secret and her husband's faith—until, to save his honor, she Tells All.

PARADE

NEWEST PICTURES



DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Thriller Excites The Pulse: This talkie version of the famous old thriller is second to none in macabre situations and nerve shocks. Indeed, there are several scenes so terrible that it is almost impossible to watch them through. Skillful trick photography enables one to see the transformation of Fredric March from the saintly *Jekyll* to the demoniacal *Hyde* carried out before our very eyes.

March does fine work as the nervous, sensitive *Jekyll*, and extraordinary work as the mouthing, bestial *Hyde* but one wonders whether it might not have been more artistic to have suggested a mental transformation rather than to rely on the hideousness of false fangs, brutish wig, distended nostrils, to prove the change in the man from his good to his evil self. Rose Hobart has the thankless part of the sweetheart of *Jekyll*, Miriam Hopkins breaks your heart as the shuddering victim of *Hyde*.



LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE

Interesting—Especially The Local Color: If you can believe in the flower-like innocence of *Kathleen Storm* (Sylvia Sidney) you will probably be able to believe in the rest of the characters in this rather old-fashioned melodrama, in which a girl and her sweetheart are both railroaded to prison—the boy going to the death house.

The most interesting scenes of the film have to do with the life of the women prisoners in "The Big House," their clandestine friendships, their daily routine. These local color sequences take so much time that with the farewell visit of the young wife to her condemned husband in the death cell the action quickens. The escape is hurried over so swiftly that the audience accepts it without questioning its plausibility, and the heroine is rushed through routine scenes of vindication into her blonde lover's arms. This boy, Gene Raymond, looks like a find.



SOOKY

Jackie Cooper Again—Clever Kid Picture: If you can leave the theater without shedding a tear over this one, you're hard-hearted or near-sighted. But you must either have children or remember when you were a child, yourself, to understand the intensely important doings of *Skippy* and his little ragamuffin friend from Shantytown, *Sooky*, and to share their problems and delights. The impossibility of making grownups understand the world that children live in is the basis of whatever plot the picture has, and the busy scheming of *Skippy* and *Sooky*.

Jackie Cooper, in a costume weird for the son of prominent parents, has a crying scene which confirms the belief that this small, quaint personality is a great actor, while Robert Coogan has every right to say, when he sees himself on the screen as he did when he watched "Skippy," "Father, I *do* think I'M pretty good."



UNION DEPOT

Novel and Different—See It: Wherein the Travelers' Aid may learn something new about what goes on in a big city railroad station. The novelty of the locale, with its scenes shifting from the wash rooms, the checking room, the station hotel, the information desk, the waiting rooms, ticket booths, and finally ending in a really exciting chase across the railroad yards, takes the place of structural merit in the story itself which centers on two waifs of life—a blonde feminine waif played snappily by Joan Blondell, and a resourceful masculine waif, played winningly by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

In the space of the two hours, and without leaving the station, they meet each other, get mixed up with a counterfeiting gang, are involved in the death of a millionaire under train wheels, are arrested, freed, fall in love, and finally start out for a new life. It crackles with action.

You need not trust to Luck in the Movies



GIRL OF THE RIO

Look It Over—Packs A Wallop: When you put two such torrid Latins as Dolores Del Rio and Leo Carillo together in a film about Mexicans in Mexico, it just simply can't be a flop. So "Girl of the Rio" isn't—even though it isn't, either, a really great film. You'll find it plenty entertaining, amusing and even thrilling.

You know the story, of course?—about the beautiful but pure Mexican café entertainer (believe it or not!) who loves the young Americano. And then in swaggers the "bes' dam' caballero in Mexico" and wants the gal for his own. How she out-maneuvers him and saves her American sweetie is the rest of the tale.

Del Rio as the girl is swelegant. Her peculiar beauty is perfect in this setting. And in her big scene—that emotional climax where she tells the bad man where to go, she's simply exquisitely afire. As for Carillo, you can always depend on him in a dialect rôle. Norman Foster, as the American lover, made the best of a tough rôle.



THIS RECKLESS AGE

No Great Shakes—But Should Satisfy: This pleasantly sentimental little story proves once again that though the feet of the Younger Generation may jazz in strange paths their hearts are in the right place. Parents of sons and daughters in their teens will see themselves in the self-sacrificing Richard Bennett and the indulgent Frances Starr, but it is a question whether they will recognize their sons and daughters in Frances Dee, Buddy Rogers, and Peggy Shannon, whose "recklessness" seems to consist in bumping peoples' automobiles, playing juvenile tricks and taking dares.

Charles Ruggles, as the godfather of the playful Dee, injects a new characterization into the familiar formula of a family united by trouble, that of wistful middle age aware of its grotesqueness in young eyes. If Buddy Rogers has to be seen in such callow bits, it is high time he took his undeniable charm into other fields. A safe picture for all the family.



ALMOST MARRIED

Well Done—Will Inspire You: With a cast almost unknown as to the stars, and with a title which doesn't promise much in the way of drama this picture is a surprise from its first scene. Extraordinary photographic effects enhance the feeling of vague horror sensed with the first glimpse of the mad musician filling the air with wild music in his garret while passers-by in the street below look up in amazement. With none of the usual movie clues to go on one is kept in suspense as to the ultimate fate of the young English diplomat who pretends to be married to a chance acquaintance in order to protect her from the wrath of Soviet Russia.

Circumstances force the two to keep up the pretense of being married on their return to London, and they are about to find happiness when the crash of mad music from their drawing-room warns her that she has the Past to reckon with. Violet Heming, Ralph Bellamy, Alexander Kirkland and Allan Dinehart provide the thrills.



MANHATTAN PARADE

Kidding The Stage With Humor and Color: Both satire and slapstick are lavishly employed in the movies' answer to "Once in a Lifetime." As pictures were kidded by the stage so the stage is now razzed by pictures. And the job is neatly done.

Certainly you'll recognize *Lou* and *Jake*, theatrical producers extraordinary. The story centers about the million-dollar production they give a play by an "unrecognized genius." This play has no first act. It begins with Act II to save time. And the audience sits on the stage instead of in the orchestra. A welcome innovation.

Smith and Dale, originators of the Avon Comedy Four, play *Lou* and *Jake* to a fare-thee-well. The boys are in the cheese business and after their venture into the theater, realize the two vocations are closely allied. Charles Butterworth and Bobby Watson add much to the merriment, but Winnie Lightner is hampered by a straight rôle. The picture is all in Technicolor.

if you rely on Motion Picture Reviews



DELICIOUS

A Palatable Dish—Look It Over: The word "delicious" usually conveys the impression of something delicate, a tidbit. The Fox picture, "Delicious," is a full-sized meal. It has everything in it and the two most important courses are George Gershwin's music—and El Brendel. It has Janet Gaynor, a poor little Scottish immigrant girl who falls in love (of course) with Charlie Farrell, a young billionaire. Charlie is already engaged to Virginia Cherrill, but that doesn't matter.

Janet undergoes acrobatics and all sorts of terrors in order to avoid deportation. Her life with her Russian fellow-travelers, her near-marriage to one of them, her wanderings through the mad maze of the city to the vibrant strains of the Gershwin *New York Symphony*—well, you get plenty for your money. Some deft and amusing musical comedy bits. You may go to the picture a Gaynor-Farrell fan, but you will come away converted to El Brendel. David Butler directed.



SKY DEVILS

Worth Your Time And Money: A rowdy and hilarious farce built around the ever-amusing theme of green war-time rookies, and given epic proportions by astonishing air scenes. These are of such magnitude—the sky being filled with planes—that it does not take a very suspicious nature to perceive in them left-over shots from "Hell's Angels."

Two genial tramps who have shown their mettle by hiring themselves out as life guards though they cannot swim, find themselves, unwillingly, in the war. They bluff themselves into the aviation corp, as being preferable to valeting cavalry horses. Their adventures in the air are, naturally, hilarious. Their amorous escapades with two comely girl "entertainers"—one of whom is the new find, Ann Dvorak—prove again that the late war had its delightful side. The laughs come easily and close together. Bill Boyd and Spencer Tracy as the cheerful scalawags are delightful. Well worth an evening of anybody's time. And watch this girl, Ann Dvorak.



THE BEAST OF THE CITY

Not So Much, Though Acting Is Okay: Trite to the point of tediousness, even the valiant work of an excellent cast cannot save this picture from the doldrums. Again the movies attempt to glorify the American policemen, and find Ziegfeld has better material for glorification.

It is Jean Harlow, in this instance, who starts all the trouble. Her visible (ahem) charms are the cause of the corruption of Wallace Ford, brother of Police Chief Walter Huston. So the gallant chief decides gangster Jean Hersholt has run the city long enough. He organizes an unofficial raid and a gunfight results. But in the fight, both sides are wiped out. So what does that prove?

After the last man dies, we are treated to a few well-chosen words upon the subject of law and order delivered by President Herbert Hoover, himself. The President's face in close-up is superimposed on a background of flags—always good for a hand. There may be some political significance to this, but will you care a whoop?



STEPPING SISTERS

Snappy Picture—Full Of Laughs: This one is built for laughs—and you'll get them! It's the story of three ex-burlesque chorines. One of them has, with the passing of years, developed social aspirations. She is staging a highbrow benefit show as part of her social climbing when her two old chorus-gal friends show up to help her.

But things get complicated when the hubby of the social aspirer confesses to the two that he's thoroughly fed up with society and all that goes with it, and wants to get back to normalcy. So they do this: Without a word of warning in advance, the two ex-queens of the girl-shows don tights and appear in a burlesque routine in the highbrow benefit! It's a scream. Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell in tights are worth anybody's money.

Louise Dresser plays the burlesque dame gone society, and does it splendidly as do Howland and Gombell as her buddies. William Collier—senior, not Buster—turns in his usual workmanlike performance as Dresser's hubby.



Back in Germany, Lil was even more famous than Marlene Dietrich—and who knows what may happen now in Hollywood? You have your first glimpse of her in "The Woman from Monte Carlo"

By
ELISABETH
GOLDBECK

Meet Europe's Girl-Friend—And America's Newest Thrill

Lil Dagover's other name is "the darling of the Continent"—and there are reasons. You'll see some of them in her first American talkie, just finished—and the others you will find right here

THE only vital statistic about Lil Dagover that has leaked out up to now is that she has the world's most beautiful back. Anyone to whom you mention the new Warner Brothers star can tell you the dimensions of the German beauty's back, and that it's insured for twenty thousand dollars. But you really ought to know more about her, for you never can tell—she may become Marlene Dietrich's rival on this side, just as Marlene became *her* rival abroad.

Odd though it may seem, there are other things about the brunette Miss Dagover that are far more revealing than her back. She isn't an actress who depends on an area of bare flesh for her appeal. But because she is a foreign import, because of her much-publicized spine, and because for some occult reason she loves to wear a huge velvet bow under her chin, Lil has the reputation of being a spectacular woman, of the Damita-Dietrich school.

After reading the meagre advance reports, you half-expected her to dye her fingernails purple, to dispense with the more intimate items of lingerie, and to make every act a sensation. So it's practically news when you find that behind the bow there sits a woman of poise and dignity and considerable intelligence.

Lil Dagover—who stands five feet, six inches tall, weighs 103 pounds, and has green-brown eyes—differs from the flaming ones as the moon from a bursting bombshell. She has a great deal of genuine animation and spirit, when roused. But she has no artificial vivacity.

Her fingernails are a reassuring and almost forgotten shade of pale pink, and she indulges in no antics. She's not an egomaniac, and has none of the jealous antagonism toward other women that seems to afflict some of the famous ones.

She Resembles These Two

THE American actresses she resembles most are Lynn Fontanne and Florence Vidor, which gives you an idea of what a well-behaved woman she must be. Her face is pale and calm, with high Russian cheekbones and dark eyes of a slightly Eurasian cast. She was born in Java, Dutch East Indies, of a German father and a French mother.

Because of its long association with *Diamond Lil* and Lil Tashman, her first name has come to have a flashy, flippant tone, and therefore does not become her. The name her parents gave her was Lilith Witt.

When Lil at last listened to high-priced persuasion and signed the contract to come to America and make a talkie, her first act was to engage an English teacher. For three months she studied painstakingly, and then discovered that her tutor spoke with a pronounced English accent, which left Lil in a hole—she found she was unable to understand Americans. Despite this setback, she now speaks remarkably good English (and American), and can understand everything spoken at a normal tempo. She hates very fast talkers, because she can't understand a word they say, and it gives her the depressing feeling that she really hasn't learned English after all.

In conversations with Americans, she always murmurs the phrase in German before putting it into English. She knows you don't understand a word of it, but it seems to comfort her.

She finds Americans almost too polite in one way. They

(*Continued on page 86*)

"Heavens! Buddy must have a girl!"



"NO—you grown-ups are wrong again. I'm brushin' my teeth 'cause Ma finally got me some toothpaste I like to use. And if you don't think it's keen—just try some yourself. It tastes swell—and I think a feller ought to have a right to do *some* things the way he *likes* to do 'em. Ma was complainin' the other day to Doctor Brown about me not brushin' my teeth reg'lar and he told her maybe she hadn't given me a toothpaste I like to use, and after all, he said, what a toothpaste is for is to clean teeth, and he said Colgate's would do that as well as anything he knew. He told her she couldn't go wrong buyin' a toothpaste more people use than any other kind. An'... I'll tell ya a secret Pa don't know . . . mebbe y' guessed right about the girl. Ma says I kin take her to the movies tonight with the quarter she saved by buyin' Colgate's."

* * *

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STAY YOUNG WITH

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Screen stars never look their age! Why not? . . . Because, like Frances Starr, they keep their skin youthfully lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

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Of the 613 important actresses of Hollywood, including all stars, 605 care for their priceless complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. Long ago this fragrant white soap was made official in all studios for their convenience. Start today to give *your* skin this safe, gentle care.

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FRANCES STARR



FRANCES STARR, *famous Belasco star, is now winning new laurels on the screen. Years of hard work have left her youthful charm as vivid and appealing as when she was a newcomer.*

Is Dunking a Crime?

An open letter to Mrs. Emily (Etiquette) Post about Hollywood's manners

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY









Top to bottom, Ina Claire leans on the table; Chic Sale draws cartoons on the table cloth; Eugene Pallette lifts up his plate; and Marian Marsh eats lump sugar raw

MY dear Mrs. Post: I've been intending to write you about Hollywood's manners for heaven knows how long, but I mislaid the two-cent stamp that I got as this year's dividend for all that stock I bought in August, 1929. And I didn't like to write you on a postal card. At least, I am enough of a faithful follower of your works to know that that isn't the best form.

And, besides, I've been pretty busy this season as Chief Advisor of the Society for the Complete Change of Motion Picture Titles, and if you don't think that's a job, I just wish you'd drop in on one of our meetings; although this season, we feel, has been highly successful with the changing of "Lullaby" to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Our only regret is that we couldn't persuade Warner Brothers to change "Alexander Hamilton" to "The Midnight Lady's Man." But we can't triumph every time.

It wasn't the S. C. C. M. P. T. that I was writing you about, however, my dear Mrs. Post. It's about Hollywood's manners, social, parlor, table and others. Ever since Mrs. Dolly Gann and her brother, Vice-President Charles Curtis, were here, I've had a sinking feeling that all was not well with our deportment. We seem to be a little tipsy in our *aplomb*, if you don't mind my lapsing into French. I've been fluttering through your book, and I can't find any paragraph that directs one of us commoners to address a Vice-President as "the Honorable Sir" or "the Honorable Curtis," as the radio announcer at the première of "The Champ" did. It seems that only the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court draws the title of "Honorable," but maybe the announcer read a different book.

Hollywood Needs Your Advice

WHAT I really had in mind, Emily—I mean, Mrs. Post—is this. The next time you enlarge your book of etiquette, I wish you would include a few chapters referring to Hollywood. There are a couple of our modes and manners that need to be ironed out. In fact, they'd stand a little laundering. Your book is chockfull of characters like Mr. Wordly, Mrs. Kindhart, Miss Newriche, Mrs. Wellborn. Of course, we have a Mr. Manners, but couldn't you include a Miss Moviedumb and tell us what to do when the butler ups and corrects our pronunciation?

I guess the host who employs Vincent Barnett, the insulting waiter who gets paid for being rude to guests at film parties, is not in good taste, is he, Mrs. Post? What should we do when the butler, about to serve ice cream at dinner, points a disdainful finger at the doily that based the finger bowl and which still remains on our plate, and says, scornfully, "Take it off"? And what should we do when

(*Continued on page 74*)



ECONOMY attracted me

to this Tooth Paste

RESULTS held me

"When the depression came along, and every penny counted, I began checking up on what our small necessities cost us. Eventually I came to tooth paste and had some misgivings about changing from our regular 50¢ dentifrice to a less expensive brand. I had heard quite a few of the girls at the club tell how pleased they were with the way their teeth looked since they began using Listerine Tooth Paste. I decided to give it a trial.

"After we had used this tooth paste for a few weeks both John and myself were delighted with the improvement in the appearance of our teeth. In addition the children liked the taste of Listerine Tooth Paste so well that they actually looked forward to brushing their teeth with it."

This dentifrice contains a special polishing agent which wipes off tartar, tobacco stains, or any other discolorations in record time. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste is so gentle in action that it will not mar the most delicate of tooth enamels.

A tooth paste must be good to be able to win and hold over 4,000,000 people in the short period of a few years.

Savings Cut Cost to You

In order to supply this huge demand we operate on a large cost-cutting scale, using the most modern methods of manufacture and distribution. That is why we are able to offer the consumer such a quality dentifrice at such an unusually low price.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use it for a month. Judge by results alone. We are sure you too will be won by the cleanness and brilliance it will bring to your teeth. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE QUALITY DENTIFRICE AT A COMMONSENSE PRICE

Here are a few things that $3 you save will buy you

The average person uses a tube of tooth paste a month. On this basis, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube will save you $3 per year as compared with 50¢ dentifrices. Here are a few suggestions as to how to spend that $3.

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, or hat
Sweater, gloves, or knickers
Pyjamas or underwear
Bathrobe or kimono
Muffler, or raincoat
Sneakers, moccasins, or slippers
Shoes, rubbers, or galoshes
Dress material, or cotton frock
Neckties, shirts, or cufflinks
Infant coat and bunting (both)
Children's pyjamas, or underwear
Children's frocks, rompers, or shoes

FOOD

2 chickens, or a large roast
8 pounds bacon or lamb chops
6 quarts olive oil, or 20 quarts milk
150 pounds potatoes, or 180 oranges
40 pounds prunes
60 pounds sugar
30 loaves bread
6 dozen eggs
15 pounds coffee
6 pounds butter
30 cans soups or beans
12 to 20 cans fruits or vegetables
12 to 30 packages of your favorite breakfast cereal

FOR THE CHILDREN

A baseball bat and glove
A doll or doll carriage
A tricycle or scooter
Bicycle tires or toy soldiers
An inexpensive wrist watch
Ice skates or roller skates
Rompers, frocks, or shoes
A toy locomotive



FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY J. E. R.

















HOT NEWS MARGIE Hot on the trail of "Sob Sister" comes this broad (no pun intended) satire of the demon female reporter—with Marjorie Beebe taking not only the title rôle, but plenty of pummeling, all for the sake of what used to be called good, clean fun. Marge has the energy that usually goes with red hair—and she certainly needs it, for the story is packed with action and laughs. To get an interview with a football star, she breaks into the game disguised as a player—and gets a mauling, instead. On the way to the hospital she discovers her victim is also in the ambulance and speaks up. He socks her—and Marge ascends to Heaven, only to be turned away because she's a sob sister (Vitaphone Varieties).

THE POTTSVILLE PALOOKA You won't find the word "palooka" in Mr. Webster's dictionary, but it means the same thing to boxers that "ham" does to actors. Which gives you an inkling of what this miniature comedy classic is about—but doesn't tell you a thing about Harry Gribbon, who is far from being either a "ham" or a "palooka" as a comedian. His specialty is playing "dumb" parts, and he has a honey here. He's a village blacksmith, who's lured away from the plump village belle by a cutie from the city—and becomes a boxer. Only to run up against the bruiser who used to be the cutie's romance. Their fight—which kids the real species—is a panic. (Educational)

THE ROAD TO ROMANCE There have to be serious short subjects, as well as comic ones, to lend variety to theater programs. And there are few serious shorts that go over so well as novel scenics, skillfully presented—but they are almost as rare as color pictures. Claude Flemming's "Romantic Journeys," however, fill the bill and, moreover, are filmed in color. The title of his latest, unfortunately, doesn't tell where he takes you this time—to the Wonderland of the Southwest: the Grand Canyon and Bryce Canyon. You'll like the opening, particularly, which reveals Montagu Love painting an Indian on horseback, with the painting fading into the living Indian and his horse. (Educational)

I LOVE A LASSIE Maybe Sir Harry Lauder meant it the last time he said he was making a farewell tour of America, for he comes back to us now in celluloid, not in person. And considering that the famous Scotch singing-comedian's vast appeal can be traced directly to his personality, his trip across the ocean on a roll of film is amazingly successful. You have to prick up your ears to understand his Scotch burr, but you'd have to do this if you were seeing him in the flesh—so there's no complaining on this score. He looks hale and hearty, and his heartiness is just as infectious as ever, what with his singing "I Love a Lassie," as well as several whimsical Scotch numbers. You'll want this encored. (M-G-M)

DREAM HOUSE The title of Bing Crosby's newest singing comedy would appeal only to the lovesick, but don't let that keep you from seeing it, for it's Bing's best short to date. Bing's strong point is his singing, not his clowning, but you've seen far sadder comedians. It makes him all the more human to know that he isn't any professional comic. He steps before Mack Sennett's cameras in this one as a young plumber, who isn't yet married, but is having mother-in-law trouble already. When the mother snatches the girl off to Hollywood to make a movie star of her, Bing trails them—and breaks into a studio love scene to steal the hero's stuff with his singing. You'll listen as attentively as the heroine does. (Educational)

HELPMATES If Laurel and Hardy were any funnier, they'd be in Congress, not the movies. As it is, they come dangerously close, month after month, to being the two funniest men West of the Rockies. How do they manage to turn out one laugh riot after another, never letting down? If they know, they must have the patent to the process—for they alone seem to do it. Their latest effort finds Hardy throwing a wild party during his wife's absence, practically wrecking the house. Getting word that the Mrs. is heading for home, he calls up Laurel to help him clean up. Laurel's a willing worker, but—well, you ought to see the place when he finishes. They work hard for their laughs, but how they get them! (M-G-M)

DARN TOOTIN' So you think you don't like saxophones! You'll change your mind after seeing and hearing this clever little musical novelty, featuring Rudy Wiedoeft and his Singing Saxophones. A parent who is going mad from his offspring's "darn tootin'" kidnaps the youngster's sax and buries it in the backyard, where it sprouts into a gigantic instrument, out of which pop your entertainers—who convince Dad (and you) that saxophones can be as mellow as hot. One of the songs is the number that Bing Crosby made famous, "I Apologize"—sung in the torchy manner by Dixie Lee, who, in private life, is Mrs. Bing. But what you'll probably like best of all is the dancing of one Lucille Page. Watch for it. (Vitaphone Varieties)

STUNG The title suggests a slapstick comedy, but it's RKO's first dramatic sketch based on the short short stories in *Liberty*—and, on the whole, it's good entertainment. The setting is a courtroom with a murder trial in progress. The defendant appears to be guilty. The district attorney asks the jury to return a verdict of first degree murder, which will mean the death penalty. The defendant's lawyer, addressing his appeal to the dumbest-looking juror, pleads for a verdict of manslaughter—inasmuch as the murdered man was a racketeer. The jury retires, and you then see the eleven arguing with the dumb juror (Raymond Hatton), who stubbornly holds out for manslaughter and finally wins out for an ending that has an O. Henry "kick." (RKO)

"Ethics be hanged!

women are entitled to these vital beauty facts"



The room was tense with excitement when Dr. .....* rose to answer his medical colleagues.

As one of the best known dermatologists in America . . . his words were awaited with keen suspense.

"You tell me that it would be unethical to publish this report," he began. "But I say to you that no ethical question is involved!

"We have conducted an impartial clinical test of the preparations that women use on their faces to improve their complexions. The case records conclusively point a way by which a woman can have a better, healthier skin. Is there any justifiable reason why women should not have the advantage of our findings?"

So it was decided to release the facts . . . but to withhold the names of the physicians, in deference to professional custom.

For 30 days, 15 of the nation's most distinguished dermatologists conducted a comparative test of leading soaps, creams and lotions, on the faces of 612 women. At the beginning and end of the test, micro-photographs were taken of each skin, and a record written of its condition.

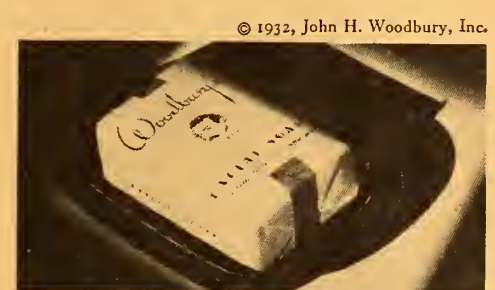
That Woodbury's Facial Soap won these tests . . . over other soaps, over famous creams and lotions, over expensive beauty methods . . . will come as no surprise to the millions of Woodbury users.

But for you, if you have not tried Woodbury's . . . here is evidence that it is more than a soap. Here is scientific proof that Woodbury's Facial Soap makes the skin clear, fine, smooth, colorful, as no other cleansing treatment does. That it is the finest of all daily skin cleansers . . . for both the normal and the supersensitive skin.

Read the complete details of the nation-wide Half-Face Test in the columns at the left. Then decide whether in fairness to your complexion, you can afford to delay your test of this scientifically *proven* way to skin loveliness.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, at 25¢ a cake. Its regular use on your skin costs less than a penny a day.

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.



NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday evening, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Leon Belasco and his orchestra. WABC and Columbia Coast to Coast Network.

SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART . . . 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST . . . For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one-half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE . . . New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

RESULTS . . . Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

USE THIS COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 915 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○	Coarse Pores ○	Blackheads ○	Flabby Skin ○
Dry Skin ○	Wrinkles ○	Sallow Skin ○	Pimples ○

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



"Bob says my hands are as pretty as they were on my wedding day, two years ago. My dishpan 'beauty treatment' with Lux keeps them soft as silk and creamy white."

Charlotte Halloran

Mrs. Robert Halloran, Los Angeles, Cal.



"Lux saves me time, saves me work. Those tiny Lux diamonds dissolve like a flash. In lukewarm water, too. Leave even greasy dishes sparkling in no time at all. And the big box of Lux does my family's dishes for a whole month."

Margaret E. Dobbins

Mrs. James Dobbins, Long Island City, N.Y.



LUX
for dishes
Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day

Is Dunking A Crime?

(*Continued from page 70*)

the hired help, posing as the mistress, answers a telephoned dinner acceptance with an "All right, dearie, I'll see you tonight"?

And what about these pre-nuptial transcontinental and ocean trips, Emily, now that we're talking intimately? Prefacing marriage yes, but aren't they a little—well, *de rigueur*, or something—maybe *de trop?* I'm sure it's the latter. Connie Bennett and her Marquis; Gloria Swanson and her Farmer, although they were married—prematurely to be sure; Lupe Velez and John Gilbert; Lily Damita and Sidney Smith, Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie. You say, "If a lady traveling alone on a long journey, such as a trip across the continent, happens to find a man on board whom she knows, she must not allow him to sit with her in the dining-car more often than a casual once or twice, nor must she allow him to sit with her or talk to her enough to give a possible impression that they are together." But perhaps you could make a few dispensations for Hollywood.

Cantor Not the Only Dunker

THERE ought to be a special chapter on dunking, for instance—unless it's a social crime. Eddie Cantor, who set out to glorify the Great American Doughnut in "Palmy Days," isn't the only one to do it. And doughnuts aren't the only things that are dunked. Pretzels are dunked in the nearest beer, crackers in soup, tea biscuits in tea, and cake in pools of ice cream. And from all we hear, you could suspect anyone from Jackie Cooper to Edna May Oliver to be guilty.

Will Rogers, I am informed, hammers on the table with his fork when waiting for his luncheon courses, Mrs. Post, and it looks to me as if you will have to make exceptions for other eccentricities. Joan Crawford, for instance, tears the raisins from her luncheon raisin bread and I don't think you have any rules to cover that. And Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., her spouse, wrenches the poppy seeds from atop his roll, stacks them in a mound and eats each one individually. Ann Harding crumbles her roll between nervous fingers, and Walter Huston butters and eats only the crusts of his French bread, while Victor McLaglen starts his meals with stuffed celery, and Lilyan Tashman sprinkles Parmesan cheese on toast or bread before she even thinks of ordering. What would you advise?

Marian Marsh nibbles lump sugar all during her meals and I'll bet you never thought of a rule to govern that, and William Powell, being excessively fond of fresh sweet butter, orders a glass of buttermilk and dips his spoon into it to snare the floating golden spheres. And whenever Charles Butterworth can, he removes his necktie before he dines. Imagine, Emily! But that's Hollywood. I'm just telling you.

Jimmie Eats with Shoes Untied

AND James Cagney likes to have his shoe laces untied when he's eating, and right-handed Donald Cook always holds his fork in his left hand, while Evalyn Knapp uses honey in her coffee instead of sugar, and so does Estelle Taylor. And Ramon Novarro sweetens with saccharin, keeping it in a tiny golden stamp-box in his lower left vest pocket. And it is Helen Chandler who orders "tight" eggs when she means "fried." And Joan Blondell eats the green instead of the white end of young, succulent, odorous spring onions. What do you make of that?

Another thing I'd like to have straightened out is the correct method of holding a knife and fork. Usually they are hooded by palms, but one young foreign actor of most effulgent manners handles his like pencils, and one etiquette book terms this a gross display of bad manners. It wasn't yours, Emily. But I merely wanted you to know that I've done intensive research.

Marlene Dietrich makes a neat job of dispatching ham and eggs, with knife and fork doing constant duty, the knife cutting and the fork feeding, and I must say it's a pretty picture of rhythmic expression. Lil Dagover, another foreigner, carries a smooth, highly-polished silver spoon in her handbag because she can't stand the rough edge of a plebeian utensil against her ruby lips. Her spoon she quietly removes from her bag, when no one is looking, and places on the table. And no less a person than Dolores Del Rio, seated at a Mayfair dinner table, ran a comb through the sheen of her black hair and tucked in a few stray strands at the nape of her neck. What I want to know is, are these quaint foreign customs and will they be included in your special Hollywood edition?

About the napery, Mrs. Post. Ben Lyon keeps a napkin ring in the Green Room at Warners-First National and the head-waitress sees that his place is marked by it, containing napkin. Ben says it reminds him of home, but you say that "napkin rings are unknown in fashionable houses outside of the nursery," and then go on to remark, however, that "In most moderately run houses, a napkin that is unrumpled and spotless after a meal is put aside and used again for breakfast." Well, all right, but I still feel Ben's affectation has its comfortable, homey touch.

Should Arliss Peel Radishes?

STILL referring to napery, how about these producers who sit down and figure the profits (as if there were any these days) on the tablecloth? And art directors who draw complete sketches of movie sets on the linen? And Chic Sale, who makes pencil caricatures of the diners near him? And the finicky folk who peel their radishes, like George Arliss, and pick the onions out of their salads, preferring the flavor to the fact, like Dolores Costello? And Bebe Daniels, who abhors the sight of an olive seed; and Warren William, who can't stand to drink out of a thick glass; and Edward G. Robinson, who pales at the sound of clattering dishes; and Constance Bennett, who will leave the table and her unfinished meal if an ant meanders across the linened horizon? And Wally Beery, who drops his suspenders and unbuttons his vest before a steaming luncheon plate? And John Miljan, who tosses butter into hot, black coffee and drinks it with relish? What of them?

I was looking through your section devoted to Christmas cards just recently and I didn't find a thing that refers to sending greetings to people you don't know, and that's a jolly Hollywood custom. But maybe that comes under the heading of "Christmas greetings by shops and firms to their customers," or something. I don't know. Certainly the practice is no more *a faute* (there we go again!) than that of the convivial gentleman who issued a blanket invitation to his friends to gather at his home for a celebration and when they arrived, he denied having invited them.

Nor was the action of the fragile feminine star, guest of honor at a Boulevard nightclub, who, just before the lights were finally dimmed, picked up a corner of the table cloth and wiped her patrician nose with it. Of course, it might have been the adulation that had gone to her head.

In writing you, don't misunderstand me, Mrs. Post. I'm no Chesterfield, myself, and I'm pretty broad-minded about such things. I don't see the slightest harm in a woman's smoking now and then.



Fluffy rolls of snow-white Kotex filler... you see row on row of them when your eye travels down this room in the sunlit Kotex factory.



In the Kotex factory, Kotex is cut, folded, packed by machine. Under a giant spotlight, 152 eyes inspect its immaculate progress.



Where safety is vital to health, in the great hospitals of America, twenty-four million Kotex pads were dispensed last year.



so dainty herself

you would expect her to rely on the purity of genuine KOTEX

By its very existence, by its courageous pioneering in educating them to the use of true sanitary protection, Kotex has done great service to women. No less important, however, is the service Kotex continues to do.

For beyond freedom from embarrassment, beyond women's mere emancipation for all activities at all times, there must be a serene assurance that one's protection is safe.

Nothing so intimate as Kotex, *nothing* must be freer from the whisper of taint. Snowy whiteness alone might easily, but falsely, nourish a misguided trust. In a product like Kotex, only the highest surgical cleanliness is enough. Anything less than this immaculacy in Kotex is unthinkable. No hovering question mark . . . *Where was it made? Under what conditions?*... to mar one's confidence. The familiar name of Kotex is women's shield against the mysterious, the nameless, the unknown. They trust it as they would dream of trusting nothing else. Kotex is doubly valuable to women because they *can* give it, as they do, that priceless, comforting confidence. Who would risk a substitute? Make sure, when you buy it wrapped, that you get genuine Kotex. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores, also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Never pay more than 35c

KOTEX

SANITARY NAPKINS



How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It *ends* all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

By J. E. R.



In "Shanghai Express," Marlene Dietrich has not only an unusual story, but Clive Brook for her hero

Are These Our Children?—A sermon—but a powerful one—about the youngsters you meet in the tabloids. The "hero" is one Eric Linden, a talented newcomer, who falls in with wild companions, commits a useless murder, and then glories in his tragic notoriety (RKO).

Around the World in Eighty Minutes—Douglas Fairbanks, through with dramatic rôles, tries something new—taking you all over the globe at a mad pace, hitting the high spots, and giving you any number of laughs (U. A.).

Arrowsmith—Far and away the best picture of the new season—with the producers doing very well by Sinclair Lewis' great story of the young doctor who shunned money to help humanity. Ronald Colman, playing an American for the first time, has never been better (U. A.).

Ben-Hur—A re-issue, with sound effects (but no dialogue) of the famous Biblical spectacle, in which, you remember, Ramon Novarro had the title rôle (M-G-M).

The Big Parade—And here's your chance to see the greatest war picture of silent days again—this time with sound effects (but no dialogue). If you recall John Gilbert as the hero, you'll probably rush to view it (M-G-M).

The Big Shot—Contrary to expectations, this doesn't concern gangsters, but Eddie Quillan, who's trying to run an auto camp in one of our Western deserts. Much funnier than it sounds (RKO-Pathé).

Blonde Crazy—The dependable James Cagney, playing a smooth and likable young crook, makes this somewhat weak tale worth your while. The ending isn't tragic—only semi-tragic (W. B.).

Business and Pleasure—Even in his pictures, Will Rogers goes abroad. Now you find him as a razor-blade magnate, visiting Turkey, where the sheiks don't shave. Silly, rather than funny (Fox).

The Champ—Tear-jerking at its best, with Jackie Cooper blindly worshiping his father (Wallace Beery), an ex-prize-fighter who has turned into a bum. Great acting, with a tragic ending (M-G-M).

The Cheat—Tallulah Bankhead makes the most of her best picture to date—about a woman who loses in a big gamble, and then tries to evade paying her debt. But the laurels go to Irving Pichel, as the man who brands her in the big scene of the picture (Par.).

Cock O' The Air—Billie Dove is so beautiful that soldiers in wartime Paris are forgetting the war—so she is deported to Italy, where she conquers Chester Morris. A bold comedy, verging on the risqué at times, with lavish settings (U. A.).

Compromised—Ben Lyon thought he was in love with Juliette Compton, but felt that he had to marry Rose Hobart. A human little triangle drama, with your sympathies swerving first one way, then another (F. N.).

Corsair—Because his prospective father-in-law is a Wall Street pirate, Chester Morris turns hijacker, preying on rum-runners who are delivering goods to the old chap. This good actor deserves better fare (U. A.).

The Deceiver—An actor (Ian Keith), who has the habit of making love to other men's wives, is murdered—but the producers cheat you of solving the crime by making the guilty man someone you never suspect. Unconvincing thriller (Col.).

Emma—Marie Dressler, well again, is seen in another of the sort of homely, lifelike characterizations that only she can do—with half of the story melodrama, and the other half comedy. Worth anybody's money (M-G-M).

Explorers of the World—If you're interested in the true tales that explorers can tell, here's your chance to hear a number of them describe a flock of thrills that pass before your eyes. Different, anyway (Raspin Productions).

The False Madonna—The central figure in a plot to blackmail a wealthy blind boy, Kay Francis refuses, in the end, to go through with it. Surprisingly good drama, with some excellent acting (Par.).

Flying High—A Broadway musical comedy hit (about would-be aviators) comes to the screen, with its Broadway star Bert Lahr—a specialist in bathroom humor. Hilarious in spots, with the music catchy, and the gals pretty (M-G-M).

Forgotten Women—Rex Bell, Clara Bow's new husband, plays a cocky reporter who forgets his gal (Marion Shilling) when exciting things happen (in Hollywood, by the way). Fair to middlin' (Monogram).

Frankenstein—If the weather isn't chilly enough for you, see this number—and freeze your spine. All about a young scientist (Colin Clive) who creates a living monster from the corpses of dead men, with the monster eventually running wild. The greatest thriller of them all (Univ.).

Good Sport—A wife, discovering her husband has a mistress, moves into the love nest to discover where she has failed as a sweetheart. The situation holds promise, which isn't fulfilled—except in the acting of Linda Watkins (Fox).

The Greeks Had a Word for Them—On Broadway, this was a witty and sexy play about three gold-diggers. In the movies, it's a de-sexed, spiceless story about three gold-diggers (Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell). Drat those censors, anyway! (U. A.).

Heaven on Earth—An unintentionally ridiculous tale about life among the po' whites 'way down South. If it weren't for Lew Ayres and Anita Louise, you'd probably walk out (Univ.).

Hell Divers—A human, vivid spectacle about the U. S. Navy's airmen, with Wallace Beery and Clark Gable exemplifying the difference between the old Navy men and the new. Packed with thrills, laughs, drama—with an unnecessarily tragic ending (M-G-M).

Her Majesty, Love—A musical comedy built around the romance of a poor girl and a young prince of finance—with Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon both making it the first really successful screen musical comedy (F. N.).

His Woman—Claudette Colbert attaches herself to a hard-boiled sea captain (Gary Cooper), who has adopted an infant—and, as you might suspect, the infant steals the picture (Par.).

(Continued on page 78)



In "Emma," Marie Dressler does what she pleases with your emotions. Jean Hersholt and Richard Cromwell help

"My dear— you have no idea how shocked I was . . !"



"MY DEAR, there's Helen . . . I've just spent the week-end with her. And you've no idea how shocked I was. She's such a nice girl and perfectly fastidious about everything else. I don't see *how* she can be so careless about her underthings . . . wear them so long without a change.

"*Everybody* perspires a *little*. How can she take the risk—it's so easy to offend."

Personal daintiness! The subject of whispered comment, veiled hints. For no one will tell you if you offend, yet nothing more surely spoils friendship, success in business, romance, even marriage itself.

Your Hands—
they deserve gentle care, too. Use LUX *in the dishpan* . . . costs little . . . keeps hands *lovely*.

Underthings absorb Perspiration. Avoid offending . . *Protect daintiness this easy 4-Minute Way:*

Fresh lingerie each day is absolutely essential to daintiness. All day long underthings absorb perspiration acids and odors.

The penetrating hint soon becomes noticeable—to others, even though you yourself are not aware of it.

And it's so easy to wear fresh lingerie every day. For Lux is made to remove every trace of perspiration, yet protects colors and fabrics. It only takes four minutes or less. Play safe—make a habit of washing out underthings and stockings with Lux diamonds, after *each* wearing.

1 *Wash after each wearing,* for perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and rot threads. With Lux it takes less time than to wash your face and hands.

2 *Never rub dainty lingerie with cake soap.* Rubbing tends to streak colors and weaken fabrics. Tests show Lux removes perspiration acids and odors *completely*—yet leaves colors sparkling, like new. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

3 *Wash this 4-minute way:* 1 tablespoon of Lux does 1 day's undies—stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice, knead in bath towel, shake out.

LUX for underthings *keeps them like new in spite of constant washing*

Identically



THE SAME AGE



—but WHAT a difference!

Hands need not age rapidly. You can prove this to yourself—within a week, by using Italian Balm. This famous skin softener is *guaranteed* to banish the blemishes of housework, office work and weather *quicker* . . . than anything you have ever used before. Invention of a world-famous skin specialist, Italian Balm is *scientifically* correct. Sixteen separate ingredients go into it—many of them imported for the reason that no such soothing, softening agents are made in this country. Remember this—when you use Italian Balm, you are using winter-loving Canada's largest selling skin protector. 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. Or send the coupon for free Vanity size.

Campana's

ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

***FREE*—Vanity Size Bottle on Request**

CAMPANA CORPORATION, 2511 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois. · Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.



*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corporation, Ltd., 46 Caledonia Road, Toronto.

Tune in Saturday Nights—"First Nighter" broadcast, N.B.C. coast-to-coast . . . 9:30 E.T.; 8:30 C.T.; 7:30 M.T.; 6:30 P.T.

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

(*Continued from page 76*)

The Honorable Mr. Wong—Edward G. Robinson adds another great characterization to his already long list, as a slant-eyed Chinese hatchet man who wants his Americanized daughter (Loretta Young) to remain an Oriental (F. N.).

A House Divided—An intense, unusual study of the emotions of a middle-aged fisherman who temporarily becomes an invalid (Walter Huston), his young second wife (Helen Chandler), and his sensitive son (Kent Douglass). Something you don't want to miss (Univ.).

Husband's Holiday—Clive Brook, although in love with his wife (Vivienne Osborne), also falls in love with Juliette Compton, who reciprocates. Here's a unique sort of triangle, which, however, has a flat ending (Par.).

Killing to Live—Lurking behind this title, which has all kinds of possibilities, is a Soviet study of the eternal struggles among the lower animals, proving (as Darwin said) that only the fittest survive. Thrilling, in its way (Amkino).

Ladies of the Jury—This one will not only amuse you, but surprise you. It's a whimsical conception of a murder trial, crowded with whimsical people, headed by Edna May Oliver (RKO).

Local Boy Makes Good—In his first real attempt at characterization, Joe E. Brown, in an amazing make-up, plays a college grind who longs to be a hero and have a love-life. Funny in a few spots (F. N.).

Maker of Men—A football picture no better and no worse than most, with Jack Holt a coach who tries to make his unwilling son (Richard Cromwell) into a football player—and at last succeeds, to his own undoing (Col.).

The Man I Killed—A suspenseful murder melodrama (but not a mystery story), boasting the one and only Lionel Barrymore, with Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll also on hand (Par.).

The Men in Her Life—The sexy title is misleading, for this is an amusing tale, which later develops into melodrama, about a poor little rich girl (Lois Moran) who teaches a wealthy ex-bootlegger (Charles Bickford) how to act in society (Col.).

Men Like These—!—If you thought that "Men Without Women" was a submarine thriller, wait till you see this British-made version of the sinking of the submarine *Poseidon* (British International).

Nice Women—A mother wants to marry her elder daughter (Frances Dee) to a millionaire, but her younger daughter (Sidney Fox) is the one who does so. Sexy and slight (Univ.).

Over the Hill—Mae Marsh returns to the screen in the talkie revival of the famous silent sobbie, in which the self-sacrificing mother has to go to the poorhouse. Satisfying sentimentality, with James Dunn and Sally Eilers again teamed up (Fox).

Peach O' Reno—A slapstick (and sometimes crude) satire on Reno's divorce business, with Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler a couple of bargain-rate lawyers (RKO).

Possessed—A factory-girl (Joan Crawford) becomes the mistress of a millionaire (Clark Gable), then returns to her own class, only to discover that she loves him, after all. A timeworn story, well developed and well-acted (M-G-M).

Private Lives—Again playing an ex-wife, Norma Shearer meets her ex-husband, Robert Montgomery—and bored by their new mates, they go off together. Witty and clever (M-G-M).

The Rainbow Trail—George O'Brien keeps up this business of translating Zane Grey's Western stories to the screen. There's nothing new about it, except the setting, which is the Grand Canyon (Fox).

Rich Man's Folly—Another misleading sexy title, with the story concerning an egotist who wrecks several lives and almost ruins his own with a yearning for power. Somber material, with good acting by George Bancroft (Par.).

Safe in Hell—Wanted for homicide (justifiable, of course), Dorothy Mackaill flees to an island inhabited by woman-starved thugs. Maybe it's farfetched, but it's exciting (F. N.).

Scarface—If there's anything more you want to know about the character of gangsters, you can't afford to miss this powerful portrayal by Paul Muni. The last word in gangster pictures (U. A.).

Secret Service—Richard Dix revives the old-time type of hero, in this adventure story about a Yankee spy in the Civil War. And it's downright refreshing to see the type once more (RKO).

The Secret Witness—A murder mystery that not only mystifies but amuses, with Una Merkel and Zasu Pitts seeing that it gets across (Col.).

Shanghai Express—The picture you Marlene Dietrich fans have been waiting for so long—an unusual melodrama about a woman with a past who meets a man out of that past (Clive Brook) on a train in the Orient. Most of the drama takes place on the train, with a dead man at the throttle. You'll remember this one (Par.).



As a slant-eyed Chinese girl, Loretta Young tries not to love Leslie Fenton in "The Honorable Mr. Wong"

Strictly Dishonorable—A gay comedy whose principal setting is a speakeasy, with Sidney Fox eventually convincing the "strictly dishonorable" Paul Lukas that he desires not only her, but marriage. You might leave the kiddies at home this once (Univ.).

The Struggle—D. W. Griffith, of all people, turns out a sob-drama about the evils of drink on a poor working-man (the capable Hal Skelly). Better let the reformers attend this one for you (U. A.).

Suicide Fleet—A romantic conception of life aboard our submarine-chasers during the World War, with the drama lightened a little too much by some robust comedy. Bill Boyd is the chief sailor (RKO-Pathe).

Taxi!—There's something doing every minute in this action drama of a taxicab strike, with James Cagney a fight-loving Irish taxi-driver, who can't stop fighting, even for the sake of Loretta Young, his wife (W. B.).

Tonight or Never—Gloria Swanson, as an operatic singer, is told that she will never have real emotion in her voice until she falls in love—so she takes up with Melvyn Douglas, mistaking him for a gigolo. Gay, sexy comedy, with Douglas even better than Gloria (U. A.).

Touchdown—An exposé of football as played by some colleges—and the best football picture ever made. The home team not only loses its big game, but has a coach (Richard Arlen) who uses semi-pro players (Par.).

Under Eighteen—The first starring picture of Marian Marsh—but nothing to write home about. It's the old story of the poor girl who wants "nice things," and, until love comes along, takes the easiest way to get them (W. B.).

The Unexpected Father—A feature-length comedy involving Slim Summerville, Zasu Pitts and the perils of parenthood. Silly, but funny (RKO).

'Way Back Home—Life among the country-folk, as exemplified by *Seth Parker* (Phillips Lord) and company. If you're sentimental, you'll probably like it—even if you never did see or hope to see types like these (RKO).

West of Broadway—John Gilbert gets real tough, when he takes his unwanted wife (Lois Moran) out West and overworks her, before he learns to love her. John's voice is good in this one, but it's a question whether or not you'll like John so cynical (M-G-M).

Working Girls—Life and love among stenogs and their employers, as only Hollywood could picture them. Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers (who's saying farewell to the screen) are the males in this light comedy. There are too many girls to mention (Par.).

X Marks the Spot—To score a scoop, a tabloid reporter hides a much-wanted murderer. A pulse-raising exposé of a certain species of newshawk, acted for all it's worth by Lew Cody, Wallace Ford, Sally Blane and Mary Nolan (Tiffany).



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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

A MINOR tragedy of the Russian Revolution reached us the other day. When Ivan Lebedeff fled from his country during the revolution he left behind lands, title, fortune, friends, position in society. Of his former life he had nothing left except a few trinkets—pitiful reminders of his days of splendor. One of these was a huge ruby ring, with a coat-of-arms engraved inside the stone. He was more proud of this than anything he ever bought with motion picture salaries. At the dinner of the Academy, Ivan took off his ring to show to some of those at his table. No one knows what happened—but it was never returned to him.

THE newest romance seems to be that of Edna May Oliver, she of the inimitable sniff, and Franklin Pangborn, he of the funny faces. At least they have been seen places together lately. Wonder how two comedy stars make love?

WITH Elise Bartlett, Joe Schildkraut's former spouse, marrying Horace Liveright, the publisher, ex-husband Joseph hastens to tell the world that he is to marry a beautiful Viennese stage and operatic star, whose monicker, curiously enough, is "Murray." Dita Parlo, ex-Hollywood, is Schildkraut's leading lady in his present Broadway play.

WE don't often go anonymous in this column but now and then there are things that are better told this way, and yet worth telling. There is the tale of the beautiful blonde star who recently went to Paris and came home with a gorgeous Paris wardrobe, which she was singularly reluctant to have photographed. Could the answer be—as is whispered—that this star has a sister in New York who is the power behind a fashionable gown shop, and that on her way to Paris she and the sister shopped at all the wholesalers for her "imported" wardrobe, which she bought through her connection with the trade for a small fraction of what New York ladies will pay for the same dresses this winter?

A WRITER has just completed a one-act playlet for the Writers' Club program. It concerns the possible retirement of a certain great star, and suggests the reasons behind this retirement. Startling reasons have it, according to the play, that the star is suffering from an obscure bone ailment which in time is fatal, and rather than display any human weakness to dim her memory, she leaves the screen at the height of her glory to die in secret—as she has lived.

WE heard the other day that the "engagement between Fifi Dorsay and Terrance Ray was temporarily off, and even that it had ended in fisticuffs on both sides. But Fifi is undaunted. "Oh, eets soch fun to be in lofe," we heard her advising a shrinking young man, "you should try eet. It's soch a nice way of passing the evenings!"

WHAT is the proper costume in which to lunch with a famous movie star? Bennie Alexander came up against this grave problem the other day when he was invited to eat lunch at the Paramount Commissary with Marlene Dietrich and her director, Von Sternberg. Bennie, with the insouciance of his years, arrived in dirty cords and a grimy leather jacket. At sight of him Von Sternberg, scowling, started to remonstrate and was all for sending him away lunchless. But Marlene smiled her slow smile. "I think," said she, in her deep voice, "that he ees cute—eh?" So Bennie stayed, cords, jacket and all!

IT is said that the sudden and striking friendship between Marlene and Chevalier is over as quickly as it began. Marlene, so the tale goes, had had a slight difference of opinion with Von, and womanlike sought to retaliate. Chevalier was a bachelor *pro tem*, his wife being away in Paris on a visit to a sick mother. Now Von and Marlene lunch together as of yore, and Mme. Chevalier is back and everything is hunky-dory.

ELISSA LANDI has brought her mother to Hollywood. Now she hints that her husband may soon follow, and the Countess, Elissa's mother, says the Count, Elissa's stepfather, will also soon be here. She arrived in summer garb, having been a faithful reader of blurbs about California sunshine, and was surprised and grieved to find her daughter's friends at the station shivering in winter furs.

WHEN a player reaches the top, everyone has an anecdote about him. The man in a Hollywood bookstore was talking of Clark Gable. "One cold December day," says he, "he came in bringing several much read volumes. 'Can you buy these for enough for a Christmas dinner?' he asked."

HOW can a lady dislocate her shoulder and not know it? That's what Ann Harding would like to know. Something—either the shoulder, or, as is whispered, the behavior of some members of her company on the train—induced Ann to leave several stations earlier than her destination. Husband Harry Bannister rushed to her rescue in his private 'plane, carrying the family doctor along.

CECIL CUNNINGHAM and Greta Garbo have become great friends. Cecil worked in "Mata Hari" with the Great Garbo, and the star fell into the habit of dropping into her dressing-room, and spending hours with her, sometimes talking, sometimes silent. "Do you know why you like me?" asked Cecil with her famous directness, "I'll tell you why! Because you know that I know you're just a dumb Swede and you don't have to try to impress me!"

BILL BOYD, on location in the High Sierras for his latest picture, found three weeks a long while to be away from his bride, Dorothy Sebastian, and telephoning wasn't much help. The messages had to be relayed several times, and repeated over and over by a series of operators. When Bill had listened to his fervent "I love you, Honey," being repeated up and down the line for ten minutes by half a dozen feminine voices it was too much for him. Instead he sent for Dorothy to come up to the Sierras with him where the only voices heard are those of the whispering trees.

POLA NEGRI'S secretary is the same one who once served Rudolph Valentino as secretary. Is that a token that Pola still

(*Continued on page 95*)

NUMBER ONE IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"Romance would be more enduring"

IF A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE WERE PART OF THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY



Hoyningen-Huené, Paris

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"It hardly seemed possible that a serious care could ever bother her pretty head.

"Yet, three years later, she came to me for medical advice. A drooping and haggard shadow of her bridal self. A victim of ills all too common with our modern women.

"But it wasn't these ills that had wrought the havoc. They were trivial enough. Those deep lines of premature age had been etched by *worry* . . . worry born of her physical irregularities . . . worry that periodically swelled into panic as she pictured herself facing a crisis which her frail health could not withstand.

• • •

"Few women realize that 'FEAR' is a toxic which often upsets the entire system. Yet many of the causes of needless anxiety may be prevented by proper and sensible marriage hygiene.

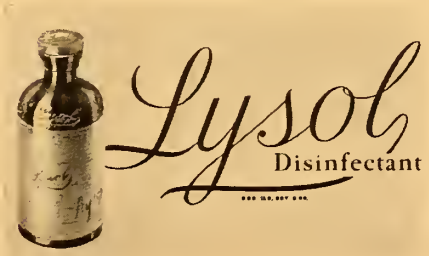
"If a doctor's advice had been part of that marriage ceremony . . . youth and romance would not have flown so soon.

"But in choosing a method for feminine antisepsis, it is well to use care. It is not wise to accept unprofessional counsel. Some personal antiseptics have very little germicidal value . . . others are too strong and drastic to be safe. Indeed, even many seemingly mild solutions are very irritating to vital membrane.

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(Signed)
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The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

a good-bye osculation, **Carmel** grabbed her husband's razor and started to carve her mark . . . **Marx** . . . initials. All of which is bloody business and points a moral which we can't be bothered to think about now.

Tsk Tsk Note

A sign on the Dark Canyon road leading to the Warner-First National emotion emporium reads "Giant Pansies."

"My good*ness!*" lisped a pretty fellow of our acquaintance, "are they *boast*ing about us now?"

As a sterling example of the above, let us point out that we have been worn to the nub, trying to find out if **Marlene Dietrich** really was interested in **Maurice Chevalier** and vice versa; if **Richard Arlen** really was interested in **Peggy Shannon**; if **Joan Crawford** really was separating from **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**; if **Lilyan Tashman** really intended having an offspring; and if **Clark Gable** really had been married four times.

Three Ring Section

1. Of the $180,000 spent by Universal on the trip to the South Seas for "East of Borneo," exactly eight hundred feet of the stuff shot was used in the film. Let's see, that's something less than a single reel.

2. **Will Hays** banned the **Katharine Cornell** stage play "The Dishonored Lady," saga of a frail *femme* who poisoned her lover, which was based, it has been said, on the celebrated **Margaret Smith** murder case of twenty years ago. An M-G-M ferret discovers story that almost exactly parallels it, written by **Mrs. Belloc Lowndes** and called "Letty Lynton." Result: **Joan Crawford** is soon to do "Letty Lynton," under the direction of **Clarence Brown.**

3. For three years high-priced writers, like **P. G. Wodehouse, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Frederick Lonsdale,** have been driven to distraction counting footsteps that clanked down the uncarpeted hall leading to their M-G-M offices. They bellowed that they couldn't concentrate, but to no avail. Last week twenty-five thirty-dollar-a-week draftsmen were moved into the floor beneath. They bellowed that they couldn't work, and a rose-colored runner was immediately laid on the offending floor. No, *you* write a play about it!

Attractive young lady with bangs in the book shop of **Esmé Warde** (**Mrs. William V. Mong**) says her biggest suppressed laughs come from gentle dames who wonder why the by-line of Anonymous can be used by other authors when everyone knows that it belongs to **Ursula Parrott,** who wrote "Ex-Wife" under that name.

In the portrait files of the M-G-M publicity department where photographic likenesses of your film favorites are stored, the folder containing **Walter** (*Honest Abe*) **Huston's** pictures is marked "**Walter Houston.**" And **Una** (*Ann Rutledge*) **Merkel's** reads "**Ona Merkel.**"

This carping department calls the matter to the attention of titian-haired **Rose,** goddess of the filing cabinets. How do you think little **Joan Crawford** would feel to see her name spelled "Joan Craufford"? Or **Norma Shearer** to see it written "Nurma Sheerer"? Don't you suppose that **Mister Huston** and **Miss Merkel** are sensitive about those matters, too? We hate to think about it.

But, then, it was M-G-M who denied having **Ernest Torrence** under hire and then unearthed him and a long-term contract on the back lot, playing a rôle in a **Robert Montgomery** picture. Just oversight, we suppose.

As reported exclusively in this column several moons ago, the Hollywood Boulevard Association, made up of heartbreak street merchants, is merrily going ahead placing benches on Boulevard corners. The benches are named for their favorite mimes. **Mary Pickford's** is at the intersection of Whitley Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard, **Doug's** at Hudson, **Norma Shearer's** at Highland. **Tom Mix** has Vine Street, **Lois Wilson** the southwest corner of Highland and Hollywood. No one seems to know, exactly, where **Laurel** and **Hardy's** seat is located. Their hearts are in their work, of course.

The distribution of benches is done without fanfare, we were surprised to learn, and is in the hands of a trucking gentleman who rides about and dumps the seats where they seem to be most needed.

Our first account of these elegancies remarked on their funereal splendor—green, like cemetery benches. They are now nicely polychromed, giving a tasty **John Murray Anderson** effect. We haven't found out yet about the favoritism displayed, but we suspect the merchants of honoring the players who pay their bills promptly.

All of which reminds us of the small shopkeeper who delightedly sold a certain svelte young actress, noted for her wit, smartness and social *aplomb,* a knick-knack. The svelte young actress gave him a check for the amount—three dollars. The check came back the next day. It was marked N. S. F.

I-can't-stand-it Department

Billy Bakewell, otherwise known as a nice lad, to **Ramon Novarro:** "I hear that 'Huddle,' your next picture, is going to be a sequel to 'Old Huddleberg.'"

Now that **Mrs. Patrick Campbell** has betaken herself to New York and a stage play, the *enfant terrible* of Hollywood is **Richard Bennett,** poppa of the **Bennett** triad. He appears for interviews clad in a Turkish towel under which (we regret to state) is a pair of shorts; tells naughty reminiscences of his three daughters, **Constance, Joan** and **Barbara,** much to their annoyance; and hands out carefully guarded photographs of his grandchildren to the press.

He behaves, it appears to jaundiced old eyes, in much the way a pampered Broadway darling imagines a pampered Broadway darling should behave in heathen, insular Hollywood.

Closing threat. If anyone so much as mentions **Clark Gable's** name again this month, we'll scream and start tearing paper into little bits. We're in favor of changing matinée idols every two months, and suggest the name of **Ray Milland** as C----G----'s successor.

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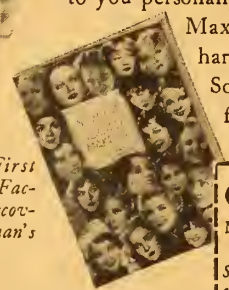
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Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Medium ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
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What's all this Baby Talk Going On in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 47*)

already the little stranger has begun to assume personality. The matter of sex is still something of a toss-up—but the popular leaning is toward a girl. According to a piece we read in the papers, "Patricia Lowe" is the pre-selected name and even if shortened to "Pat" (as Lilyan has been shortened to Lil) it's still effective. The natives are holding out for a red-and-white nursery to be decorated and designed by William Haines and will be satisfied with nothing less for the pre-famous baby of Lilyan and Edmund Lowe.

Joan Crawford is indignantly denying that she "announced" a baby for the near future—or any other time. But the deadly publicity got in its effect before Joan could rush into print with a denial, and thus willingly, or unwillingly, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., take their place among the mythical parents.

Don't get the idea that Joan isn't planning to become a parent in a year or so. What she particularly objected to was the insinuation that the Fairbanks heir was being contemplated for the purpose of stopping separation gossip concerning herself and Doug. "Naturally, we expect to have children some day," blazes Joan. "But when we do, it won't be for *any* purpose other than that we want them." In a way, you can't blame Joan for her attitude. A baby living up to a gossip-smashing tradition would be some order.

Imagine Joan's Child

IMAGINE a little Joanette with such a mission on her hands! A solemn-faced, sad child (somehow a girl is fancied here, too), it would be her life work to climb quietly into visitors' laps, assuring them that all was well between Mama and Daddy. No, it's really too much to expect and you can't blame Joan for getting upset.

Thanks to William Bakewell's sense of what was humorous, Lew Ayres and Lola Lane must also be included among the Mamas and Papas without any little kiddies.

"That Bakewell!" laughs Lola. "Honestly, we ought to get him married off to a Hollywood ingénue without a contract, for revenge. Just because we kidded him about how our children would be sitting on his knee ten years from now, when he was still a lonely old bachelor, he went to a telephone and told a reporter that we were 'expecting.' The story spread all over town like wildfire. Friends of mine would rush up and whisper about my 'condition' and even go so far as to recommend a doctor, before I could stop them."

Fact is, the folks just won't stop believing that Lola, who denies all, is an expectant mother. So Lew and Lola are joining in the game. Lew likes to kid his pretty blonde wife about their "two children," whom he refers to as "Lulu" and "Lew." When he comes home from the studio, he inquires, *à la* deadpan, as to whether or not the children behaved nicely during the day and ate their spinach. Or when they walk into the house after an evening spent at the Cocoanut Grove, he will sigh: "Ah, how I miss the patter of little feet since we put the children in the Reform School." And it's all due to "uncle" Billy Bakewell . . .!

Barbara Wants Boy and Girl

WITH Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, its different. They aren't kidding about the children they expect. No, sirree. Not long ago, when a press-agent went to talk to Barbara about her plans for the future, she said she didn't have any particular plans for herself, but would he like to hear about the plans she had for Michael and Patricia Fay?

"You haven't two children?" gasped the p.a., fearful that he had been "scooped" by Old Dr. Stork.

"Nope," said Barbara, "we haven't two children yet, but we're going to have them—a boy and a girl. The boy's name will be Michael, but Frank and I will call him 'Mike'; and the little girl will be Patricia, called 'Pat.' In other words, Pat and Mike. If everything turns out just the way we want it, Mike will be born first, and then a couple of years later, Pat. If they aren't red-headed and witty and clever like Frank, I'll be the most disappointed mother in the world. I don't want them to be like me in anything!"

So you can see that if Barbara Stanwyck Fay gets her wish, Hollywood's Master of Ceremonies group, numbering Conrad Nagel, Lew Cody and Frank Fay, will be increased by two.

It was none other than columnist Walter Winchell who made a prospective "Daddy" out of Paramount's Fredric March by an announcement that Florence Eldridge March was "expecting." The following day the story reached headlines with pictures and everything in the Los Angeles dailies. A year and four months have gone by since that startling bit of information and as the March heir has not yet put in an appearance, it might be safe to assume that Florence hadn't been expecting much. Freddie says that he told "Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter" himself, and that Walter

(*Continued on page 95*)



Rochelle Hudson—The Surprise Package from Oklahoma

(*Continued from page 59*)

and many, many other solicitous males, all young. And eating spinach, which she adores. And abstaining from cigarettes. You can see what life is at seventeen.

On March 6, 1932, and every day thereafter, we predict, she will be deluged with invitations from tall, dark men with small mustaches and mysterious graybeards with town-cars, all of which she will probably refuse. On that day Rochelle will be eighteen, although life before this has not been without its naughty overtures from importuning gentlemen. To these she always laughs, faintly, and possibly hollowly, and drifts out. Out the door. Never the window. She is not a *Peter Pan*. It is then that she feels very detached from it all; it's as if this amusing situation is not happening to her but to another girl in a play and she, Rochelle, is the audience.

She holds no faith in these silly stories of a woman's sacrifice to career and thinks that acting ability is like any other saleable commodity. If it's first-class, you can sell it, like cereal, with no personal obligations and no stupid alliances. She realizes that the man she will ultimately marry must have wealth and social prestige, to say nothing of good looks and manners. She liked her appearance in "Fanny Foley, Herself" better than in "Are These Our Children?" because in the latter, with her brown hair caught into a knot at the nape of her neck, she looked and acted more sedate than she really is. And, another thing: she didn't look sophisticated.

She believes that a little petting is better than a lot of worse things (which she did not enumerate), but is not promiscuous. She puts the burden of petting on the other person. If she doesn't like the shape of his eyes or the way his hair grows at the temples, it is just too bad. For him. Her mother has made strict rules about her party hours which Rochelle is pleased to obey. They are, home at twelve after a picture show; twelve-thirty after a theater party; one after a dance. Despite her preference for matched pearls and Packard roadsters, life is still pretty much like that at seventeen.

She was not named for the seaport town in France, nor for Rochelle salts. She was named for her maternal grandmother and great-grandmother. She wears size-four slippers with boulevard heels for daytime wear. With evening frocks she has four-inch heels. Blue is her favorite color.

She entirely approves of the rhumba, and likes the radio. After considerable thought, during which the names of Ben Bernie, Paul Whiteman, Abe Lyman, Hal Grayson, Earl Burtnett, Jimmy Grier, and Coon-Sanders were brought forth, she decided she liked Gus Arnheim's orchestra best. She also prefers "River, Stay 'Way from Mah Door," crooning it in commendable Libby Holman fashion, with variations.

Rochelle is a Wampas Baby star of this year, which means the Hollywood press-agents prophesy big things for her. Of her twelve Wampas sisters, she admires Karen Morley the most, particularly for her voice. Among the younger girl players, as we have pointed out, she is not popular. She does not giggle and twist, as some of them do, but stands poised, mature, abstract and even faintly bored, as befits a young professional woman. Studio observers are sure, because she is quiet, that she thinks. She undoubtedly does.

Following her arrival in Van Nuys four years ago, all that Rochelle did was to go to high school and continue her dancing lessons. It took three insufferable years

(*Continued on page 92*)



She was born
she lived
she loved
and was loved...



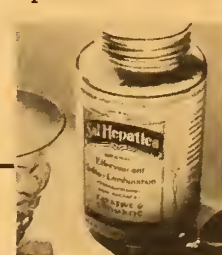
...and she was a very unhappy woman!

POOR little marionette! Going through life. Making all the motions. But feeling little more joy, little more zest than the puppet she resembles. Only half-alive!

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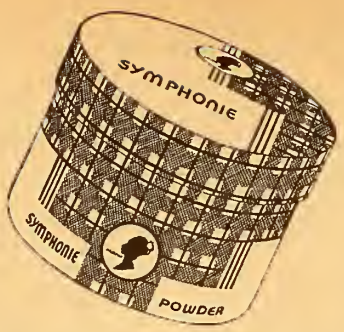
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Meet Europe's Girl-Friend— And America's Newest Thrill

(Continued from page 66)

never laugh at her mistakes in English, but they never correct her, either.

She is strangely lacking in personal vanity—or perhaps hers is vanity in its highest form. At any rate, to save the wear and tear on her beautiful skin, she wears absolutely no make-up in the daytime except lipstick, and prefers not to wave her hair. At night, when even the most flawless complexion looks slightly corpse-like without the aid of cosmetics, she considers it a social duty to use make-up.

Explaining Her Figure

SHE'S also one of those raw-vegetable-and-fruit eaters, and sticks to her vegetarian diet except when diplomacy demands that she toy with a bit of meat.

Lil Dagover is noted for always wearing white, from underwear to ulsters. It's her caprice. She prefers it because she thinks it's most becoming to her. She even has a white limousine, and she loves pearls. But as a concession to her friends, who may get sick and tired of it, she has five floaty chiffon evening dresses for entertaining at home, all made exactly alike, in different pastel shades. With these she wears a trailing chiffon handkerchief.

Pastels and black are her only choices in the matter of color. She hates red and a hard bright blue, and if she has to wear those colors in a picture she is utterly wretched, and can't act.

She loves Hollywood. She didn't see much of it during the weeks when she was making "The Woman from Monte Carlo," but she liked her work and her fellow actors. She went to the Mayfair Ball—the first big social event of the season—which proved interesting.

"But I would rather not see celebrities in person," she remarked. "It's a little disillusioning. I like to see them in pictures, to read articles about them. But it's better always to see them at a little bit distance."

She thinks Garbo is the most beautiful woman on the screen. "For my taste, she is the most beautiful I have ever seen. But I think Anita Page is typical of American beauty. She came to a party which I attended, and she was so lovely, so sparkling, with her soft face and baby mouth and round eyes."

Don't Call Her Another Garbo

SHE deeply resents the popular form of publicity which compares every foreign actress with Garbo and accuses each one of imitating her.

"I used to wear high round necks on my dresses a great deal, and they were especially becoming to me. But I can't any more, because Garbo does it. It seems now you must study carefully everything she wears and everything she does, and then *not* do it, for fear of being called an imitator. I can't bear that!"

She stood up and spoke with passion.

"I would rather be a very bad Dagover, than the *best* copy of Garbo!"

Yet Garbo is her favorite actress. She finds her always interesting, always new, and likes her equally well in person.

"She is very simple, very modest. You never would suspect her fame. At a party, she will sit quietly in a corner and listen to other people. I have been told that she laughs a great deal and is very gay—but I never saw it."

The comparison-makers would have to bend over backward to call Lil Dagover another Garbo. Lil's only resemblance to Greta is that she likes to walk in the rain. She isn't the husky outdoor type, and her only sport is swimming, which she does fairly well, though not often. But she really loves to put on walking shoes, take her dogs on the leash, and go for long walks in the country.

Her fondness for dogs is almost fanatical, when you consider that she kept one of her chows even after he attacked and bit her severely on the arm, leaving permanent scars. She was in the hospital for four days, and wore her arm in a sling for weeks, but when she got home the dog was again on his good behavior and she couldn't bear to have him killed.

Where She Got Her Name

AT seventeen she married an actor, Fritz Daghofer, which name she later modified to the softer-sounding Dagover. She has a little daughter, who is being brought up by her married sister in England. "Because my sister can give her the home and the time and attention I can't give her."

Lil herself had a very unhappy childhood. Her German father was overseer of forests in Java, for the Dutch government. White children living in Java, it seems, must be brought back to a cold climate every seven years, to renew their health and their vitality. When Lil was six, her mother brought the children back to Europe, and before their visit ended, the mother died.

So the two sad little girls were left stranded in Europe, passed around from one aunt to another, sent off to a different boarding school every winter, living in a haphazard and lonely fashion. Lil cannot forget this, and wants her own little girl to have some constancy and devotion, even if it has to be in *her* aunt's home.

While Lil was still in school, she began thinking about the stage. So when, some years later in Berlin, she met the German director, Robert Wiene, and he told her she had a perfect film face, she was in a mood to cooperate. She signed a four-year contract, and became Germany's most famous feminine film star. Every American who saw "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" or "Tartuffe, the Hypocrite" will remember her.

But they probably won't recognize her in her new incarnation as a Hollywood beauty. Her contours have been altered considerably to suit the American taste, and so successfully that in February, she will be back from Germany—where she is now fulfilling a stage engagement—to make more pictures here. And if Germany will let us have Lil, as well as Marlene (and they're entirely different), maybe we ought to be broad-minded and say Germany doesn't owe us a thing.

Did You Know That--

Maurice Chevalier is trying to convince Marlene Dietrich that they ought to do a picture together?

Buddy Rogers, besides leading a New York hotel orchestra and broadcasting, is in the new Ziegfeld show, "Best Wishes"?

When Conchita Montenegro received a stage offer from Ziegfeld—supposedly at Buddy's behest—Fox renewed her lapsed contract?

Jeanette's Big Romance Has Hollywood Puzzled

(*Continued from page 27*)

"I remember once when I was on the stage in New York, I was terribly in love with a man, and I was silly enough then to think it was one of those lifelong passions you hear about. But he threw me over. I thought my heart was broken, of course, and for weeks I went around feeling absolutely wretched and terribly unattractive.

"Finally, one of the girls in the company told me a man in the cast thought I was marvelous. I began to perk up and take an interest. I decided to flirt with him, and he responded beautifully and we had quite a romance. I found I was feeling attractive again and very happy, and had completely forgotten the other man.

"It was then I realized there was no such thing as lasting love. I don't believe there's any love that you can't get over if you want to. All broken hearts could be cured, if people would just start getting romantic about somebody else."

Love according to Jeanette, is a feeling you work up for a person who's responsive to you and about whom it's convenient to feel That Way. When it isn't, you feel that way about someone else. Then becoming even more practical about it all, she began to discuss the strategic advantage of being engaged instead of married.

"I think it's important to know a person a long, long time before marrying, and very well. Because they change so afterwards, in most cases. It's better to find out as many faults and as many differences of opinion as you can before you're married. Because any points that are to be gained must be gained before the wedding. After you've committed yourself, you'll never have the chance."

Jeanette and Bob must have probed each other's faults and opinions pretty thoroughly after all these years, but apparently they feel there are still more to come. One fault of Jeanette's that must be very disconcerting to men, and to women too, is that she is never jealous. At least, that is her boast.

"It doesn't disturb me at all to see my fiancé flirting with other women," she asserts. "I love to flirt, and I know he must love it, too. I don't see why I should let it bother me.

"I'm very fond of Bob Ritchie. He gives me something that's very valuable to me. I'm a person who's uncertain of myself and inclined to be depressed about myself. It's really an inferiority complex. Bob helps me a great deal that way. He builds up my confidence in myself, keeps assuring me that I'm simply grand, bolsters my ego, and restores my faith in myself when I have an attack of inferiority."

The constant companionship of Bob is also important to Jeanette.

"I don't have a very active social life in Hollywood," she said. "I find that social life here is too commercial. There's usually some string tied to it, and when you're asked to go anywhere, you find it was for a purpose.

"I never go anywhere without being asked to get up and sing. I don't mind singing anywhere and for anybody. But it sometimes makes me feel I'm one of the entertainers, instead of one of the guests.

"I've seen the most awful examples of the way people in Hollywood take advantage of their social contacts. It's much worse for men like doctors and lawyers than it is for actors. I've never been at the dinner table with a doctor that someone didn't ask him how to cure her latest ailment.

"One night at a dinner a well-known lawyer was sitting opposite me. One of the other guests immediately began telling of some trouble he had had that required legal

(*Continued on page 89*)

A BUDDING ROMANCE ALMOST SHATTERED . . . *by* ALBERT DORNE



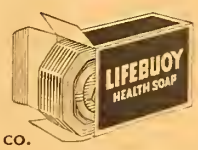
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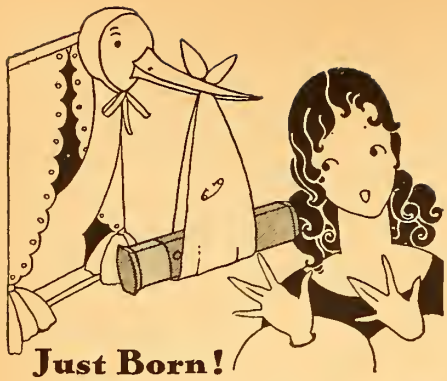
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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Wallace Ford—The Orphan Who Made a Name for Himself

(*Continued from page 51*)

and he wouldn't have known what a penny was if he had seen one. He made his escape one dark dawn when the son had gone to the neighboring town for a doctor for the mother, who was dying. He walked for miles and miles and miles along the railroad track. He was cold and hungry, but unafraid. He only knew that never again would he be sent to the orchard for a good strong switch so that "they" might beat him with it.

He was finally picked up by a train and cared for by the engineer until he reached Winnipeg. He must have been about eleven, he figures. He bummed around the Manitoba capital and neighboring towns, doing odd jobs, sleeping where he could, eating when he could. He worked in pool rooms and saloons and did bell-hopping and errands. And finally he got a job as usher for the Permanent Players, or something of the sort, of which the late Theodore Roberts, who was to become a great character actor on the screen, was the director. Wally had forgotten his orphanage name by this time and answered to any name he was called. Ushering there, he decided what he would do with his life. He would be an actor. He *had* to be an actor. He took a look at that troupe and decided that they *needed* an actor.

He followed the road—that road of Jim Tully's road kids and vagabonds—and, in St. Joseph, Missouri, did some work in stock. He went on and played in Stuart Walker's Repertory Company in Indianapolis.

Where He Got His Name

THERE was more hoboing and while on the road he met the boy, or the man, whose name he subsequently took for his own—"Wally Ford." He was a young philosopher of the open road, this original Wally Ford—a brilliant mind in an indolent body, an idol-smasher who despised the world too much to work for it, a chap who objected to sweat and toil and confinement, who loathed the Law, railroad officials and Men Higher Up.

For months and months this other Wally Ford and young "Buster," as he called our Wally, bummed it together. At one time "Buster" joined the Navy. He wanted beans. Patriotism didn't enter into the matter. Then he rejoined Wally. And one dark wintry night they started to hop a freight together. The older man had taught the boy, "Buster," how to catch on to a train, how to ride the brake rods. This time "Buster" made it first and Wally followed him, slipped and was crushed to instant death before the agonized, vanishing eyes of his boy follower, who took his name—the name of the first man who had ever been a real pal to him.

There came, at last, New York and his first good part in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." And then his first big hit, in the small part of the young condemned soldier in Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln." Other New York successes included "Abie's Irish Rose," "Pigs Is Pigs," "Broadway," "Young Sinners" and "Bad Girl" (in the title rôle of which Sylvia Sidney was "discovered" by the movies). These, he says, are the high-lights of his career.

He came to Los Angeles with the road company of "Bad Girl" and Clarence Brown, M-G-M's ace director, saw him in it. He wanted him for "Possession." The Higher-Ups at the studio did *not* want him, couldn't see him, didn't think it necessary to sign him up when they had so many contract players on the lot. Clarence Brown went to the mat for him, fought for him, insisted upon him. And Wally said to me that if ever he does amount to a great deal, if ever there should be any controversy as to who "discovered" him, and gave him his start, he can settle that controversy in two words—Clarence Brown. And only Clarence Brown. He wants that point made sharp and clear.

She Proved She Loved Him

JUST before "Abie's Irish Rose," to go back a bit, he was introduced to Martha Haworth, daughter of that famous Joseph Haworth, who created the rôle of *John Storm* in "The Christian." They fell in love. Within eighteen months they were married. But not without some opposition. Martha's mother heard of her daughter's approaching nuptials. She hastened to New York to find out about it. She had a Scene with Martha.

She said, "But who is this man? What is he? Where did he come from? Who were his people?" And Martha replied, "I don't know who he is. I don't care. I don't care whether he came out of an ash-can or whether he goes back to one. I love him and *I* am marrying him and no one else."

Wally happened to listen in on this conversation. And he said to me—ten years later—that he will never forget it, never cease to be grateful for it. He told Martha that her mother was right, she *did* have a right to know who he was and where he came from, but that he couldn't help her because he, himself, didn't—and might never—know. He offered to have blood-tests made. He offered to go back to England and make an effort to trace his antecedents. But Martha didn't want any credentials or certificates. She wanted one certificate and one only—the one with the name of marriage written on it. She loved him. That was enough.

Wally and Martha lost one baby girl after eighteen hours of life. They have a small daughter now, Patricia Ann, aged four and a half. They hope to have a son some day.

Did *You* Ever Know Him?

WALLY feels that there must have been something good about his mysterious parents. He says, "I don't know how, but I always seemed to *want* to do the right thing. I always wanted to be fair and honest and decent. I think that means there must be good blood somewhere. I feel that it might have been my mother—a fellow likes to feel that, anyway. Some day the whole story will come out, I think. Folks will read stories about me like the one you are going to write and someone will come forward and say 'I knew about him . . .' I hope they do. I'm not afraid of what I may find. I'm afraid of only one thing in the world and that is that I may die without leaving my wife and baby properly provided for. I don't care what I make while I am living. I do care about what they have when I am dead."

Wally has a contract, a good fat one, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He has a hundred-thousand-dollar life insurance policy. From a nameless, maltreated little foundling he has come to this—at thirty-two. He is modest about it. He says he "just got the breaks." (After the life he has had, he can say he "got the breaks"!) He thinks maybe it is because he was always with older people, people who were working. Or because he had to work so hard, himself, and never did any playing. Because he never did. He never went with girls; he never went to proms or football games or parties or night-clubs or had any of the common,

(*Continued on page 93*)

Don't Diet! Curves Are Coming Back!

(*Continued from page 32*)

screen. The very feminine Jeanette MacDonald is Lubitsch's and Chevalier's idea of what a heroine ought to be. And there is Ona Munson (speaking of Lubitsch, whom she will soon marry, if she hasn't by the time you read this), who makes no pretensions to a flapper figure, and Thelma Todd, whose luscious curves are at last appreciated.

There is even room for dimples in cheeks and elbows these days! Several of the best-known reducing parlors in Hollywood have recently closed for lack of business, and Sylvia, the most famous masseuse of them all, has departed for New York to go in for radio-broadcasting. And if you think Hollywood is on a diet, you should watch some of these screen girls eat! It's a pleasure to lunch with Joan Blondell and Sylvia Sidney. They'll dare to take creamed crabmeat and hot rolls and potato soufflé and whipped-cream cake, and look the camera straight in the eye afterward.

The year's first Mayfair Ball—the big event of the Hollywood social season—revealed the change in feminine beauty ideals. For the first time in years, evening gowns were daring, and form-fitting gowns were seductive. The new styles, obviously designed for bosoms and hips, would have hung piteously on the flat-chested, boyish figures of last year. The thinner girls disguised their lack of flesh by bustle-bows and ruffles. Dolores Del Rio covered her slimness—the result of serious illness—with an ermine-trimmed satin cape. Pola Negri, on the other hand, emphasized her seductive curves by a skin-tight gown of solid sequins. If this goes on, who knows but what the Good Old Days of Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott, each of whom was described as "a good armful of woman," will return?

Perhaps these days are already on the way. Director William Van Dyke had a difficult time getting a heroine for "Tarzan, the Ape Man," even as he had his troubles finding a hero with a great physique, who could act natural without clothes—until he spotted Johnny Weissmuller, the champion swimmer. "I want a girl who's really young," said Van Dyke, "and one who looks as if she had grown up out-of-doors and yet is light enough to carry easily. And they're hard to find these days." The actress he picked was Maureen O'Sullivan.

Jeanette's Big Romance Has Hollywood Puzzled

(*Continued from page 87*)

aid. At the end of a long recital of the facts in the case, he said to the lawyer, 'Now, what would you advise me to do?' The lawyer answered, 'If I were you, I would engage a lawyer.' I sympathize with everyone who has experiences like that. It's that kind of thing that makes social life in Hollywood so unsatisfactory."

So what with one thing and another, Jeanette has most of the advantages of matrimony and none of the grief. She never has to worry about who is going to take her to an opening. When she gives a party, she is automatically provided with a host. Jeanette can wander around sprinkling repartee among the guests, confident that Bob Ritchie is seeing that everybody gets a drink, that people are introduced, and generally behaving like the perfect host.

Yet when Bob is away, Jeanette isn't just a married woman hoping to be taken out by some charitable gentleman. She has the attraction for other men of a single and heartfree woman.

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THE PLASTIC APPLIANCE INSTITUTE, Dept. B-32
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Tom Mix Won His Fight for Life—Now He's Rarin' to Go

(Continued from page 49)

The Tom Mix of the old days was a free-handed spender, second only to Jimmie Cruze (director of "The Covered Wagon" and now ex-husband of Betty Compson) in the lavishness of his hospitality. With the true cow-puncher's unhesitating generosity, he was a mark for every panhandler in town.

"This town's worse than it used to be," Tom remarked, "and darn if I can stick my head out the door without somebody hitting me for something—but the past three years have taught me how to say 'No!' and mean it. I ain't the man to turn down a feller who really needs it, and my old pals are always welcome to my house, but for the rest, the kettle just ain't on the fire. Got a few of the boys in here now. Come on in."

To appreciate Tom Mix, you have to get a squint at his living-room. It's the kind of room every "cow waddy" in the world would have, if he had the money. In every corner, there are gun racks filled with weapons, ancient and modern, and each with its story of bloodshed and danger to tell. The walls are covered with trophies of the chase, Indian war bonnets, Navajo rugs, quirts and beaded quivers. A half-dozen huge, silver-embossed Mexican saddles catch the eye. With a great open fireplace, long, deep-cushioned divans, and bearskin rugs, it is a room in which a man can live and be at home. The "gang" consisted of Allan Dinehart, the Broadway actor, polished, suave and well-poised; a mechanic of Tom's acquaintance, slightly ill at ease, but trying to be comfortable in unfamiliar surroundings; Tom's brother-in-law, Gene; and last, but not least, Al Jennings, once the terror of Indian Territory, train-robber, gun-fighter, ex-convict, now a writer and lecturer.

Tom and Al Swap Stories

"YOU came up to get a story?" Tom pushed the platter containing the caviar sandwiches toward me and indicated the refreshments. "Well, son, Al and me is just going back into the old days in the Territory, so if you stick around it's likely you'll get one."

Jennings, a mild, spectacled, smiling little man, chuckled behind his hand in a characteristic gesture which was almost apologetic, "Tom, you remember the time those fellers rode up to old Jake's cabin and found him in bed, dead as a doornail? Been dead almost a week, I reckon. Well, there was a big reward for Jake, dead or alive, so the boys take him out in the yard, prop him up against a cottonwood tree and fill his carcass full of buckshot. Then they roped him across a saddle, took him into town and claimed the reward. Fool officials didn't notice that he never bled a drop from them buckshot wounds."

It was Tom's turn next and a moment later his saffron silk shirt was peeled back to display a deep shoulder scar where a desperado, whose demise took place a moment later, had planted a forty-five slug during the days when Mix was a U. S. Marshal.

"I 'member the time after we held up the Limited," Jennings chuckled and his old eyes twinkled humorously behind the lenses, "we stopped at old darky Tom's place on the Cimarron River for a bite to eat. Posse come up right after we left and tried to get Tom to tell. When he wouldn't, one of the posse, feller named Kelly, bent his gun barrel over Tom's black head. Three years later, I was settin' in a saloon down in the Territory with my feet propped up on the stove when a big rough feller came in and shoved 'em off. I made some remark about his manners and when I got a good look at him, I saw it was Kelly, the feller who hit old Tom.

"I asked him about that time and he admitted it. Then he took a close look at me and asks, 'Say, ain't you Al Jennings?' 'That's me', says I, 'and I'm goin' to put you to sleep.' Well, I did, and then I stepped over his carcass and went on out in the air. Do you know, Tom, I don't know when I ever felt so good about anything as I did over that—him hittin' pore old black Tom like he did."

Still Quick on the Trigger

AND so the stirring recitals went. There were stories of train robberies, of gun fights, of desperate stands against odds, of arrests made under difficulties and midnight pursuits through the hills. Few men are given the opportunity, these days, to hear such tales from the lips of the men who shared in the adventures. Using me as a victim, Tom showed us how to disarm a gunman and my wrist ached for an hour. Al Jennings gave us some gun tricks and proved that he could still draw and fire with split-second speed. He and Tom both agreed that the gangster gunman of to-day is a clumsy amateur and a coward and that one old-time gun-thrower could account for a room full of racketeers. As we talked, time passed swiftly. Much as I regretted it, I broke into the flood of memory,

"What about your experiences with the circus, Tom?"

"First time since I left the range that I've ever been happy." Tom's eyes lighted up. "Circus people are real people. No stuffed shirts around a circus like there are in pictures. They earn their money, too. Out here they take some kid, make him a star in three months, and pay him as much as the President gets. In a circus, a good tumbler will work twenty years to perfect a back-flop and thinks he's lucky to get a hundred bucks a week. Once when I got hurt, they came and carried me off the field with lovin' hands, just like I was their own son. They're *real* folks, them people.

"Adventures? No, nothing I reckon you could call an adventure. I remember when Ruth was traveling with me awhile, she brought a feller into the car, introduced him and said he was going to take her to lunch. I thought his name sounded familiar and I took her aside and asked her. Sure enough he was that feller that posed as a single man and rushed Clara Bow and then got his wife to sue for alienation of affections—and sue for plenty. Ruth had met him out here. I told her I didn't want her associatin' with him and, to make a long story short, he objected. I swear I didn't intend to hit him, but as I had him by the arm, takin' him to the door of the tent, he started to jerk away.

Tom Punched Him for Clara

HE got off-balance and there he was, with his head tipped back, that jaw of his a perfect target. Before I thought, I let go and down he went. There was a couple of my old Texas Ranger captains comin' in to see me and just then they stepped in the door. This bird had got up, so I took a good swift kick at his pants and down he went again. 'The sock was for Clara and the kick for me,' I told him. My old captains looked down at him and one of them asked, 'You hit him, Tom?' I told them 'Yes,' so they took hold his arms and legs and heaved him out. I didn't mean to do it, but I'm glad now I got a poke at that guy.

"While we was playin' down through Texas and Oklahoma," continued Tom, "a

(Continued on page 98)

Has Novarro Fallen in Love With Garbo?

(*Continued from page 45*)

Remember Gavin Gordon, the young Southerner who made no secret of the fact he had fallen in love with Greta during their filming of "Romance"? With an eagerness that would have been flattering to any other star, he related stories of Greta's kindness to him stressing the time he had been injured in an automobile accident on his way to the studio and the glorious Greta had held up production until he was well, instead of substituting another leading man. He spoke of her as his ideal, his "dream woman come to life."

He made the mistake of saying he would work without salary in any of her productions—merely for the privilege of working with her and being close to her. There was no doubt that the infatuated boy meant every word he said—but with every word he dug a deeper chasm between himself and his idol. It proved itself several pictures after "Romance" when a part came up that young Gordon could have played. He knew of the rôle, begged for it. But "they say" it was Greta herself who vetoed his playing the part. A nice boy—but too much romance talk to suit the taste of Garbo.

It Was Goodbye for Nils

AND there was Nils Asther—before he met Vivian Duncan. Yes, Nils, too, is said to have fallen under the sway of Greta's personal spell. Her countryman was an ideal team-mate for Garbo. He had the height and physique to make her appear most appealingly feminine on the screen—and with him "The Single Standard" proved to be one of her most successful pictures. Yet those who might be expected to know claim Greta grew displeased with the increasing public idea of a romance between them—so displeased that she favored other leading men for her pictures. In time Nils' contract lapsed and was not renewed. Since he has been re-signed on the M-G-M lot, he has not made a picture with Garbo.

Sorensen, the young Swede who followed Greta to America, was young and handsome enough to have been a movie actor, and those who knew him say he would have welcomed a career before the camera. Yet Greta, the one woman who could have started him with a quiet-spoken suggestion, did not lift her finger. Sorensen is now back in Sweden.

John Gilbert? Yes, it was dangerous for Gilbert to fall in love with Garbo, also. Dangerous and unlucky. Another picture with Greta might easily establish Jack in his former glory—only Greta, remembering something in the embers of that romance, calmly refuses to consider the idea. It is said her main objection to the rôle of the dancer in "Grand Hotel" has been the possibility that Gilbert might play opposite her.

It is such players as Conrad Nagel, Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery, and, with reservations, Clark Gable, who have got along best with Garbo. Nagel is happily married—no chance of romance rumors there. Lewis Stone, also happily married, is politely immune to lady stars—no matter if they are as alluring as Garbo. Robert Montgomery admits he was so frightened of her as an artist that it is doubtful if he realized she was a flesh-and-blood woman. Besides, he has a very charming wife. And as for Gable, who's also a contented husband—well, it is said that Garbo and Gable did not get along so well toward the last of "Susan Lenox." Certainly Clark was neither in awe nor afraid of her.

And now Novarro! With which group does he belong? Is he one of those who regard and admire her only as the actress—or one of those others who made the mistake of falling in love with her?



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"Old Town Canoes"

Joan Crawford's Home Life May Change This Year, Says Numerologist

(*Continued from page 42*)

She is the "never-say-die" type. If she thinks some task should be done, she will never consider it too hard; nor will she let up until it is accomplished, so long as she has another ounce of physical and nervous energy left. This over-seriousness (for it amounts to that) is well reflected in the many changes she has wrought in her own personality, in the presentation of her talents, and in her circumstances since coming to Hollywood.

Always Willing to Change

THESE accomplishments have not made her conceited, as they might well have done. Down deep, she remains humble. High-keyed, she is nervous whenever she begins any new undertaking, fearful that she won't perform it as she should. She does not flatter herself, but her philosophy is that it is possible to do anything with one's self if it has to be done.

Joan has to learn, however, that the permanent beauty of thought and poise of character that give true artistry cannot be acquired from the outside, or attached like a garment or a facial expression. She does not possess inward relaxation, and so is in danger of developing as a type having a base of seriousness but appearing somewhat artificial.

Joan was born with the outer capacity for hard work, as well as the inner determination to sacrifice herself to success and to put her own likes and dislikes aside for the sake of insuring security for her future. The "4" Expression keeps her at a high point of nervous tension, which in the case of one less well-balanced would cause erratic action and lack of self-control.

Being anything but a quitter, from whichever side you view her numbers, Joan will work and work with all the energy of brain, muscle and nerves until a task is accomplished—which proves a unity between her inner intention and her outer ability. This combination is rare. Joan is not the kind to wait for "breaks." She forces them—another demonstration of her seriousness.

Self-Conscious When Off Guard

TOO much seriousness, however, both in self-expression and in ambition, leads to a little self-consciousness, if caught off her guard. In meeting strangers, one would expect her to betray some simple, childish gestures and ideas, but usually she is like the driver of two high-spirited horses, keeping both well in rein. Relaxation, instead of recreation—a few hours each day in which she would stop the activity of both mind and body—would work wonders for her.

Joan gives her birthdate as March 23, 1908—the numbers of which total 8, which shows the purpose of her life is material success and financial freedom. To attain her purpose, however, she must take advantage of her associations and friendships, which her Numberscope indicates are very fortunate.

The fact that she was born in the third month of the year augured that she would have early opportunities to express herself in the field of public entertainment, and also that she would find it possible to gain the attention of influential persons in financial circles. In Joan's case, the two auguries combined to give her great financial success in public entertainment directions. But such success could never have been so fully realized if Joan's intentions and capacity for hard work had been less than they were —and still are.

What Her Future Holds

WITH the year 1928, she entered upon a cycle of years and a lucky series of events that will constantly increase both her financial and her artistic success, with very little danger of setbacks, until 1936.

In 1936 or 1937, she will have opportunities (which she is likely to take) to change the whole rhythm of her work and associations. In place of the serious thought and effort toward practical success which now occupy her, she will have a new interest in seeing the world, in enjoying travel and relaxation, and in speculating with her time, talents and money.

There are some changes possible in connection with her home conditions during the period from May first through September, and these may cause temporary changes in her plans for the future. If these changes occur, the public may not see much of Joan during 1933. But if she temporarily retires, Numerology shows that she will return for full honors in 1934 and 1935.

Rochelle Hudson—The Surprise Package from Oklahoma

(*Continued from page 85*)

to convince her mother that chicken ranchers and their ranches were not her style, and they moved to Hollywood. She soon discovered that the film capital was less exciting than Oklahoma City, where oil-rich Indians in limousines overturned their cars and left them lying in the ditches while they walked back to town to pay cash for more. She was pleased when Fox gave her a film test. They then signed her to a six months' contract, gave her no screen work and released her.

Her gratitude goes to Frank Borzage, Fox director, who made the test that was seen by William LeBaron and which won her a Radio Pictures' contract. Now she enjoys the distinction of being in a one-pupil high school on the studio lot where she is instructed by a Board of Education tutor. She will graduate in June.

She likes to go to the beach in the summer and get very tanned. She also likes to charge dull conversations with startling remarks, hugging her net-stockinged legs to her, jack-knife fashion. She runs around with a group of youngsters that includes cub reporters, artists, draftsmen, and singers, often out of employment. She thinks they are noble and exciting, sharing (as they do) their daily bread. Out of all the motion picture youths she prefers Johnny Darrow because he is the least professional, and thinks that he has a darling profile. At the moment, between scenes of "Girl Crazy," she is having a great deal of fun being called "Mrs." Tommy Loughan. Tommy works in the studio publicity department and it's all good, clean fun.

With the exception of her passion for spinach (and whoever heard of anyone liking that?) and despite her fatal attraction to gentlemen, Rochelle is a perfectly normal, perfectly healthy youngster with good reflexes, who would probably gasp, blush, and slap the face of any young man who dared to make insinuating remarks. And this with all her delicious layer of worldliness-acquired in Oklahoma.

Wallace Ford—The Orphan Who Made A Name for Himself

(*Continued from page 88*)

garden variety of so-called "good times."

He looks happy, and he is. He gets a kick out of things other people, with more fortunate beginnings, take as matters of course. It's a thrill to him when his day's work is finished and he realizes that he is going home, *home* to his own wife, his own child. He gets a profound thrill out of the things he can do for that child, the things he can give her, the tenderness, the care.

The common comforts are luxuries to Wally Ford. He bears no grudge against the world for the blows it gave him. He has learned a lot about human nature, he says. And on the whole he finds it kind; or, if not kind, then he finds some excuse for it—illness or ignorance or a born blindness to the gentle, kindly things.

He reads good books in an effort to educate himself. He says that until very recently it was really a most embarrassing experience to talk with him. He would say "sup-er-floo-us" for superfluous and "it's imperial to me" for "it's immaterial to me."

He wants to stick to character work. He says that he can never be a leading man. "Too short." Someone told him that he could do the type of thing Robert Montgomery does. He knows better, he says. He has been compared to James Dunn. He doesn't believe that, either. He once followed the late Robert Williams in a stage play. Their work has nothing in common.

In short, he's like no one else on the screen. And it won't make a bit of difference whether he came from an ash-can or from aristocracy. He's fair and honest and real. The man without a name has made one for himself—the finest christening in the world.

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 9*)

Now, in this age of jazz, juleps and jails, actors must act. This is where the new bunch comes in. They don't confine their abilities to simpering, wearing bathing-suits, and the like; they act. Fredric March has out-Barrymored Barrymore, Clark Gable makes John Gilbert as stale as King Tut, and Janet Gaynor made "America's Sweetheart" look like plain Mary Jane.

Wring out the old—ring in the new!

Edward R. Hughes.

This Explains Garbo's Actions

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The soul of Garbo is so sensitive, so shy, that she shrinks from contact with people—not through rudeness, but because she is too highly strung and finely attuned to accept graciously the adoring stares and unthinking roughness of those who worship her.

Hers is a Nordic soul, born in the great and icy stillness of the Northland; a soul as different from our warmer temperaments as the climates of Sweden and Florida are different.

It is an artist's soul, taut with drama, that must be alone to keep its balance. It is only in solitude that the intense inner flame which makes Garbo great can find its true expression and its real happiness.

It breaks my heart to read criticism of the actions of Garbo. It makes me weep to hear her innate shyness called rudeness, and her natural desire to be alone misconstrued as a striving for effect.

It is not for us mere mortals to question, or even try to understand the great soul of this great woman. Garbo's life is her own. Leave her to her solitude, and thank God for the gift that enables her to give us that part of her which belongs to us—her art.

Frederic J. Haskin, Jr.

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See Page 15

Are You Up-to-Date About Lois Moran?

(*Continued from page 57*)

screen upon which shadows appeared and faded, changing from one romantic, adventurous shape to another. The great French film star, Jacques Catelain, needed a leading lady—and the little American girl from the Opera ballet got the job. At fourteen, mind you.

The picture was one of the successes of those early days, "Gallery of the Monsters." One of the bright young men who helped with it in a minor capacity was René Clair, now the foremost of French directors. The assistant was Albert Conti, who subsequently came to America to establish himself as an actor of distinction and charm in American films.

But the real hit of the piece was Lois. She was an immediate sensation. Frenchmen, too, prefer blondes, and her Nordic loveliness showed up so well among the Latin types that within two years "Loise Morann" was one of the brightest luminaries of the French cinema.

During these two years, however, Lois was not living only the life of a popular actress. Under the guidance of a young American artist, she was being introduced to the cultural heritage of the old world. Michael Knox did much for his pupil, bringing her avid mind into contact with the treasures with which Paris is so bountifully supplied, giving her daily lessons in history, languages and the arts, impressing upon her that only the best should be termed the best.

An American Hit at 16

THIS coincided with Lois' own instinctive opinion; and presently she was entertaining grave doubts as to whether the French was the best form of motion pictures. Thus when Sam Goldwyn advertised in the London newspapers that he was searching for a girl to play opposite Ronald Colman in "Romeo and Juliet," Lois wrote to him at once. The producer made an appointment with her in Paris, and kept it—to inform her that while he had abandoned the idea of "Romeo and Juliet," he thought that she was the girl for the rôle of the daughter in the forthcoming "Stella Dallas."

"Stella Dallas" made screen history, and Lois along with it. Fox signed her on a long-term contract that insured the financial independence she to-day enjoys—and Lois settled down to the business of being an American movie star. And at this she remained not only two years, but six, until—

Until the old unrest, the feeling that she wasn't progressing, that there was more to life than she was getting, assailed her once more. Whereupon she went to New York last winter, during her four-months' vacation, and played the lead in Robert Sherwood's bitter, witty hit, "This Is New York."

This was a taste of new blood. The dazzle of a first night, the warmth of first-hand applause, the praise of important critics, the feel of an actual audience—overlaid with the tremendous elation of knowing that she had made good in the world's hardest city to conquer, Manhattan, —these were new thrills.

Not After Big Money

CONTRACT obligations caused her to return to Hollywood, and in five brief months to turn out those four smash performances. But with these completed, she wanted to be off to the stage again. The movie moguls raised the ante, but Lois didn't want money—she wanted New York. She was determined to return. And return she did . . . and once again to something new—musical comedy.

A show written by the nimble-witted George S. Kaufman (co-author of "Once in a Lifetime") and with music by George ("Rhapsody in Blue") Gershwin requires a leading lady of talent, distinction and plenty of other things. These obviously were summed up in the little girl who began her dancing at eleven and her singing shortly afterwards. Lois was chosen—and from the critical raves she won in the part, it is a certainty that the producers of "Of Thee I Sing" aren't sorry that she was.

And by raves I don't mean that the critics called the show a good one or an excellent one (which is high praise these days). They called it such things as "the greatest comic operetta ever produced in America." The witty Robert Garland said, "I must remember to tell my grandchildren I saw the opening." The setting of the piece is Washington, and its theme a satire of high politics, with Lois playing the rôle of First Lady of the Land.

Yet Lois' success in this piece isn't half so revealing as the remarks she made one afternoon during a lull in rehearsal. Here was a girl in the midst of one of the most trying rôles in show business, and at a time when the usual performer apparently is giving an imitation of Junior Fairbanks imitating John Barrymore in a take-off of Jack Gilbert. In other words, anything but peaceful.

What Next for Lois? Opera!

BUT Lois, far from being alarmed, already was looking ahead. With a blithe disregard for the present, she was taking for granted that she would score and was saying calmly, "Next, I want to do light opera. I'd like to start with 'La Bohême'. It's suited to my voice. And then—

"Well, there's painting, sculpture and writing.

"I'm no good with my hands. It will be writing when I'm fifty—but that's not for twenty-eight years yet. Just now it will have to be the theater. Oh, I know that in this business one is apt to get the mental quirk that there is nothing else in all the world but this one little profession. And how utterly absurd that is!

"As a matter of fact, there isn't one of us who wouldn't be a better player for a period away from the business—a time in which we might get a proper perspective on ourselves and our work; say, once a year. But we don't take that time out—and suffer, somehow, because we don't. There are some individuals in this business who, I suppose, might be termed great. *But if we all allowed ourselves to get closer to ourselves, there might be more.*

"After all, progress grows out of mental force—directing intelligence. To me, great women are intelligent before they are anything else. Not intellectual, understand—but intelligent. Not that I'm underestimating the importance of physical appeal! The course of history will bear me out in the importance of that.

"But the brain comes first—it is the director of the rest of a woman's forces. And these in order of importance I should place as charm, humor, wit, beauty and physical attraction. If a woman properly uses these forces, there is nothing—nothing!—that can keep her from achieving whatever she desires!"

All of which may indicate why young Lois Moran—who has been variously successful at eleven, fourteen, sixteen and twenty-two—now is looking about for bigger and better worlds to conquer!

And romance? She and Douglass Montgomery (known on the screen as Kent Douglass) are reported to be something more than friends—but Lois claims that she isn't thinking of diamond rings. Not right now.

What's all this Baby Talk Going on in Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 84*)

didn't know he was kidding him.

In spite of the fact that Freddie and Florence are just phantom parents, the idea became so positive in the eyes of certain fans that it is commonly believed that the Marches have a "baby." Even the questions-and-answers editor of one of the movie magazines lost her bearings and informed ANXIOUS READER that Fredric March had a ten-year-old son in military school, which is all perfectly true if you substitute William Powell's name for Freddie March's. As Freddie and Florence have not been married long enough to have a ten-year-old son in military school, you can get a faint idea of how they must feel toward the kiddie!

According to her friends, Constance Bennett, newly wedded to Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, is not only planning to give up her screen career when her present contract runs out and go to Paris to live, but also hopes to have a large family. Maybe all those babies Connie has held in her arms in her pictures have given her the Great Desire for a family of her own. She has already adopted a little English boy.

Practically the only fairly recent Hollywood brides who are not reported to be planning phantom families are Mary Astor (Mrs. Franklyn Thorpe), Helen Twelvetrees (Mrs. Frank Woody, Jr.), Mrs. Clark Gable (the former Rita Langham), Dolores Del Rio (Mrs. Cedric Gibbons), Dorothy Mackaill (Mrs. Neil Miller), Clara Bow (Mrs. George F. Beldon), Carole Lombard (the new Mrs. William Powell), Kay Francis (Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna), Sally Eilers (Mrs. Hoot Gibson), Dorothy Sebastian (Mrs. Bill Boyd), Nancy Carroll (Mrs. Bolton Mallory), Virginia Valli (Mrs. Charles Farrell), Mrs. Richard Dix (the former Winifred Coe), and Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles). And Hollywood being Hollywood, it's hard to understand why they haven't been so reported—and haven't had a chance to deny such rumors, with sighs.

No one seems actually to know whether or not Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer are expecting an heir immediately, but according to Gloria's own statement before she was married, she plans to go in for motherhood on a large scale, naming her first boy, Michael. "I'd like to have four or five children," she enthused, which really makes Gloria the leader of the phantom parents—the others putting in a bid for one, or no more than two.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 80*)

remembers her lost lover? She declares that she is through with love. In the same words Lila Lee shakes off the shadow of Johnny Farrow, the romance having died in the South Seas.

TEARS are the order of the day. Dolores Del Rio sobbed on the witness stand as she defended the suit of her former lawyer for thirty-one thousand dollars for "unusual services." The lawyer claimed he protected her from bad publicity when her husband died. The Duncan Sisters wept collectively and separately as they declared themselves bankrupts. "When we were making lots of

(*Continued on page 100*)



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Secrets of the Marrying Judge of Yuma

(*Continued from page 35*)

Freeman pronounced the final words and cried softly for a moment or two on Neil's shoulder as he kissed her and whispered endearments.

"The only time I like to see a woman's tears is at a wedding," the Judge says. "They nearly all cry for one reason or another, and picture people are no different from the rest. Gloria Swanson, Marjorie Rambeau and Mary Astor all wept. Sometimes there is a suspicious moisture in the groom's eyes, too. When I married Jetta Goudal and Harold Grieve, he was the most visibly affected." (This *is* a surprise!)

"I enjoyed meeting Miss Goudal tremendously, " the Judge continues. "After the ceremony I had the pleasure of driving the newlyweds around Yuma on a sight-seeing trip to points of interest. Miss Goudal seemed to enjoy the tour and showed a keen interest in the city where she was being married—which, I'll have to admit, is more than some of them do."

Jetta's Emotions Held in Check

JUDGE Freeman refuses to believe any of this talk of Jetta Goudal's "temperament." Hollywood may say what it likes, but he knows better. Didn't he see La Goudal during one of the most emotional experiences of a woman's life? And wasn't she kind enough to be interested in real estate values? She asked about them, he reveals.

Perhaps the shrewd Jetta foresaw the business boom that would hit Yuma. Real estate there has soared in value since the town has become a Gretna Green for famous movie couples. In these times of depression it is a pleasure to report that Yuma business is on the up-and-up. So we report it.

Yuma, however, is curiously lacking in excitement regarding its new fame as a marriage mecca. Its Chamber of Commerce seemingly ignores any exploitation upon the subject. Instead, the C. of C. concerns itself almost entirely with the beauties of the desert, the excellence of home-grown produce and the healthy climatic conditions. On these points Yuma will officially fight it out with Las Vegas. But not upon the matter of Hollywood's marriage business. And that's one good way of keeping Hollywood's marriage business.

Nor do the citizens of Yuma go particularly agog over film stars, says Judge Freeman. Gloria Swanson received perhaps the most attention, but even Gloria did not cause the furore that greeted Aimee Semple McPherson, the Los Angeles evangelist. Perhaps an explanation for this lies in the fact that Yuma has a much greater church-going population than a movie-going crowd. Its four thousand-odd citizens support but one picture palace.

Mary Astor's elopement with Dr. Franklyn Thorpe remained undiscovered for several months. As Judge Freeman officiated at the ceremony, we inquired why the Thorpe-Astor wedding had remained secret.

Why He Kept Mary's Secret

"BECAUSE Dr. Thorpe requested it," he replied. "The doctor came to me after obtaining the license and explained that the lady he was to wed was a well-known film star. He said that Lucille Langhanke was her legal name and not a fictitious one. Of course, I recognized Miss Astor, but as they had requested my confidence, I saw no reason to expose them."

In that simple statement is reflected much of the fine character of Yuma's "marrying magistrate." Now in his fifties, the white-haired judge has enjoyed a life replete with interesting experiences. Born in the Middle West, he migrated to the Coast in his youth and homesteaded in Washington. Upon several occasions he has been absolutely "broke" in following a varied career as a druggist, auctioneer, real-estate operator and trader. From boyhood on, he wanted to study law, but couldn't satisfy his ambition until he was past forty. And then he failed to pass the first three bar examinations. But three times wasn't out for Freeman. He passed the fourth with high honors.

A Republican in a Democratic county, he was urged to run for Justice of the Peace against a particularly strong opponent. Even his friends held little hope of his making much of a showing in the election. "When the votes were counted," Freeman says, "I held a majority of seventy-six ballots." Two years later he again beat the same man two to one.

Yuma holds a genuine affection for its kindly judge. Those frank, straight-from-the-heart letters in his safe testify to that. Whether sitting in judgment at a trial or performing a marriage ceremony, he officiates with a friendliness that is contagious. People bring him petty problems while they are still petty and he sets them right with an ease and efficiency that makes friends of enemies.

"Thoroughly Married" Marjorie

THIS is the "Marrying Magistrate of Yuma" and the answer to the reason for Hollywood's sense of Yuma. Marjorie Rambeau seized his hand immediately after his reading of the marriage ceremony and said through her unabashed sobs, "Judge, this is not the first time I have been a bride, but it is the first time I have felt so thoroughly married."

Richard Dix was also noticeably impressed by the wedding ceremony as read by Judge Freeman. He expressed himself as "feeling differently already." Asked what he meant by "differently," he said, "Fine and dandy."

Rich's father, now in his seventies, was an interested witness to his son's marriage. The great affection shown between father and son deeply impressed Judge Freeman. After the ceremony, he told the Judge, "No parent has ever been so happy or so blessed as I am in having raised this fine boy. Truly, Heaven has been kind to me." Freeman says it was one of the most touching scenes he has ever witnessed in his courtroom.

There were seven in the Dix bridal party. They arrived by 'plane and took a suite at a hotel but left again before night. A half-hearted attempt was made by Dix to keep his identity secret. He obtained a license under his legal name of Ernest Carlton Brimmer and gave his occupation as "Los Angeles realtor" (he owns a great deal of real estate). He abandoned the attempt at secrecy when, after dropping the pen in the registry office, it was returned to him by Superior Court Clerk Donald Wisener with the words, "Here you are, Mr. Dix." Rich refused, however, to pose for pictures and only a snapshot was taken of him as he and his bride entered their 'plane for the homeward trip. Dorothy Mackaill refused to pose on arrival, but after she was married she consented.

Dot's Name Was Misspelled

AS a rule, film personalities are pleasantly surprised by the lack of attention their presence in Yuma attracts, according to Judge Freeman (who should

know). With the exception of a picture or two taken by the local correspondents of national press syndicates, they are unmolested by newspapermen. In fact, news of their marriages never makes the big headlines in the Yuma papers and barely is included on the front page. And were Gloria Swanson, Marjorie Rambeau and Dorothy Mackaill—all married before—happy about this? They certainly were. The Yuma *Morning Sun* even misspelled Dot's name, giving her one "l" instead of two.

The Dix party of seven has been the largest from Hollywood to date. June Collyer and Stuart Erwin were attended by June's two brothers, who matched pennies to determine which one was to be best man. The loser was officially dubbed bridesmaid. Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller were accompanied by J. S. Rex Cole, Dorothy's financial adviser. Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer (who, by the way, gave his home as Paris) arrived alone.

None of the newlyweds have tarried long in Yuma after taking their wedding vows, Judge Freeman reveals. June MacCloy and Charles Schenck (who were married by a minister) probably stayed the longest of any. They registered at the San Carlos Hotel, but as they arrived on Armistice Day, they encountered difficulties in obtaining a license. Clerk Donald Wisener was finally located at the Elks' Rodeo. But it was late in the evening before the ceremony was performed, so the couple did not depart until the following day.

Gloria Wasn't a Fashion Plate

JUDGE FREEMAN will tell you that Yuma's Hollywood brides dress very simply—the better to escape attention, perhaps. An effort was once made by the society editor of the Yuma *Morning Sun* to report the bridal costumes of eloping screen actresses. It was soon abandoned. The fact that Dorothy Mackaill was dressed in a "rather ordinary sports ensemble consisting of a tan flannel skirt, tan pumps, tan felt hat and a pale blue sweater trimmed in rose" and that Gloria Swanson wore a "tan sports suit, a brown felt hat, tan and brown pumps and a brown coat with fur" apparently did not make for diversified reading. One can't go on writing that "Marjorie Rambeau's dress was not outstanding, neither were her slippers nor her headdress."

Yuma itself is a quiet community with most of the business activity centered on one long main street. It has two excellent hotels, the San Carlos and the Del Ming, numerous churches and many points of historical interest. The Old Territorial Prison, which has not been used since Arizona became a state in the union, shares interest with the new City Hall.

There is little doubt that Yuma is one of the least "movie-conscious" communities any Hollywood elopers could ask for. Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks might walk arm-in-arm down its main thoroughfare without attracting more than passing notice. In Hollywood they would be literally mobbed. There isn't even a drugstore serving fancy drinks and sundaes named in honor of the stars. The druggist we asked about this didn't seem to regard it as a particularly good idea.

While Hollywood has developed a rather keen "sense of Yuma," Judge Freeman smilingly admits that Yuma seems to have practically no sense of Hollywood.

Connie Bennett (who was married with Beverly Hills dignity to the Marquis de la Falaise) is credited with the remark that "eloping"—even to Yuma—is silly. But it's obvious that Judge Freeman and those he has married (and *will* marry) don't think so. Do you?

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Tom Mix Won His Fight for Life— Now He's Rarin' to Go

(*Continued from page 90*)

lot of my old range buddies come in to see me, of course. One old waddy, whom I had rode with years ago, didn't like the idea that I had got too civilized. When he went back, some of the boys asked him how I was gettin' along.

"'Well, Tom ain't the man he used to be,' he told them. 'I reckon Hollywood done it to him, but he's softened up. Why, dad burn me, if he ain't gone and got so dang refined that he's got his dog house-broke!' "

The children, who form a great body of Tom Mix fans, flocked to see him and his horse, "Tony." Children are almost a fetish with Tom and his pictures are made with an eye to the elimination of everything that might offend or corrupt the young idea. No drinking, no swearing, smoking or actual picture of a killing for Tom.

"Here's something I'm prouder of than anything else," said Tom, pulling from his pocket the gold star and circle which is the badge of the Texas Rangers. "While I was down there, the state of Texas passed a resolution reinstatin' me in the Rangers. I'm proud of that."

Happier When He Was Poorer

"YES, sir, except for them days with the circus, I was a lot happier back when I was ridin' the range and sometimes wonderin' where my next meal was comin' from. Money is all right, but it can't buy you anything you really want. You get yourself surrounded with a lot of things till you can't act natural.

"Once I had a butler, one of these dead-pan English butlers. One night I come in from location, wet, dirty and tired. As I come in, I slipped on the floor and went bang. This butler, tryin' to be all dignified and proper, had to put his hand in front of his mouth to hide his smile. I got up mad as thunder and let him have it. 'Laugh, dang you, if you want to, and don't be standin' there with your hand over that frozen pan of yours. Laugh, dang you, if it won't break your face!' The next day he quit, said I was undignified."

Tom Mix, in my estimation, is the most underrated man in Hollywood. Most people see only the showy exterior, the bizarre clothes, the surface. Tom and Will Rogers have much in common and beneath the Tom Mix of the "ten-gallon" hats, the white evening clothes and the inexpert English is a fine and generous soul. His philosophy, sometimes crudely expressed, is deep, human and sincere. A new and unsuspected side of the man was revealed as he sat back in his chair, closed his eyes and said in a voice deep with feeling,

"I'll never forget the wild flowers growin' on the prairie. I reckon I've rode a thousand miles out of my way, circlin' to keep from ridin' over them flowers. Some way, it didn't seem right."

Yes, Tom is back to make pictures, this time for Universal. His first will be, "Destry Rides Again," with at least five more to follow. With Tom in town, Hollywood seems more like Hollywood and a few million kids, from six to sixty, will welcome him back to the screen.

That's Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 16*)

Helen Hayes, the New York actress whose performance in "Arrowsmith" brings her into the headlining group of Hollywood stars, has been on the stage since the age of six. She always planned to spend her life acting, but since the birth of her Act-of-God baby, she's determined to retire in just ten years, when the baby will be old enough to need a mother's companionship.

Sylvia, the masseuse who used to beat the stars into shape, finds that actresses are not nearly so eager to patronize her since the series of articles she wrote for a national magazine, telling the secrets of the film world.

That the rattle your baby plays with may once have been the face of **Gloria Swanson** was deduced the other day by a fellow with a scientific bent. He explains that the studios sell their old film to a company that turns the celluloid into rattles and doll heads. The silver in the film coating is sold as solid metal, and becomes money in your pocket.

M-G-M finds itself in an uproar following the invasion of circus oddities for the "Freaks" cast. The Siamese twins both have a crush on **Robert Montgomery,** and Coo-Coo, the bird girl, runs all over the lot getting signatures for her autograph book. One of the best-paid stars was put off his lines for two days when he saw the Armless Wonder having lunch in the studio cafeteria, and now the freaks are sequestered in a corner of the lot, with a special restaurant all their own.

A flurry of gossip was started by a spying lad who saw the names of **Jack Oakie, Theda Bara,** and **Zoé Akins** on the mail box of an apartment in town. A hide-away for parties? But it turned out quite innocently—their manager had put the names on his door to make it easier to get mail.

A radio speaker thundered that good citizens should eat more wheat, to keep the price up and help the farmers. "We're lucky it wasn't spinach!" **Bert Wheeler** sighed . . . Most popular guest in Hollywood is **Jimmy Durante,** who is asked to three or four parties a night and spaces his time to put in an appearance at each of them . . . **Tala Birell,** Universal's menace to the **Garbo** honors, was an automobile racing driver before she went on the Viennese stage.

Richard Dix and **Hugh Herbert** played bridge on a soap box between shots of a flying picture, with **Joel McCrea** and **Dorothy Jordan** as their opponents . . . Jiggs is the only soul at Radio who can walk on any set he chooses. He's the studio mascot—a black and white Boston Bull.

Maurice Chevalier says that **Claudette Colbert** is the only person he knows who can speak English and French without an accent. **Maurice,** by the way, was hissed off the stage the first time he appeared . . . **Miriam Hopkins** takes two things with her whenever she travels between Hollywood and New York—her dog and her typewriter. She has never been known to write longhand, and uses the machine even to jot down her shopping list.

Watch Johnny Weismuller—He may be Gable's rival!

(*Continued from page 61*)

The last few years he has had a job just to his taste—an out-of-door job, traveling about the country coaching the youngsters in different cities in correct swimming, and giving exhibitions, under the auspices of a famous swimming-suit company. (B. V. D., if you must know—or don't know already.)

"I gave up my amateur standing and turned pro to take that job," Johnny says, a bit wistfully. "But it had to come sometime. A fellow can't make a living just being amateur champion. It means endless training, you've got to swim every day of your life, and exercise for hours. There's no time for any regular nine-to-five job. And—well, I just couldn't *live* unless I swam every day.

"So when they came to me and asked me to organize a countrywide swimming club in connection with their suits, I went to my old coach, Mr. Bachrach, at the Illinois Athletic Club and asked him what to do. I've always followed his advice—ever since that day he urged me to leave college—so when he said to take the job, I took it.

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"I drew a picture for them of what a real



You can tell that Johnny Weismuller and the girl who used to be Bobbe Arnst are Swimmingly Happy. (P. S. in Hollywood)

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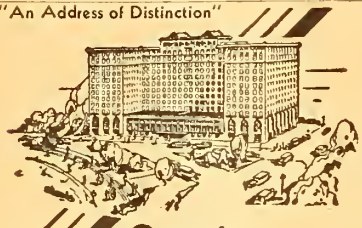
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swimmer's suit should be like, with plenty of room under the arms to give freedom of stroke, and the trunks full enough to be comfortable. They tried to argue with me. They asked: what did I know about manufacturing swim-suits? I said, 'Nothing. But I know a lot about wearing 'em, and if you want my name, they've got to be *right*.' So after I'd been to their factory about ten times, they had the suit the way I wanted it, and I went pro."

He has swum his way around the world twice, so far as distance is concerned. He has breasted the Seine and the Danube, he has driven that splendid body of his through many strange waters, but none stranger than the jungle tank of "Tarzan, the Ape Man," with trapeze artists in ape suits chattering overhead as he swims the rapids with the heroine, and trained elephants with artificial ears fastened over their own for better effect gazing at him through the tropical foliage.

"Yes, I like it out here a lot," says Johnny, "but gosh, actors are a funny lot! You can talk and *talk* to 'em and they don't get you." And then he adds, as a sort of afterthought, "Maybe they can't understand how I've been in the newspapers for eleven years as swimming champion, without one word of scandal printed about me yet."

Not Acclimated Yet

BUT while he has been engaged in sport for seventeen of his twenty-seven years, he has been a Hollywood actor only three months. If he stays on before the camera, he supposes, it won't be long before they're gossiping about him, too.

Johnny does not speak Hollywood's language—yet. There is something strangely simple and unaffected about him. His life, you gather, has been uncomplicated, uncluttered by the thousand activities that are the lot of most men in public life. All his thoughts, all his actions have been concentrated on one thing—his swimming. He has not had time, or the desire, to look very far away from the water. He does not drink. He does not smoke.

"I always tell the kids in the B. V. D. Swimming Club that I got my muscles by not smoking and eating spinach," he grins with a flash of incredibly white teeth. "Part of the rights of club members—and everybody that wears our suits is a member—is to write me and ask questions about swimming and health and exercise. You'd be surprised how many kids are interested in getting a good physique. I miss working with them, since I've been working on this picture." For a moment he looked troubled.

He doesn't think that Hollywood will affect him one way or another. "After all, champions in the sports are up against the same thing as movie actors—people asking them for pictures, begging for autographs, writing mushy letters. I've got some letters from women that would make you wonder how they ever had the nerve to sign their names to 'em! As for Hollywood scandals and divorce and all that stuff—well, my wife and I don't go out much. We sit around the house listening to the radio, or entertaining a few friends, or maybe we go to the movies." And you feel that this is straight from the shoulder. Look at those clear eyes!

Not Made Over for Movies

ONE thing he wants corrected. He did not have his nose made over for the movies. "I broke it playing ball with Doug, Junior, and some other fellows," explains Johnny, "and the doctor just set it. Maybe he straightened it a little when he set it—I'd broken it once before, hitting the bottom of a pool—but I haven't tried to be beautiful."

He eats enormously, with the healthy zest of a youngster. And dives into the water immediately afterward. "Never heard of such nonsense," he says, when someone explains that he shouldn't swim after a full meal. There are *no* times when Johnny Weismuller shouldn't—and doesn't—swim. But that's because he's always in training. When his day's work under the Kleig lights is over, he is off to the Hollywood Athletic Club to dive into the pool.

Will he rival Gable, or not? Will he stay on the screen? Other great athletes have also made pictures—and gone back to their sports. Jack Dempsey did. Gene Tunney did. Max Schmeling did. But these boys, for all their poise before huge stadium crowds, were embarrassed before small studio groups, trying to act. Johnny Weismuller isn't self-conscious. Director Van Dyke would never have asked him to play *Tarzan* if he didn't think he could act—for Van Dyke, whose two best-known pictures are "Trader Horn" and "White Shadows of the South Seas," doesn't insist on big names; he's after realism. And Johnny must know how to make love—there's Mrs. Johnny Weismuller (the ex-Bobbe Arnst) to prove that. So it looks as if he has more than an outside chance to give Gable a run for fame and fortune.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 95*)

money," they confessed tearfully, "there were always men waiting in the wings after our acts with things to sell us and papers to sign—and we signed them without reading them."

MABEL NORMAND'S jewels have been sold at auction—her famous bracelet with three hundred splendid stones went for a fraction of its cost. Rings with four and five carat diamonds were bid in by former friends. A fervent Normand fan bought a pendant with a hundred stones. In the same auction rooms the belongings of Ernst Lubitsch's ex-wife were awaiting their sale. To such a room come the mementoes of the lives and loves of the stars . . .

INA CLAIRE cannot speak of Robert Ames' death even to close friends. It is whispered that he left Hollywood after her final refusal to marry him. On the day of his death he tried repeatedly to get her on the telephone. "I have no luck in love," Ina told me once with Celtic sadness.

WHERE do rumors come from? The other day my telephone rang and a horrified voice of a writer gasped in my ear, "Did you hear? Wallace Beery dropped dead in his dressing-room at Metro a few moments ago!" Calling up Metro, I was told, "The lines are all busy." At last I got the publicity office and was relieved to be told there was no truth in the rumor. "We've had five hundred calls in the last hour," said the publicity head, wearily. "We can't imagine where such a story came from." It seems a morning's radio hour announced it, so the rumor literally was made of thin air.

CARMEN PANTAGES and Johnny Considine have decided to try it again. Since their engagement was once broken

(*Continued on page 105*)

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The Duncan Sisters, Rosetta and Vivian, are broke, with liabilities listed at about $50,000 and no assets. They were worth more than a $1,000,000 a few years ago, but due to bad investments, the money is all gone.

2. Marion Davies received a package addressed to her personally and wrapped up like a Christmas gift which contained a home-made bomb. Because her servants became suspicious of the package, Miss Davies called in the police, who soaked it in water and later opened it.

3. Jean Harlow of the platinum blonde tresses proved herself a good trouper when she didn't permit her illness to keep her from making the scheduled stage appearances even though she had to be carried on the stage.

4. Richard Dix was fined $500 when he pleaded guilty to income tax delinquency and, in addition to the fine, the back taxes and penalties amount to about $90,000. This is the first time Dix has been in court and he owes it to the fact that he had an income tax expert make out his report.

5. Monta Bell is the director who was married to Betty Lawford, moving picture actress, by his friend, Mayor Walker.

6. Mary Pickford came in for that much money when the estate of her mother, who died about three years ago, was settled.

7. Judith Wood received a fractured nose and other injuries in an automobile collision. Miss Wood's beauty may not be disfigured, but she will not be able to resume her screen work for some time.

8. The newspaper men are down on Greta Garbo because they didn't like the game of hide-and-seek she played with them when they tried to interview her while she was stopping at a New York hotel. They feel she has carried the mysterious stuff a little too far.

9. Evalyn Knapp is being beaued around by Donald Cook and Hollywood rumors would have us believe that wedding bells will be heard in the near future.

10. Pola Negri, who returned to the screen after an absence of three years with her picture "A Woman Commands," underwent an operation to have an intestinal obstruction removed and for a few days was reported near death. However, she is now fully recovered.

11. Wallace Beery and his wife have taken the three children of a recently deceased relative into their home to be reared by them. They are George 9, William 4, and Carol Ann, 15 months old. The youngest of the three will be adopted by the Beerys and the boys will be brought up by them.

12. Harry Langdon doesn't seem to mind being sued for divorce by Mrs. Langdon, but he is going to put up a big fight to keep from having to pay her $1,000 weekly alimony, which she is asking.

13. William Wellman, film director well known for his production of "Wings," and Marjorie Crawford, motion picture actress and aviatrix, were married in Yuma, Arizona.

14. Spinal meningitis proved fatal to Robert Montgomery's little fourteen-months-old daughter, Martha, who had been ill for many months.

15. Lawrence Tibbett, popular opera and movie baritone, who was divorced in September from his first wife, started the New Year with his marriage to Mrs. Jennie Marston Adams Burgard, a San Francisco heiress. This is the new Mrs. Tibbett's third marriage.

16. Sally Blane and William Bakewell seem to have called off their romance while Richard Cromwell and Sally are very much that way about each other.

17. The name of Lois Moran is being linked so consistently with that of Douglass Montgomery, actor, that friends predict an early trip to the altar.

18. The gorgeous ring on Joan's engagement finger means she is engaged to marry Gene Markey, scenario writer. He was Gloria Swanson's fiancé before Gloria married Michael Farmer.

19. Ben Lyon, who is Bebe's husband, gave a grand supper party for Bebe following a theater party to which more than two hundred guests were invited. The occasion was Bebe's stage début in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" at the El Capitan Theater.

20. If you know your movies fairly well you should at least be able to pick out these twelve: Sylvia Sidney, Vivienne Osborne, Carole Lombard, Wynne Gibson, Eleanor Boardman, Juliette Compton, Maurice Chevalier, Richard Arlen, Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin, Paramount players, taken on the company's lot, on one of those rare occasions when everybody was present.



Acme

Here's a glimpse of some film folk hard at work—welcoming in the New Year. Left to right: Mary McCall, writer; Allan Davis, stage actor; Peggy Shannon (who's Mrs. Davis), Arthur Jacobson, publicity man; Gloria Grey, actress; James Cagney and Mrs. Cagney

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If Pola Negri Returns Why Doesn't Corinne Griffith?

(*Continued from page 29*)

Passion." Why? Remember how tremendously popular the dramatic Norma used to be? Why can't she be just as popular today?

What Happened to Sally?

WHEN "Sally, Irene and Mary" was filmed, the girl who was starred was Sally O'Neil. The other two of the title trio were Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. The O'Neil lass looked all set for a nice long stay among the stars, and the other two looked like just two more promising newcomers. Then, suddenly, Sally lost her contract. Joan and Connie forged ahead and became two of the best-known stars in Hollywood. For two years, Sally was away from the screen. Then, last summer, she had a second chance—in "The Brat"—and made good, proving that she still is the same Sally she always was. How did she ever drop behind in the first place—and why were producers so slow in giving her another break? Sally would give anything to know.

Remember when Ricardo Cortez was a newcomer and they were comparing him with Valentino, even as they now are doing with Clark Gable? His future looked tremendous. But something happened, somehow, somewhere. Ricardo almost dropped out of sight. Then came the talkies—and "heavy" rôles. And he has been stealing pictures right and left. Proving once more that the fans were right, and the magnates wrong. For the fans didn't set Cortez back; the Higher Ups did.

Harry Langdon, the baby-faced comic, once rated with the Keatons and the Lloyds as a star and a box-office success. But Harry ran into tough luck—marital trouble, financial setbacks, contract difficulties—and has long been absent from the screen. But what if he had a break again? Couldn't he still show 'em? And that goes for Raymond Hatton, too, who once scored such a series of hits with Wallace Beery.

Mary Was Loved and Lost

MARY PICKFORD may be "America's Sweetheart," but Mary Brian, up to last summer, was certainly Hollywood's *busiest* sweetheart. When Paramount let her contract lapse, after Mary had been wooed and won by all the studio's best heroes for something like six years, Hollywood—like you—was surprised. It didn't seem possible that they were going to let the sweet Brian girl down like that. She is now considering a venture in vaudeville to find out, like Alice White, if she doesn't still rate with the fans. And like Alice, she'll discover that she does. So how did it ever happen that that little contract ever was allowed to lapse?

When Harry Carey spent eighteen good months in Africa, acting the title rôle of "Trader Horn," and later scoring a great hit at the box office, everybody thought that all kinds of big offers would be coming his way. Even Harry must have thought so—for Harry's one of these chaps who thinks that conscientiousness is what employers most want. But it was Harry's error, apparently. After several months of watchful waiting, he decided he had waited long enough, and hunted up a job for himself in a serial. How would you feel in Harry's place? Wouldn't you wonder why the big offers didn't come through?

Belle Bennett was once the screen's greatest "mother" (remember "Stella Dallas"?); Marie Prevost once had no equal as a blonde comédienne; Noah Beery was once the "heavy" in practically every other picture; Leatrice Joy was famous for her



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daring; Renée Adorée, after "The Big Parade," seemed headed for the same heights as John Gilbert. But how often do you see them to-day? And *why* do you see them so seldom?

Alice Is Out to Show 'Em

ALICE WHITE is still puzzled about what happened to her. Alice was a stenographer at First National, you remember, who got a chance, made good, and was tremendously popular before you could say "Jack Warner." Then, suddenly, Alice was handed the blue envelope and hasn't had a real chance since. She doesn't believe the public went back on her as quickly as that. That's why she's making personal appearances all over the country—she's out to show 'em she's still a power at the box office. And she wants another chance—just one. She spends hours wondering why she was given the skids so suddenly. Nobody tells her. Nobody seems to know.

There's Jack Oakie. Remember how he packed in the customers when he had the chance? Jack was a Wall Street clerk who tried vaudeville, stumbled into Jesse Lasky's vision, got a picture contract, proved funnier than Mr. Lasky thought, and hopped, skipped and jumped into stardom—the first star created solely by the talkies. And then—BANG, and down came Humpty-Dumpty Jack to featured player. He says he finds the demotion pleasant, for now he doesn't have to carry all the load and get warm and worried with the responsibility. But you don't have to believe him. In "Touchdown," you could see that he's on his way up again. Why was he ever demoted in the first place?

The next time you're in New York, drop in at a certain big hotel there and see Buddy Rogers waving a baton at his own orchestra. How come? Paramount, all of a year ago, said Buddy was slipping in popularity, and Buddy hinted that it was because of a succession of frothy rôles. Before the returns were all in in "Along Came Youth," down went the elevator and Buddy was let out at the second floor—a featured player, not a star. Why? Buddy doesn't know. He told me he put all he had into his work, that his conscience didn't hurt him and that his feelings did. And now, temporarily, he is all washed up with the movies—and making even bigger money as an orchestra leader.

They Erred About Bebe

AND who can guess why Bebe Daniels was lifted from the top rungs of the movie ladder in silent days and relegated to featured parts? Not Bebe. She was no new find about whom a mistake might have been made. She was starred in light comedies for years—and then, suddenly, she was let out. She wonders just what happened and why the drop worked so swiftly. If she has a consolation, it is that the big boss who fired her followed her into the discard in his turn. She is sure the quality of her work was up to standard, for her fan mail showed that. And she proved it when RKO gave her voice a chance in "Rio Rita." Bebe reached new heights.

The Gish girls—Lillian and Dorothy—have apparently vanished from the screen. Dorothy at present is a great hit on Broadway, where the standards are higher than they are in Hollywood—which proves something or other. Lillian is just resting, and wondering why she got the cold shoulder in sunny Hollywood. How many thousands miss her wistfulness and fragility—and yearn again to see the only screen star, before Garbo, who had the courage to be a tragédienne?

It wasn't just a studio whim that shoved Mary Nolan from one of the high perches. It was a magazine story that purported to recite Mary's life saga. She had a starring contract with Universal and she was reaching the heights of popularity. Then came the story.



What embarrassing accidents unsteady hands may cause! Photo specially posed by Miss Betty Russel

LOSING FLESH AND SO NERVOUS

—*her hands* SHOOK *like a leaf!*

Now has nerves like iron —and a figure with *curves!*

OLD before her time. Wrinkles around her eyes—her cheeks haggard, hollow—her neck and chest scrawny, shrivelled up. Her hands shook and trembled so she was always spilling things. How could she keep up with young friends?

But now meet the *new* Mrs. Williams—the *young* Mrs. Williams who today is boss of her nerves. Let her tell you her secret—about her new girlish curves, too:

Her thrilling story

"I hardly thought I could live. For months my weight had steadily gone down. I suffered from violent headaches, was often constipated, slept badly at night and scarcely ate anything. I was just a bundle of nerves. My hand shook like a leaf, so that I often spilt things.

"Today, after taking several packages of Ironized Yeast, my nerves are steady and my hands never tremble. I rarely have a headache, am almost never constipated and I sleep fine. I look much better for the flesh I've put on—5 lbs. in 3 weeks." Mrs. G. W. Williams, 535 Day Ave., S. W., Roanoke, Va.

Scores gain quicker

Almost two pounds a week is a quick gain for a person who's been losing weight for months. Yet scores of Ironized Yeast users report even *quicker* gains—12 lbs. in 3 weeks, 10 lbs. in 15 days, etc., etc. And not only do they round out scrawny figures—but also quickly correct constipation, sleeplessness, weakness—skin and stomach disorders, too!

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"The Internal Cosmetic"

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AND THE NEW BABY

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FREE For a liberal week's supply, print your name and address across this advertisement and mail to Dept. 3. The Mennen Company, 345 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.



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"That did for me," Mary told me. "And I couldn't do a thing about it. You see, some of it was true, but the inferences—that weren't true—just blew me apart. I'm no angel, but I'm not what that story made me out, either. It was cruel and bitterly unfair. In the face of it, the studio couldn't keep me going." And Mary's blue-blue eyes filled with tears. Since then she has married and is back in Hollywood, hoping for another chance.

Let Gilbert Play With Garbo!

JOHN GILBERT is still a star, but it's almost an open secret that he's tired of this business called acting, and would like to quit. And even his best friends will admit that John has undoubtedly slipped since the advent of talkies. His voice, at first disillusioning, has improved steadily—but John's prestige is not what it once was. And why? Fans the world over are betting that it would be, if he ever made another picture with Garbo.

Until just recently, many people were wondering what ever happened to Billie Dove. Billie, long one of the brightest of First National stars, suddenly dropped out—or was dropped (no one seems to know which). And "the most beautiful woman in Hollywood" didn't step before the cameras for one solid year. Why? "The Age for Love" and "Cock o' the Air" prove that she has lost none of her beauty, and is an even better actress than she was.

Maybe you have wondered what happened to Laura La Plante. Laura was Universal's pet star and she seemed secure. Then came the talkies and the sound waves washed Laura into secondary rôles, and not at Universal. Why the drop? Nobody says. It wasn't that she couldn't read lines. The studio won't tell, and Laura can't. She doesn't know.

When "The Leather Pushers" came along, they carried Reginald Denny up to the starry heights. He had been a well-known stage player, had a good voice, but, like a powder blast for suddenness, something blew him out of a contract and he sat around for eight months,, trying to figure out what had happened and why. Then Cecil de Mille sent for him for "Madam Satan" and now he's playing good second parts at M-G-M. He's no longer a star and says he prefers the Number Two rating. It's not so precarious a perch.

Why Is Vilma Missing?

AND how long is it since you've heard of Vilma Banky? Sam Goldwyn could always count the profits from Vilma's pictures in advance. She made a talkie or two and then the word came that Vilma was demoted. She said nothing, but quietly dropped out. They said it was her accent. But if her accent was such a handicap, how does it happen that she and husband Rod La Rocque (another old favorite who deserves a real break) have been making a hit in a stage play, up and down the land?

Radio Pictures had big starring plans for Olive Borden, a skyrocket when she started. Evidently something changed their minds, for Olive suddenly found herself down among the smaller fry, almost without notice. When she caught her breath she looked back up the hill down which she had slid so fast and considered. "If that's the way you feel," she murmured, "I'd better make other plans." So she married before you could shake a lipstick and the screen needn't whistle for Olive. She'll not come back if the whole industry bursts into tears.

Then there's Mary Philbin. And Gilbert Roland. And Bessie Love. And Patsy Ruth Miller. And so many more. You remember how they thrilled you, and how sure they were that the star rivets would hold? But look you: Mary was tossed into the discard, Bessie is now spending most of her time in a nursery, Patsy does occasional parts, Gilbert is just coming back, after two years away. And Arthur Lake, under contract at Universal, was being groomed for stardom. First National borrowed him for "Harold Teen," and Radio almost fought to get his signature to a contract for starring in a series. He made one and they never gave him another.

Do the *New* Stars Thrill You?

WHY? Why the drops? Who knows? Of course, it's a fact that the studios went mad on the subject of stage players. Anyone who had ever walked on a Broadway stage could get a thousand a week in Hollywood—and on one lot I found a girl who had been a cloak model in a Fifth Avenue shop. She had never even been in a night-club. She told me a picture scout got her a six months' contract and she had never been given a part in her six months. She hoped she could get her mannikin job back.

Well, you movie fans looked at the stage players, yawned and did nothing to work up the fervor about the newcomers that you bestowed on the former favorites. There was something missing—like cream from the coffee. Now it is said you are demanding youth and beauty and pep and the glamour of those dear, fond years when all the girls were angels and all the boys were heroes of romance and Hollywood was heaven. You don't get the same thrill from the rather haughty and serious newcomers that you did from the idols of the pre-talkie era.

What would you give to have Mary Pickford, curls and all, back in something like "My Best Girl?" I saw Mary the other day and it isn't conceivable that all that charm and vivacity and beauty shouldn't go right on crowding us into the theaters. Mary is still the little girl who always has been America's Sweetheart. And honestly, don't you want all the old stars back: the Moores and the Mixes and the Whites and the Loves and the Bankys and the Bows and the others?

Did You Know That—

Pola Negri let the world know she was well again by filing suit against Prince Serge M'Divani, her ex-husband, for $80,000 she claims to have loaned him two years ago?

Douglas MacLean is looking up financial backing for talkie revivals of his silent comedies—with himself as both star and director?

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are going to bring "Prosperity" to the screen? (That's the title of their next.)

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 100*)

off, a year has passed. They became re-engaged at the home of a famous newspaper columnist. But Carmen begged her as she displayed her ring, "Please don't say anything about this till we're really married." She promised—with the result that a few days later she read the story in every other newspaper except hers! Now she has openly warned Hollywood through her column that she never intends to keep a secret again.

MOVIE popularity isn't necessarily a measure of popularity in other lines. There are Barbara Stanwyck who is the sensation of the screen, and her husband Frank Fay, a great Broadway favorite. Yet the two co-featured, lo[illegible]y, in a vaudeville act for a week, played t[illegible]mall houses. Barbara did a dance num[illegible], and wore a black chiffon gown (very transparent) which we remembered to have seen her wear years ago when she was dancing professionally. She must have dug down into the old trunk.

A LOCAL newspaper has followed our example and is nominating Will Rogers for President. So far in its poll Will comes fourth in popular votes in a list of twenty-five famous Democrats! And he was the choice of Nevada and Arizona in a straw vote the other day. We thought Will's commentary about the Chino-Japanese situation the best we have read. "China is trying to keep the lot, Japan is trying to keep the house and the League of Nations is trying to keep it's face."

HERE'S a believe-it-or-not. Herbert Mundin, English actor who has just been signed for a rôle in "The Silent Witness," is only thirty-three years old—and he has a daughter sixteen!

STRANGE legends grow up about strange people. Take the Siamese twins, Daisy and Violet Hilton, for example. Ten years ago one of our interviewers talked to them. Their story then was that they were born in Texas. Now it seems they were born in England, and never knew who their parents were. Hollywood represents their first real home. Here, for the first time, the money they earn goes to them to spend as they choose. It is even said that they may be starred in a picture written about their sad, strange fate. If it's true, it will be a case of real co-starring.

PEOPLE do strange things for the sake of a little publicity. There were Wheeler and Woolsey who went down to the jail and were photographed with the trunk murderess!

ESTHER RALSTON'S proposed vaudeville act in which little Esther will also appear briefly three times a day is laid in a darkened courtroom during a murder trial. The voices of witnesses, judge and lawyers will be heard. A woman is called to the stand and suddenly a ray of light will show Esther sitting in the witness box clasping her baby to her bosom as she sobs out her tale of why she shot the man.

DID Clara Bow decide to set her house in order when she married? At least she hired the fumigators to gas it and ran away to Las Vegas. But she got married a bit too



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"It certainly forms your breast to a marvelous shape. I'm enclosing a picture of myself in a bathing suit."
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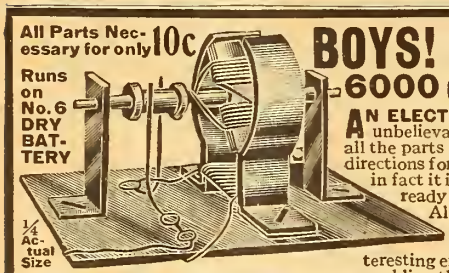
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Add 10c and we will send you a book all about electricity in simple language. Tells how to make batteries, dynamos, motors, radios, telegraph apparatus, telephones, lights, electric bells, alarms, coils, electric engines, etc. Written especially for boys by electrical experts so anyone can understand it. 64 pages, 100 illustrations.

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9 inch.....$5.00 pair
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Do You Want a General Numberscope of Your Own?

See Page 42—This Issue

soon. The house still wasn't fit for human occupancy when the honeymooners returned, so they barricaded themselves in Clara's beach bungalow to let it air.

"WE thought we could keep it a secret," Clara declared, naïvely, explaining her repeated denials of her wedding, "but imagine our surprise reading it in the papers the next day!" How she supposed she could keep anything secret we cannot figure out. But here's wishing happiness to Mrs. George Beldon, anyhow. And Mister, too.

THE Hollywood speed record has been broken. Edgar Wallace, famous English writer of detective thrillers, arrived one day and, on the next, wrote a complete scenario for a mystery picture which has been accepted. Herbert Brenon will direct it! The scenario writers' guild, should take some action. Such things is dangerous with such a fast worker around.

NOW it's Betty Bronson who is trying to make a comeback in pictures via the stage. She is starring in "Twelfth Night" at the Pasadena Playhouse. Sometimes it works! Look at Gilbert Roland! Laura La Plante is doing fine work in the stage play "Private Lives" and Mary Brian is going to play the lead in "A Bowl of Goldfish" at a downtown theater with Doug, Junior.

METRO says, indignantly, that the story about the elephants' ears for Tarzan is a cruel, malicious lie! It seems that captive elephants don't have the same sort of ears and tusks as the wild African variety so the prop department made some false ears and tusks, and it keeps the whole company busy picking them up after the elephants have rubbed them off on trees and things, and putting them back on again! Maybe it's not true—but how about the rubber rhinos and crocodiles that have to be blown up every day?

SNAPPY Hollywood comeback. Lew Cody (hospitably) to fan magazine writer leaving his party for home. "Why, where are you going?"

Fan writer (smartly): "Where would a lady be going at this time of night?"

Lew: "How should I know?"

MAE MARSH'S fourteen - year - old daughter was at the Fox Studio the other day to have some pictures taken. To the eye she is just a pleasant-looking schoolgirl. But the camera saw something else. People drew sharp breaths of amazement as they looked at the photographs of another young Mae Marsh as she was twenty years ago when she first stepped before a camera!

CHEVALIER, off the stage or away from the camera, is an amazingly different person. His personality seems turned off like an electric light. The other day as he waited to make a personal appearance, the master of ceremonies touched his arm, "The smile, please, Mr. Chevalier," he begged. Solemnly Chevalier regarded him, "Do not worry," said he, "When you need the smile it will be ready." And it was!

THEY say he is getting very sensitive about references to his prominent lower lip. Caricatures emphasizing it hurt his feelings, despite the fact that it is his greatest asset.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

Motion Picture

April 25 cents



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How to Make Up Your Lips to Last 8 Hours or More



9 A. M.—*You apply when you go out*

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New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . . Wearproof . . . . Indelible . . . . Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What to Ask For

To obtain, ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Owing to tremendous demand the price is much less in this country. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick—lip and cheek rouge. Remember—Kissproof gives you imported lipstick quality without imported prices. Money cannot buy a finer lipstick.

NEW Kissproof *Indelible* LIPSTICK

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Time for the movies— No time for her gums and she has "pink tooth brush!"

You *bet* there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to *live* romance, as well as watch somebody *else's* romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your *gums* firm and healthy!

Your gums probably *aren't* firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to *stimulate* your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the corner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the *soundness* of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a little *more* Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle in your *teeth*. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and you'll be able to forget "pink" on your tooth brush!

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JOHN WRAY

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Paramount Pictures

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MAR 24 1932

Motion Picture

APRIL
1932

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIII, No. 3



CHEASLEY ANALYZES GARBO IN MAY

IN this issue, Clifford W. Cheasley, noted Numerologist and author of many books on the science of numbers, presents his character reading of Constance Bennett—who was born to lead a dramatic, unusual life.

In the May MOTION PICTURE, you will learn from him what the science of numbers tells about the one and only mysterious Garbo—her character and her future.

You will want to read these exclusive character analyses **. . . you will want, too, a brief general Numberscope of your own when you see how easy it is to obtain one. Just turn to Page 42 in this issue.**

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS



Speaking of letters, James Dunn is one lad who is getting them. From here, there and everywhere, Mrs. World and her daughter are writing to let him know that Gable isn't the only man of the hour. Jimmy has risen just as suddenly and surely as Clark—and has the added attraction of being unmarried

$20.00 Letter
Old Favorites Still in Demand

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A recent article in MOTION PICTURE, which dealt with the fate of the stars of "yesteryear," certainly hit the well-known and figurative nail on the head with a vicious bang. According to the author of said article, she is under the impression that the producers do not want to waste time on stars who have given us enjoyment in the past for the laconic reason that they are either too old or have worn out their entertainment value. Be that as it may, the writer is one fan who will hurl bouquets at his favorite stars of long-standing for many a moon.

The new players are, for the most part, talented and charming, and will undoubtedly go a long way in the cinema heavens if given the proper "breaks." But—no intrinsic fan will ever forget the favorites of the past.

What does it matter if the hurrying years have etched a few lines on the beautiful countenance of, say, Betty Compson? Does that quirk of nature alter the fact that Miss Compson is a brilliant actress and has been for many a season? To cite another example, would we trade the poignant, passionate Pola Negri for all the leggy "hotsies" who invade Hollywood daily? No!

Mr. Movie Mogul should grow wise and realize that little Miss and Master Public have developed into Mr. and Mrs. Public, and demand their old favorites—who will always be first in their hearts. *Maurice Jacobs.*

$10.00 Letter
Garbo Reveals Herself

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Imagine a clear, nippy morning, with sunshine glinting on Central Park lake and flashing upon the gilded spires nearby. Garbo, looking out of her hotel window, is, perhaps, faintly reminded of her native Stockholm. What a morning for walking!

Taking a taxi, she swiftly reaches the center of the park, then sets off on foot. But she has underrated the New York newspapermen, for a crowd of them follow her, augmented by a growing number of the public. She turns—a crowd is a menacing thing; she runs like any startled girl, until at last she stops, breathless.

Now for the revelation. Does she stamp her foot, furious at this attack on her privacy? Does she, like the heroine in the novel, "draw herself up to her full height," and gaze scornfully upon the mob? No, she does neither of these things.

She displays her true kindliness by excusing her silence on the grounds of her contract's demands; then she commiserates with the newspapermen on their hard job: "I am not allowed to say nothing—I feel so sorry for you."

It takes more than a misplaced negative to hide such genuine kindness of heart. *Charles M. Atkins.*

$5.00 Letter
Ride 'Em, Cowboy!

ANDERSON, IND.—I'm for the Westerns. For a number of years I pined for them, longed for them, yes, cried for them. And now whoopie! They are here again.

Give me a villain what is a villain, a lovely innocent gal, and a big shoot-'em-up, two-fisted, rough-house hero. Put 'em all together, give 'em one ranch with a serious mortgage, stir thoroughly and you have what? A Western. When the hero and villain stage the fight 'at is a fight—Gee Whiz! If I could only paste one on his chin (the villain's chin). I always comfort myself by pretending the villain is someone I would like to lay out.

Please give us more gun-smoke, more rough riders, more general bing-bang. Here's to the Westerns! *Caroline C.*

More of Chester Morris

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—There are actors and actors, but only one Chester Morris. Swaggering, devil-may-care, serious and concerned, villain or hero—he lives the part. I actually admired his dirty work in "Alibi." He was so bad that he was good. His remarkable change from the suave, dangerous criminal to the craven coward placed him at the head of my list of "who's who in filmland." It is not the parts he plays but how he plays them that has earned my admiration. He more than justified the faith the public placed in him when "The Big House" came to set the town a-talkin'. Give us more of this master of situations that we may secure material for conversation other than the Sino-Japanese affair and the depression.

Laurence Elliston Smith.

Panning the Publicity Man

VILLISCA, IOWA.—Why do stars and studios employ publicity men? Publicity men ruin Hollywood's reputation, trying to present movie actors and actresses as "different"—a race apart. Contracts involving many thousands of dollars have been suspended and many personal reputations have been sacrificed to sensation. Publicity men still grind out interviews in which stars admit reading Praxiteles and admiring the sculptures of Plato. We are surfeited with flaming "It" girls, pensively lonely Garbos, and broken-hearted clowns. You'd think there were no ordinary human beings in the talkies at all.

The talkies have grown up. They are, on the whole, fairly honest portrayals of life. They are too big, too vital, a factor in American life to be entirely ruined by press-agents, but these gentlemen are doing their darnedest.

R. L. Griffith.

(*Continued on page 89*)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

SPENDTHRIFTS OF LOVE!



Modern youth, laughing at yesterday's conventions, promising to pay for today's kisses... after tomorrow. The gay partnership of a boy and girl who found it easier to make love than to make money.

AFTER TOMORROW

with CHARLES FARRELL

MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL

WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Based on the stage play by
John Golden and Hugh S. Stange

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX Picture





WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—playing in *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Astor, Mary—recently completed *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Atwill, Lionel—recently completed *The Silent Witness*—Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—playing in *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—playing in *Cheaters at Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *Red Harvest*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Barthelmess, Richard—playing in *The Cabin in the Cotton*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Scotch Valley*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—playing in *Free Lady*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Salomy Jane*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—recently completed *Ambition*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *The Ferguson Case*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Widow's Might*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bond, Lilian—playing in *Beauty and the Boss*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brian, Mary—playing in *It's Tough To Be Famous*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brook, Clive—latest release *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *The Main Event*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—recently completed *Wayward*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *The Rich Are Always With Us*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Sensation*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Colman, Ronald—latest release *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Compton, Juliette—playing in *Intimate*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cook, Donald—playing in *So Big*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Cooper, Jackie—playing in *Limpy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Tinsel Lady*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dagover, Lil—latest release *The Woman From Monte Carlo*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Davies, Marion—recently completed *Polly of the Circus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dee, Frances—playing in *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—latest release *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *March of a Nation*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dove, Billie—latest release *Cock o' the Air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dunn, James—playing in *Little Teacher*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *Symphony of Six Million*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Durante, Jimmy—recently completed *Polly of the Circus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

LETTERS TO YOUR FAVORITES MAY BE SENT TO THE STUDIO ADDRESSES GIVEN HERE

Eilers, Sally—playing in *After the Rain*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Evans, Madge—playing in *Are You Listening!*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Intimate*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr. playing in *It's Tough To Be Famous*—First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Ford, Wallace—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Foster, Norman—recently completed *Play Girls*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Fox, Sidney—recently completed *The Mouthpiece*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Francis, Kay—playing in *A Dangerous Brunette*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—recently completed *Polly of the Circus*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—playing in *Are You Listening?*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *Westward Passage*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—latest release *The Beast of the City*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hemming, Violet—playing in *Almost Married*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Holt, Jack—playing in *The Man Who Dared*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *Red Harvest*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 86*)



Her teeth too precious to risk with any tooth paste but the *softest*

Baby teeth are given new protection by a new discovery . . . a cleansing material has been developed that's twice as soft as those in common use

CHILDREN'S teeth are softer and more porous than adults'! Being softer, they are more easily injured by harsh tooth pastes. Those designed only for older, harder teeth are apt to be much too abrasive for tender, soft enamel.

Recently Pepsodent laboratories have developed a new and entirely different cleansing material. Baby teeth brushed by it thousands of times and examined under a powerful microscope fail to show the faintest scratch—only a soft, lustrous glow like a precious jewel with film stains completely erased.

The adoption of this new discovery in Pepsodent affords greater protection to children's teeth—it provides an absolutely safe way of removing film.

Care of Baby Teeth

You must remove film from children's teeth, as well as your own, twice every day. FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from foods and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is vitally important.

Some tooth pastes remove film but leave microscopic scratches. Others are safe but fail to remove film satisfactorily. But Pepsodent—through its notable new discovery—combines film-removing power with *super-safety*.

The new cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as that in common use. It brings extra safety to your children's teeth and yours . . . Remember, too, this new material stands unsurpassed in removing stubborn film. It gives more brilliant polish to enamel. Pepsodent is the outstanding tooth paste of modern chemistry.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

1. Remove film—

use Pepsodent tooth paste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



3. See your Dentist—

Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.



USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

By J. E. R.



For leading lady in "Alias the Doctor," Richard Barthelmess has the newly-risen star, Marian Marsh

Alias the Doctor—In a new type of rôle for him, Richard Barthelmess gives you a dramatic character study of a young medico who has his difficulties in both life and love (F. N.).

Almost Married—You'd never think it from the sexy title, but here is an exciting melodrama about a young couple who save their lives—and risk them—by posing as man and wife. Well-acted by Violet Heming, Alexander Kirkland and Ralph Bellamy (Fox).

Around the World in 80 Minutes—Join Douglas Fairbanks and see the world in a hurry. An amusing, fantastic, informative travelogue—absolutely different from anything you've seen before (U. A.).

Arrowsmith—Even Sinclair Lewis liked this screen version of his famous novel about the young doctor who had two loves—his wife and his science. Ronald Colman, playing an American for the first time, has never been better. And Helen Hayes is no less real (U. A.).

The Beast of the City—Police Chief Walter Huston declares war on gangland, when Jean Harlow corrupts his young brother, Wallace Ford. A melodrama that resolves itself into a sermon (M-G-M).

The Big Shot—More gangsters? Not at all. Eddie Quillan tries to operate a gas station in the middle of one of our American deserts—with results that are reasonably funny (RKO-Pathé).

Business and Pleasure—Will Rogers visits Turkey—one of the countries he missed on his recent world tour—as a razor-blade magnate who persuades the sheiks to shave. Not as hilarious as it should have been (Fox).

Cain—"Robinson Crusoe," brought up to date. A stoker (Thomy Bourdelle) jumps ship, swims to a tropical island, and goes primitive. Unusual silent, but not in the same class as "Tabu" (Talking Picture Epics).

Carmen—The most successful attempt to date to make a talkie of an opera. There's plenty of action, good acting and excellent singing—by an English cast (British International).

The Champ—A different kind of love story—detailing the affection between Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery, his no-account father, who's a prize fighter turned good-hearted "bum." As human as movies ever come (M-G-M).

Charlie Chan's Chance—Warner Oland, again playing the smooth Oriental sleuth, solves the murder of another detective. There may be a few too many Chinese proverbs, but it still packs thrills (Fox).

Cheaters at Play—An ex-crook (Thomas Meighan), an ex-police chief (James Kirkwood) and the ex-crook's son (William Bakewell) meet on a steamship—and what you see is a nimble battle of wits (Fox).

Cock of the Air—Proving that all's fair in love and war—even nonsense. Chester Morris, as an American aviator, and Billie Dove, as a French actress, clown as they never have before (U. A.).

Deadline—Buck Jones hits the trail after an outlaw gang, turns in the best Western in months, and proves that he's a real actor, as well as a hard-ridin' hombre (Col.).

Delicious—The prince-and-the-pauper theme again—with Charles Farrell a young millionaire and Janet Gaynor a Scotch immigrant whom he saves from deportation. El Brendel's comedy and George Gershwin's music make matters all the more entertaining (Fox).

Discarded Lovers—A movie star who likes to break hearts (played by Natalie Moorhead) is found murdered—and the resulting mystery will keep you guessing to the end (Capitol Films).

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Fredric March presents a new and more horrifying conception of Stevenson's thriller about a man who was both saint and devil. You won't forget him as *Hyde*—or Miriam Hopkins as *Hyde's* victim (Par.).

Emma—Marie Dressler's best picture, in which she plays a housekeeper who raises a large family that isn't her own—devoting her lifetime to the task. You'll laugh, and you'll get out your handkerchief (M-G-M).

Explorers of the World—Are you intrigued by the earth's far corners? Here's your chance to see some of them, and to hear them described by world-famous explorers. Out of the ordinary (Raspin Productions).

Final Edition—Still another tip-off on how newspapermen operate, with Pat O'Brien (of "Front Page" fame) in the leading rôle, with Mae Clarke supporting. Good melodrama (Col.).

Forbidden—Barbara Stanwyck falls in love with Adolphe Menjou, who is married to an invalid, and refuses to give him up. A sincerely acted and moving triangle drama (Col.).



One little drink comes between two friends—Constance Bennett and David Manners in "Lady with a Past"

Frankenstein—A young scientist (Colin Clive) creates a living monster (Boris Karloff) from the bodies of dead men—and the monster runs amuck. Guaranteed to give you chills (Univ.).

Girl of the Rio—Dolores Del Rio comes back, after a long illness, in a picture not worthy of her talents. It's the old story of the little café dancer, the good Americano, and the bad hombre (RKO).

The Greeks Had a Word for Them—The censors extracted much of the wit and sex from this Broadway comedy about three gold-diggers, but Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell make a noble effort to put it over (U. A.).

Heaven on Earth—Life and love among the po' whites 'way down South, with Lew Ayres and Anita Louise the interesting lovers. The story, however, is artificial (Univ.).

Heil Divers—The peacetime activities of the U. S. Navy's airmen, made into a thrilling spectacle, with a thread of a story about the difference between the old type of Navy man (Wallace Beery) and the new (Clark Gable). Both vivid and real. Don't miss it (M-G-M).

High Pressure—William Powell does the unexpected and temporarily turns comedian—in a continuously funny story about the activities of a high-pressure stock promoter (W. B.).

A House Divided—A somber, tense triangle story, set in a New England fishing village. The characters are Walter Huston, a rough fisherman; Helen Chandler, his frightened second wife; and Kent Douglass, his sensitive son (Univ.).

Husband's Holiday—Clive Brook finds himself in love with two women at the same time—his wife (Vivienne Osborne) and Juliette Compton. An interesting situation that tapers off to a trite ending (Par.).

Killing to Live—The drama of the survival of the fittest, with the characters all wild animals. A natural thriller, filmed by the Soviets (Amkino).

Ladies of the Big House—On their wedding night, a young couple are arrested for murder and quickly railroaded to prison—he to hang, she to serve for life. A gripping, bitter story of injustice, admirably acted by Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond (Par.).

Ladies of the Jury—A whimsical conception of a trial and a jury's deliberations, with Edna May Oliver very much in the foreground. Different and amusing (RKO).

Lady with a Past—The title of Constance Bennett's latest tells you that again she is playing her best rôle—and playing it very well, thank you. Ben Lyon and David Manners are the gentlemen this time (RKO-Pathé).

Manhattan Parade—Hollywood hits back at Broadway—and all but misses, for the fun is more slapstick than satire, with Dale and Smith in the principal parts. Winnie Lightner, strangely enough, is miscast in a straight rôle (W. B.).

Mata Hari—Greta Garbo, who has never been better, glorifies the famous woman spy in a story that is not greatly different from most spy stories you have seen. Ramon Novarro, her lover, acts as if he meant it (M-G-M).

Men of Chance—If you can bear another racetrack picture, here is a good one—with Ricardo Cortez the smooth gambler, and Mary Astor the girl who tricks him, then falls in love with him (RKO).

Men Like These!—With the sinking of the *M-2* so recently in mind, this version of what happened when the British submarine *Poseidon* went down may grip you. Made in England (British International).

Michael and Mary—A. A. Milne's idyll of young married love comes to the screen, with the English Herbert Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, in the title rôles. Slow, but well-done (British International).

Old Man Minick—If you saw Chic Sale in "The Star Witness," don't miss him as the old Spartan of Edna Ferber's story. And even if you didn't see him then, don't miss him now. Here is character-acting at its best (W. B.).

Peach O' Reno—The big divorce business of Reno gets a ribbing from Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, who play a couple of bargain-rate lawyers. Funny in spots, but rough (RKO).

Private Lives—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, newly divorced, meet again on their respective second honeymoons—and run off together. Little action, but sparkling, witty dialogue (M-G-M).

Racing Youth—A comedy melodrama of automobile racing, with Frank Albertson doing the racing, and Slim Summerville and Louise Fazenda supplying the comedy. Satisfactory, from all angles (Univ.).

(*Continued on page 91*)



In "Old Man Minick," Chic Sale becomes a full-fledged star—that's how real he is. Lois Wilson helps

Dramatic DYNAMITE!



Richard BARTHELMESS

in "Alias the Doctor"

with

MARIAN MARSH

Vivid, dynamic drama

—of a man who LIVED A LIE to save another from disgrace

—of a woman who fettered his love, chained his passion, trampled his soul.

Dick Barthelmess at his unrivaled best in a role of tremendous sweep and power—the most dazzling performance of his career.

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

By
MARION
MARTONE



YOUR GOSSIP TEST

1. Why is it that a certain movie player will never wear green?

2. Who is the former stage and film personality who was recently married to a man sixteen years her junior?

3. What motion picture star was recently escorted around New York by a prominent city executive?

4. Do you know the beauty who has been absent from the screen for some time and who now has her friends guessing as to whether she is married or not?

5. The son of which deceased movie star will be seen on the screen shortly?

6. Who is the motion picture star who retired to become a housewife and who was held up and robbed in her home recently?

7. Can you name the popular dramatic star who did acrobatics on the stage for a week to help put over a vaudeville act? Why?

8. What is the name of the picture which was rushed into the theatres when war broke in the Orient?

9. Who is the star who will henceforth be known only by her last name?

10. Do you know the Hollywood chap who is being hailed as another Clark Gable?

11. Who is the Hollywood gent with whom Loretta Young has been seen dancing of late?

12. Why did the divorce suit started by a certain screen comédienne come as a surprise?

13. Do you know the latest motion picture player who has been ill due to dieting?

14. Who are the two principals of a romance that hit the rocks before it culminated in marriage?

15. What did a well-known stage and screen star do after she asked for and obtained a release from her film contract?

16. Which one of the movie girls named Greta is receiving a lot of attention from a handsome young motion picture player?

17. Who is the popular actor who has been ordered to take a rest cure?

18. Don Alvarado has fallen for one of Hollywood's beauties. Do you know who she is?

19. Who are the two players shown in the picture at the top of this page?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 88*)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

They Said I'd Never Have a Figure Like *This!*

by

ALICE RICHARDS



I KNOW what it means to be overweight!—because for years I had the desperate fact of it hammered into me. Before I discovered this astonishing new way to get rid of fat, my few friends tried to be kind about it—but in their eyes I could see their pity, their secret satisfaction that *they* were slim and slender, instead of being like me.

They Whispered About Me

Other women used to be catty. Not to my face, but some of it came back to me. It was always, "My dear, have you *seen* Alice in that red dress!" . . . or "Well Alice certainly looks her age these days, doesn't she?"

They thought I'd *never* have a presentable figure. I thought so too. I can laugh at them *now*, of course—but it was a tragedy to me *then*. Would I *ever* be any different? It looked hopeless. Stoutness "ran" in my family, I said to myself.

And I had tried everything . . . Dieting, until my nerves couldn't stand it any longer. Pills and Medicines, till my doctor made me stop them. I tried "Reducing Exercises"—but found them so tiresome, so much drudgery, that I just couldn't stick to them!

I Was Desperate

I looked years older than I really was. I felt sluggish, tired all the time. I simply *had* to get slender—some way, *any* way.

And then . . . I discovered the FLEXROLL! It was so EASY; it "worked" so beautifully—so PLEASANTLY—that I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry! That sickening worry; those remarks; the bitterness and unhappiness I had suffered . . . I was free of them all at last, *for life!*

The Easiest Way to Reduce

I had tried the *old* kind of exercising, of course. But this was NEW! There wasn't any drudgery about *this!* I *liked* it and I used to jump upon the seat for a five-minute "row" the first thing in the morning—and then sometimes in the evening just before going to bed. It put just the right "sport" *into* exercise—and took the tiresome "work" *out!* It transformed my figure, health, and strength too.

The pounds began to leave and the strength and health of my youth began to return. The bulges of fat started to vanish from my hips, thighs, and waistline. Then my arms and legs began to taper down to normal, through following the pictured *Health Chart* that came with my *Flexroll* machine.

I began to feel "peppy", tireless. People seemed to take a new interest in me—just as they *always* do when a person takes a new interest in *herself!* And I'm beginning to become popular. Even my whole attitude to life itself changed, when I began to wear the clothes I'd often longed for, so deep in my heart.

Gee, it's great to be slender again!

\+ + +

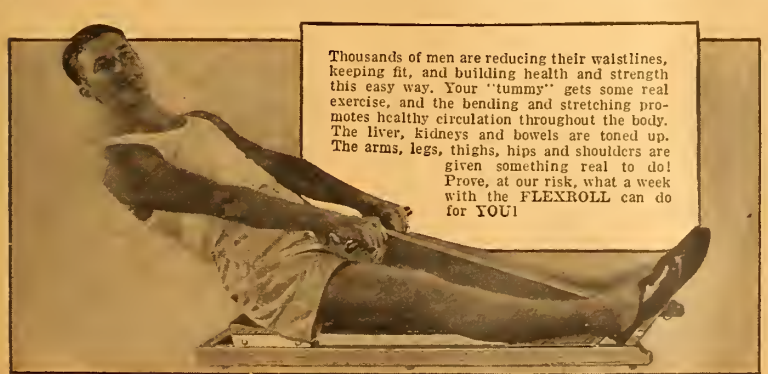
The Flexroll Rowing Machine now makes it possible for every woman, every man, every family to get in shape and KEEP in shape. No longer is there any excuse for being overweight, run-down, tired-out, nervous, ailing. ROWING—the thrilling game that the FLEXROLL gives you right in the quiet privacy of your own bedroom—has proved a blessing to thousands of others inclined to stoutness.

Every life insurance company, every physician, recognizes the dangers of excess fat. You yourself know that it affects the heart, digestion, liver, kidneys. And that tired feeling, nervousness, constipation and a host of other ills may be blamed to lack of proper exercise. But who wants to go through the nightmare of strenuous dieting or the back-breaking drudgery of ordinary exercise? No wonder you've kept putting it off.

Now that's all changed! You'll LIKE to play—yes, PLAY!—on the FLEXROLL. To prove it, let us put it right in your bedroom for a week's TRIAL! Examine and try it without risking a cent! See for yourself that five minutes daily ROWING with FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE is the most PLEASANT, EFFECTIVE exercise ever invented—a Joy-Ride to the health and figure of YOUTH! If you are NOT delighted, the week's trial costs you nothing.

Examine the Flexroll FREE

Merely mail the coupon. It is not necessary to send money in advance unless you care to do so. When the Express Company delivers the FLEXROLL you have the privilege of examining it. Note its strength. Note how easily the rolling seat glides. Try the tension of the springs. See how beautiful the FLEXROLL is in appearance. Then pay delivery charges and DEPOSIT the purchase price (only $7.95) WITH THE EXPRESS COMPANY. They are instructed to hold your deposit for 6 days, subject to your command. If within 6 days you are dissatisfied with it for ANY REASON (or for no reason at all) simply telephone the Express Company and they will call for the FLEXROLL and refund your money. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU. You do not need to write US for a refund. We do not receive a penny unless you are satisfied. What could be more fair? With your FLEXROLL we will send a complete chart of interesting and enjoyable exercises. Act NOW. Address, The Steelflex Corporation of America, Dept. 134 1785 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.



Thousands of men are reducing their waistlines, keeping fit, and building health and strength this easy way. Your "tummy" gets some real exercise, and the bending and stretching promotes healthy circulation throughout the body. The liver, kidneys and bowels are toned up. The arms, legs, thighs, hips and shoulders are given something real to do! Prove, at our risk, what a week with the FLEXROLL can do for YOU!

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON—MAIL NOW!

THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. 134 1785 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me a FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE, delivery charges collect. I am to have the privilege of FREE EXAMINATION upon arrival. If pleased with its appearance I will deposit the purchase price ($7.95) with the Express Company, to be held by them for 6 days pending my final decision after trying the FLEXROLL. If I do not notify the Express Company to return my money and return your rowing machine, they are to remit to you. It is understood there are no further payments of any kind.

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CITY ..... STATE .....

☐ NOTE: Our finest rowing machine, the ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER, has aluminum Yacht-shaped prow and other superior appointments. If desired, place X in square at left. Price $11.85, and well worth it. Canadian and Foreign Prices on Request.

That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

by MARK DOWLING & LYNN NORRIS

HOLLYWOOD'S the only town in the world where you can see a cowboy in a red shirt and white ten-gallon sombrero driving a bright green roadster, or *Sherlock Holmes*, complete with checkered cap and pipe, riding grandly in the back seat of a chauffeured Rolls-Royce.

OR Joan Crawford shopping, her two Scotties on a double leash. She bought a mate the other day for her famous Woggles, who, by the way, gets fan letters on his own account. Lots of fans have glimpsed Eddie Robinson and his wife on Hollywood Boulevard. Window-shopping's their favorite outdoor sport.

STUDIO gate-crashers have the hardest time at M-G-M, where they have sixty cops. At Warners', tourists confessed that they wanted to meet Winnie Lightner, who doesn't like talking with strangers. Well, they pleaded, could they just *see* her? It might be arranged. They were seated in a row between Miss Lightner's dressing-room and the stage. Winnie, forewarned, paraded solemnly back and forth—three times. Then she gave them a great big wink and popped out of sight.



Acme

Here's something that Hollywood hadn't known for fifty-four years—a real snowfall. The stars had snowball fights and such things —and secretly longed for Florida

THE Adolphe Menjous join a poker game without hesitation, Harold Lloyd plays backgammon like an old master, and everybody misses

VANITY note: Helen Clark's hair treatments do things to bald spots and make your hair more beautiful. You'd expect to find handsome heroes there, but in her shop off the Boulevard you see comedians instead. El Brendel, Charles Butterworth, Johnnie Hines, and Eddie Buzzell are regular customers.

MORE vanity notes: William Dieterle, the director, always wears white gloves when he's working. He can't do his best if his hands are dirty. . . . Bill Powell won't throw away any old hats, but keeps them forever. . . . Tallulah Bankhead carries a life-size portrait of herself wherever she goes. Likes to look at it.

STUDIO publicity departments are unpopular with everybody. The stars don't like answering silly questions. For instance, a publicity woman had to ask the very reserved John Boles just how he proposed to his wife. She apologized, as she did it, for the impertinence of the query.

John replied in his most charming Southern-gentleman manner. "Let's just forget, Mary, that you had to ask me that," he said.

NOR are magazines always satisfied with the material publicity people send out. This department, for example, received a little item last week to the effect that a certain very male star is "upset for the rest of the day if any article on his dressing table is misplaced a fraction of an inch." We know the star in question and can't believe he's such an old fuss-budget. And we are skeptical enough not to be impressed when they tell us that Myrna Loy's favorite motto is "Always take mother's advice!"

SILLIEST remark of the month is attributed to Polly Moran, who doesn't know much about horses but decided to go riding anyway. The instructor asked whether she'd prefer a flat Eastern saddle or a Western one. The Westerns, in case you aren't familiar with saddles, have a horn in the middle to which cowboys attach ropes and things. "Oh, I won't need a horn," Polly answered. "I'm going out in the country, where there isn't any traffic!"

LLOYD PANTAGES, young man-about-town, reports indoor football as the latest fad at Hollywood parties. At Marion Davies' New Year's party, to which all the guests came dressed as children, Joan Crawford starred—with a flying tackle. Other party notes: Norma Talmadge likes clowning and will get a roomful of people working on some goofy game invented on the spur of the moment.

Buddy Rogers, who used to oblige on whatever musical instrument the host put into his hand. Buddy, by the way, did *not* leave Paramount in disgrace, despite the gossips' saying he did. They offered him a substantial raise, but he felt he'd be happier in New York with the radio and his own orchestra.

RUTH CHATTERTON won't party when she's working, and goes to bed at eight o'clock. George O'Brien retires early too, muttering things about health and physical culture. Aileen Pringle is one of Hollywood's most popular guests and wears Paris clothes so dashingly that no one is frightened by her former title, Darling of the Literati. Aileen, when we saw her last week, looked more striking than ever. Wouldn't you like to see her in a really good picture? Jimmie(Schnozzle)Durante holds all records, however, for invitations to parties. How he can make a baby grand dance, hum and sing!

THE script of a recent picture called for a scene with ducks flying in the background. Ducks, however, were south for the holidays. The director tried to put one over and substituted sea gulls. Preview audiences burst into laughter and now they're holding up the hundred-thousand-dollar production till the ducks get back.

MOST versatile stage is owned by the M-G-M studio. It can be split into two stages, turned into a preview theatre, or flooded and used as a tank. Don't ask us how. . . . Warners' mascot is an eighteen-year-old Boston Bull. He has gold teeth.

In the same studio they take sixty-six stills in the gallery every day. . . . Greta Garbo comes to the studio for one day after the completion of a picture to sit for publicity photographs. All others published are stills from her films. The news cameramen don't often snap the Garbo.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Sore Throat *and* Colds *Start This Way...*



..at the first symptom ...gargle *Listerine* every 2 hours... *quick* relief

Colds that would ordinarily last 9 days, vanish in 3

Look out for wet or cold feet, draughts, sudden changes of temperature; any undue exposure. All are contributing causes of the common cold and sore throat. Such exposure lowers resistance so that germ organisms in the mouth and nose get the upper hand. Illness follows. At the first sign of trouble, gargle with Listerine night and morning. Better still, every two hours.

Listerine reduces mouth bacteria 98% and allays pain and irritation. It's amazing how frequently this treatment will break up a cold.

Actual tests show that colds that would ordinarily last nine or ten days, vanish in three or four. Colds, instead of being severe, are mild. Repeated tests on human beings have proved this again and again.

These tests also revealed that the regular twice-a-day Listerine gargle is a remarkable preventive of colds.

Experiments show that non-Listerine-users contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled with Listerine twice a day. And the colds lasted three times as long.

Such brilliant results could not be expected from mouth washes so harsh they irritate tissue. Listerine's success is due to the fact that, while it kills germs, it is soothing and healing to tissue. Make a habit of using Listerine every day. It not only safeguards your health, but automatically makes your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable. It instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Your guide in buying a mouth wash

The Lancet of London never bestows its commendation on a product without subjecting it to critical tests. And now this great medical authority attests the safety and germicidal power of Listerine. Remember that when you buy.

FATAL TO GERMS YET SAFE

Two Royal Princesses of Greece

"Pond's keeps one's skin lovely"

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA

"I always use Pond's"

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH



H.R.H. Princess Marina (*left*) and H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth (*right*) *are lovely royal exiles—charming young favorites of exclusive Paris society . . . their beautifully cared for skin is as smooth and as exquisitely fine of texture as their perfectly matched Cartier pearls.*

Your complexion can be as beautiful as that of any royal princess—if you follow Pond's easy Method of home care.

"Truly the best and easiest Method," says Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth of Greece... Her sister, H.R.H. Princess Marina, says, "The Two Creams, the Cleansing Tissues and the Skin Freshener keep one's skin lovely!"

Four simple steps assure these four essentials of skin care . . . Cleansing . . . Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting:

1—Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt up to the surface . . . Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, which are *softer*, more absorbent. *Get the new* 25¢ *box—half again as many Tissues!*

2—Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores.

3—Always before you powder, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.





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Tune in on Pond's Friday 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.



Don English

MARLENE DIETRICH

At last—a real chance to compare Marlene with Greta! And who can say that the dazzling waterfront lady of "Shanghai Express" is like the bitter waterfront lass of "Anna Christie"? Or that the spy of "Mata Hari" is like the Marlene of "Dishonored"? There ought to be plenty of room for both a warm-blooded Dietrich and a mysterious Garbo in your life!



Hal Phyfe

CHARLES FARRELL

Is even clean-cut Charlie going the way of all movie flesh—and getting tough? Well, hardly! He's staring you down to prove he could be a man of mystery, too, if necessary. But it isn't going to be necessary—not when Janet Gaynor falls in love with him as he is. He's solo-ing in "After Tomorrow," but he'll team again with the li'l redhead in "Have a Heart"



Ferenc

WARREN WILLIAM

No, his last name doesn't end in "s" and he didn't get his start in the movies by being John Barrymore's double. Until the Warners discovered him last year, New York theatregoers were learning to spell his name—and remember it. He had to be a "romantic menace" just six times to rate stardom in his seventh picture, "The Mouthpiece" (slang for "lawyer")



Ray Jones

SIDNEY FOX

When you gaze upon Sidney, you look upon a five-foot bundle of energy. When she isn't acting, she's taking dancing, voice or fencing lessons, writing poems, whizzing around in her roadster, or rejecting another suitor. She's hoping she doesn't fall in love for two more years, for she wants to act until she's twenty-three, at least. And will, no doubt, after you see her in "The Mouthpiece"



Fryer

MARIAN MARSH

Marian is two inches taller than Sidney Fox, and three years younger—and the first of the 1931 Wampas Baby Stars to become a full-fledged star. The secret of her success is that she spends most of her spare time absorbing good books—reading up on life and love. But the girl has talent, too, of course! She will next state the case for beauty in "Beauty and the Boss"



Hurrell

At 59, Marie is in the ermine—but 'twas not always thus. Once she dined with an Astor when she had just one penny in her purse. Once she was so hungry that she fainted into a bowl of soup. Another time, when "hard up," she ran a peanut-stand at Coney Island. Don't miss what she says about "hard times" opposite—and then watch for her in "Prosperity"

MARIE DRESSLER

MARIE DRESSLER—
Grand Old Fire Horse

That's what Norma Shearer called her on the biggest night of her life—and how Marie loved it! She got to be one, says Marie, "by years and years of traveling over hard cobblestones." (Can't you hear her saying it?) If she has had more ups than downs, it's because Dressler's a fighter—not because she got any breaks (she didn't!). You'll know her better when you read this fine story of the grand old lady of the screen!



By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

MARIE DRESSLER is as flushed with the fever of living as a girl of eighteen. At fifty-nine, according to *Who's Who* and her own admission, she has more enthusiasm, more vitality, more eagerness to share the world's experiences than half a gross of lipsticked kids of twenty.

Marie is a big woman—she's five feet, eight inches and must approach two hundred pounds. When she steams into a gathering, she immediately dominates it—not alone by size, or speech, or prestige, but by that radiant quality which was known in a more reverent day as spirit. She is a woman with an expansive wit, a broad, tolerant, receptive mind, a heart that enfolds mankind, and practically no education. Of the latter she boasts.



Top, Norma Shearer with Marie, whose eyes swam with tears as she was awarded the Motion Picture Academy award for the best feminine screen acting of 1930–31. In circle, you're looking over Wallace Beery's shoulder at Marie, playing Min in "Min and Bill"—the performance that won her the prized trophy

In a recent national broadcast she was introduced as "that great human, Marie Dressler." She accepted the introduction with a loud sniff, reminiscent of "Tillie's Nightmare," a flattered laugh, and delivered her speech of acknowledgment with typical gusto. Anyone will tell you that she is great because she is good—and good because she is human.

Last November, at the award dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Norma Shearer, last year's winner, presented Marie Dressler with the bronze trophy for the actress giving the best performance of the year. In presenting the bronze, Miss Shearer made an emotional, intense little speech. It went something like this:

"I will be in my dressing-room some mornings, making up, and I'll hear the heavy tread of Marie Dressler's feet carrying her to her room. I'll know that she is tired, that she has not been feeling well, that she has been working the previous night. I'll hear her dressing-room door slam. Then, in a few moments, a boy will shout 'Calling Miss Dressler! On the set, Miss Dressler!' The door will open and down the long corridor of the dressing-room building will come the thump, thump, thumping footsteps of that *Grand Old Fire Horse*, Marie Dressler!—made up, ready for work. . . ." Norma's voice broke with emotion. ". . . Ready to carry on! Ready to give everything for the profession that she loves! . . ."

The applause swept up and over the hundreds of guests, surging, thundering like the sea. Another ovation for Dressler. *Her life has been like that.*

How does it feel to be called a Grand Old Fire Horse? When saccharin, sweetish phrases are being coined for other actresses, doesn't it make your spleen rise, Marie? "Orchid lady of the screen," "First lady of Hollywood," "Empress of emotion," these others are called. . . . And you get the tag of "*Grand Old Fire Horse.*"

"I love it," beamed Dressler, modishly garbed in a black wool ensemble with a modified Empress Eugenie hat, her generous bosom cradling a jeweled bunch of grapes whose fruit were pearls and whose leaves were diamonds.

"And do you know how you get to be an Old Fire Horse? By years and years of traveling over hard cobblestones. Yes, that's it. Years and years over hard cobblestones."

Up one year, down the next. Wealthy one day, broke the next. That has been the crazy pattern of Dressler's life. Miles

(*Continued on page 102*)

The Haunted House of Pickfair

Can the dead come back? Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are more than half-convinced that the dead not only can, but have! Ever since they converted a Beverly Hills hunting-lodge—scene of a tragic death—into "Pickfair," they have been hearing and seeing things they are unable to explain. (And Doug and Mary are not superstitious.) See if you can explain them!

This story will amaze you and puzzle you; it may even give you the "creeps." The title does not begin to tell you of what you are about to read—the most startling story ever told by any star. You might infer from the title that Pickfair—the most famous private house in the world—is haunted, at the most, by memories. This is not true. If the dead can return (and who has ever proved they cannot?), Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are convinced that they have been sharing Pickfair with ghosts for twelve long years—ever since they made it their home. It may not look like a haunted house; it may not be storm-beaten to a funereal black, its windows may not be empty; besides, you may scoff at the very idea of ghosts, but—well, let Mary Pickford convince you, herself.—Editor.

WE sat at lunch, Mary and I, in the white-paneled dining-room of Pickfair, where so many visiting notables have dined. The sun streamed in, lighting up Mary's golden hair (growing long again) and her immense and dark brown eyes, seeming to caress the face a world has loved. And Mary said to me:

"This house is haunted. There are ghosts in the attic. They have been there for the twelve years we have lived here. You know, I think, that I am a conservative person, careful of what I say and not quick to jump at conclusions, and that I am strongly inclined to avoid anything that approaches the sensational. Yet I say to you, here and now—*there are ghosts in Pickfair*. They have been here as long as we have.





Left, Mary Pickford might be listening again to the sounds that have come from the attic of Pickfair all during the twelve years she and Doug have lived there. Above, the Oriental room in the attic, in which they have heard "heavy footsteps"—*when no one was up there*

Has the Former Owner Come Back?

"YEARS ago, this house was an old hunting-lodge. I have heard that the woman who owned the house died here. She died, I believe, a lingering and perhaps a tragic and reluctant death. It is said that she used to sit at a certain window, night after night, to watch the sun go down over the place

on earth she loved beyond all others. Perhaps she resents us who have followed her here. Perhaps, poor soul, she still feels that this is her home and that she and her friends have a right in the attic, fingering old and well-loved things, moving possessions about, having parties, resentful and confused at the changes and at the new inhabitants. Perhaps we who live here are as strange to her and to her friends as They are to us.

"I do not know who these People are. I have no idea why They are here, or what They want. But I know that They are here.

"When first I heard these sounds, I gave them all sorts of explanations. I thought there was wind under the eaves. I attributed them to the settling of the wood—to something, anything that might be explained by natural causes.



Acme

In circle, an airplane view of Pickfair—the most famous private home in the world—before Doug and Mary had it remodeled. Note the long eaves on the roof. They thought that perhaps the wind, creeping under these, caused the sounds that have disturbed them. It doesn't *look* haunted, does it?

Douglas agreed with me. He scoffed at the idea of ghosts, as a man would. *He doesn't scoff now.*

"Then we had the roof altered. It was no longer possible for the wind to creep beneath the eaves. It wasn't reasonable to suppose that we wouldn't know the sound of settling wood. It was no longer possible to believe that natural causes could be responsible for the unmistakable sounds of pacing feet—up and down—up and down—like this—or for the equally unmistakable sounds of trunks being moved from place to place and back again. There were noises so insistently loud that we could not sleep at night. I could not sleep. Those sounds, those noises have continued unabatedly up to this very day, *up to last night.*





K. Rahmn

Douglas Fairbanks, above, scoffed at first at the "haunted house" idea—but, like Mary, he has changed his mind. Left, the newly-remodeled Pickfair—now a Norman chateau, with no hint of its history. Note the short eaves

Tried to Talk to Them

"JUST the other night—at two in the morning—I woke from a fearful dream. I suppose it was a dream. I struggled and woke to hear the sounds of those pacing feet, the heavy moving about of heavy objects. I was angry. *I was not afraid.* I never have been afraid. But it was annoying. Very. I sat up in bed and, out of sheer desperation, tried to talk to Them, or at Them. I pleaded with Them.

"I said, aloud, 'Please, if you want to be here, if you feel that it is your right to be here, *please* do not make so much noise at this hour of the morning. Please be *quieter*. I would not do what You are doing to anybody. You are welcome to my attic. You can move things about, you can have your parties, you can make yourselves at home and do anything you want to do *if we can just get together on our hours of rest.* Besides, after all, this *is* my house, you know. It may not be my house forever, but it is mine now and I must say that I resent these inconsiderate disturbances.'

"It was of no avail. The noises continued. I finally fell asleep again—defeated, exhausted. The fact that we have just remodeled the house, making it roomier, seems to make no difference to Them.

"Some years ago we were in England. We were lunching

(*Continued on page 96*)

The AMAZING LIFE

By
FAITH
SERVICE



Top, across the two pages, some of the headliners of "Freaks" at lunch on the set. At the head of the table is Prince Randian, the Living Torso; fourth down the table is Schlitze, the Pin-Head; sixth, Johnny Eck, the Half-Boy; eighth, Frances O'Connor, the Armless Beauty; tenth, Angelo, the dwarf; eleventh, Koo-Koo, the Bird-Girl; thirteenth, one of the Snow Twins; fifteenth, the Bearded Lady; sixteenth, Pete Robinson, the Living Skeleton; and last, Josephine Joseph, Half-Man, Half-Woman. Right, Daisy Earles, perfectly formed midget—who stopped growing when four

You will be amazed when you see them on the screen in "Freaks," Tod Browning's drama of the misshapen creatures of the circus sideshows. And when you do see them—the Siamese Twins, the Half-Boy, the Pin-Head, the Armless Beauty, the Living Torso, among many others—you will wonder where they came from, how they live, how they feel about their fate. This story of their lives may surprise you!

You have seen Lon Chaney's pictures and "Frankenstein" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." You have seen every kind of human horror imaginable, on the screen—except the characters you are about to meet in "Freaks." There has never been anything like it before, and may never be again. These are no actors donning cruel make-up for a few hours, to be curiosities that some author has imagined. These are the most tragic people in the world—actors who must wear their grotesque make-up and be curiosities as long as they live. You will get a new outlook on life by reading their life stories!—*Editor.*

STORIES of the FREAKS!



Above, Johnny Eck, the brilliant Half-Boy, born without any lower body. He is the only one of the human curiosities who considers himself tragic

Above, Prince Randian, the Living Torso, shaving himself. Both armless and legless, he has two children and eight grandchildren



Left, Frances O'Connor, the living Venus de Milo—born without arms. From childhood she has used her feet as normal people use their hands

THE most amazing people in the movies—and that means the world—are those misshapen distorted men and women you will see in M-G-M's "Freaks," the like of which you have never seen before. Out of strange backgrounds, from the four corners of the earth, they have come to Hollywood to show you what the circus sideshow people are really like. It's amazing enough that they are here. Their appearances, in some cases, will make you shudder with amazement—even as you watch, fascinated. But the most amazing things about them are their life stories—and how they look at life.

For seven years, Tod Browning—who directed Lon Chaney in so many of his successes—has had the idea for this bizarre mystery drama about the sideshow folk, and has been trying to get producers to listen to it. Browning, himself, started life in a circus—and he has never got over its fascination. He knows the human beings behind these grotesque exteriors, knows their temperaments, their amazing abilities. After you see how he presents them, there won't be anything more to know about them except where they came from—and you will certainly want to know that. This story tells you.

Are you expecting to find these Strangest People in the World a collection of half-dopey, maudlin, self-pitying wrecks? You are due for a surprise. Some of them are idiots, it is true—but they are happy idiots. Others have normal intelligence, or more, and have managed to make their minds more important than their bodies. With one tragic exception, of which I'll tell you later, they are all exuberantly happy. They are contented. They are *glad* they are alive. They have no resentment toward whatever Force or Being or biological crack-up

made them as they are. They get more out of what life they have than most of us who have all the arms and legs and inches considered necessary. They make us wonder—*are bodies so important, after all?*

Born Beautiful and Armless

LOOK, for instance, at Frances O'Connor, the pretty, armless blonde girl from Sheridan, Wyoming. She said to me, "Why, we have fun all the time—not just now and then." And she does. She does everything. She sews fine stitches, she plays a clever game of Bridge, she turns the pages of the book she is reading, she feeds herself—*with her feet.* She went through grade school and high school as other girls do. She has more attentive swains than most girls of seventeen. *She is a living Venus de Milo,* yet has no self-pity whatsoever. Her mother told me that Frances was always a happy child.



Above, the Siamese Twins, Daisy and Violet Hilton—who do not consider themselves tragic. When in their early teens, they went to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in the hope of being separated, only to learn that if they were parted, just one could live. They can say, "Life is fun"

As soon as she learned to walk and talk, this girl who was born without arms, learned to use her feet for the things other people use their hands for. It came naturally to her. There never came a time when she felt that she was not as other girls. If it did, it never bothered her. She is as proud of her beautifully slender and competent feet as other girls are of their lovely hands. She has them manicured regularly and carefully. And she displays not the slightest self-consciousness in using them for all purposes and at all times. She would as soon dine at the White House with the high officials of the land as would a Mary Pickford.

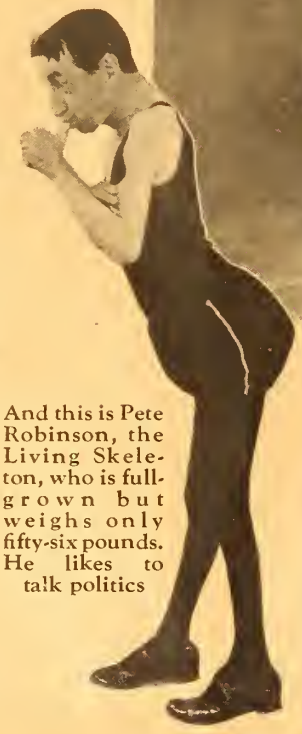
Of all this group of Strange People, Frances O'Connor, Harry Earles, the midget, and Daisy, his midget sister, Johnny Eck, the Half-Boy, and the Siamese Twins are the ones whose minds are greater than their deformities. If anything, they are above normal, mentally. They are clever, sophisticated, well-read and witty people. They have senses of humor, even about themselves. They have a perfect perspective on themselves and on their fellow-men.



Above, Josephine Joseph — feminine on one side, masculine on the other



Above, Schlitze, the Pin-Head, found in Yucatan, Mexico. She took a great liking to Jackie Cooper, much to Jackie's terror



And this is Pete Robinson, the Living Skeleton, who is full-grown but weighs only fifty-six pounds. He likes to talk politics

Why Harry Is a Midget

TURN now to Harry Earles, born Harry Schneider, in Stolpen, Germany—one of a family of eight children, four of whom grew to full height. Three brothers are over six feet tall and one sister is five feet eight. Both parents are normal-sized and all four grandparents were close to being six-footers. So far as Harry knows, no midget has ever before appeared on the Family Tree. Harry, Daisy and two other midget sisters were perfectly normal babies at birth. Harry weighed more than seven pounds. It was not until he and his sister Grace were between three and four that his father began to suspect that *something was wrong.* The children had ceased to grow. Herr Schneider took the youngsters to every eminent specialist in Germany and the opinions were the same—the children were midgets, though perfectly formed.

Harry explained to me, scientifically, that the glands of growth are behind the bridge of the nose and at the base of the brain. In his case, as with three of his sisters, these glands had ceased to function and they had ceased to grow. When he was in his early 'teens, he told me, he went through a very unhappy phase. Then, for the first time, he fully realized *what he was and what it meant.* He outgrew that period. And now, with his work, with the money he has accumulated, with his friends both among the Big People and the Small, he is happy and contented.

If Science should suddenly discover some method of adding to Harry Earles' growth, he would grab at it. But it would have to be a sure method. He would not, he told me, "be experimented with." Life is too sweet for that. He has an especial admiration for Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler and Kay Francis. He was an intimate friend of Lon Chaney's, dating from the making of the silent version of "The Unholy Three," which was Harry's first picture. (He also

(*Continued on page 100*)



THERE ARE SOME NEW FEATHERS IN JOAN'S CAP

Cheasley predicted in these pages last month that you will still be gazing into Joan Crawford's serious eyes five years from now. M-G-M have torn up her contract—and given her an even-longer-lasting one. Our dancing daughter seems to have squelched divorce gossip about Doug, Jr. and herself. And now she is playing *Flaemmchen*, the hotel stenographer, in "Grand Hotel"

What does Ina Claire say about John Gilbert Now?



She says she looked upon herself as a pretty bad case of nerves until she married John. After discovering what a nervous dynamo he was, she began to look upon herself as one of the calmest persons on earth. She's scarcely that, but she is one of the world's best sports, as well as actresses. Here is the whole story—read it to the end!

DUE to the rapidly-paced life she leads, Ina Claire says that she is perpetually on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She claims that she was about to have one when she married John Gilbert. That cured her. Because then she learned what it means to see a genuine, first-class set of nerves in action. In calming John, she began to look upon herself as one of the calmest and sanest persons in the world.

She is scarcely that, but she is a sporting, healthy, normal woman, full of laughter and talent—and achievement. Aside from an occasional tendency toward hysterics, Ina might well be termed The Triumph of Normalcy. In all show business there is no one more regular than this five-and-a-half-foot, smiling actress who first came to movie attention as the wife of the Great Lover, and then stepped out and won a large swarm of fame for herself as the high spot of "The Royal Family," "Rebound" and now, "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." A swell person, to say the least. Her life tells the story.

Ina was born with the good old Irish name of Fagan, and her Gaelic attributes of humor, dash and fighting heart have stood her well ever since. Washington, D.C., was the town, and they still remember her there at the Holy Cross Academy (which she attended, though not a Catholic) as one of their more arresting young ladies. The truth of the matter is, however, that Ina never liked school, and played hooky many a time and oft to skip off to vaudeville shows and learn how to be an actress.

Clowned Her Way to Fame

SHE made her début as a vaudeville entertainer in 1907, doing comic imitations of Harry Lauder, quite some time before most of the current cinema cuties were born, and when she, herself, was only fifteen. She played the two-a-day circuits until she was engaged for the rôle of *Molly Pebbleford* in the musical comedy, "Jumping Jupiter," in 1911. This was the beginning of that long parade of successes which, down through the years, established her as one of the most popular women in the history of the American theatre. It is a Broadway legend that no play that boasted Ina Claire in the cast ever flopped.

It is not generally known that she was a featured member of the Ziegfeld "Follies" of 1915 and 1916, and that it was her take-off of Frances Starr, then David Belasco's greatest protegée, that attracted Belasco's eye. In 1917, she was playing under his management as the star of "Polly with a Past," her first dramatic success. This play ran for two years, and then an equally big hit came along in "The Gold Diggers." The rest is stage history, hit after hit—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "The Awful Truth," "Grounds for Divorce" and "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." And then came the movies.

Ina is a good business woman. Anyone who can get a contract calling for $100,000 a picture, as she did from Pathé, obviously knows her way about. She made only one film under that contract, however—her marriage to John Gilbert intervening.

"If I hadn't gone on that honeymoon," she says regretfully, "I could have made two pictures before they got onto me. I should have hurried through the second one before 'The Awful Truth' was released—but I didn't. That marriage certainly cost me plenty!"

Yet it was not Ina's fault that "The Awful Truth" was a bust. She has an unerring sense of story values, and knew that the finished version of the film had many plot weaknesses not present in the original. It was badly cut; but, despite her objections, it was released in this imperfect state—and a very interesting movie career all but came to an abrupt halt. Indeed, it was not until she made a sensational hit in "The Royal Family" on the Los Angeles stage and Paramount gave her that splendid chance in the screen version that she proved her immense screen potentialities.

Denies That Break-Up Story

SHE is a person of no great hates—other than for unkindness. She bitterly resents the treatment she received at the hands of Sylvia, the Hollywood masseuse turned author, who devoted

By
FRANK
MORLEY



Not only the Greeks, but the Irish, had a word for Ina Claire—for she was born with the good old Gaelic name of Fagan. And she has everything she should have, being Irish—including wit, fight and vitality. She has forgotten whatever flare-ups she and John Gilbert may have had, but she hasn't forgotten one particular version of when the break-up started. And how she denies that version!

so much uncomplimentary space to her in the book, "Hollywood Undressed." Sylvia confessed to having spanked ten pounds from Ina in three days, in order to let her wear a pair of shorts to a "kid" party, and thus further delight the eye of husband Gilbert. Ina denies that Jack ever made any remark about her figure except that it was "a little too thin."

Ina (whose weight, by the way, is one hundred and twenty-three pounds) also denies that other story in the volume that created such a stir in Hollywood—that the Gilbert-Claire

(*Continued on page 90*)



Hendrickson

Echoes of the Culbertson-Lenz bridge battle resound on the West Coast, between scenes of "The Lost Squadron." Holmes Herbert is playing West; Joel McCrea, North; Richard Dix, East; and Dorothy Jordan, South. The two kibitzers are director Paul Sloane and Eric von Stroheim

Carmel Myers (below) recently said that she wanted to adopt a child. Parents anxious to get their children in the movies flocked to her. But Carmel said she wanted to *adopt* a child, not promote one!

News *and* Gossip



Fryer

HOLLYWOOD is bound and determined to marry Jeanette MacDonald to Robert Ritchie! Despite Jeanette's many denials, gossip sprang into flame the other day when it was seen that she was lunching in the Paramount cafeteria with a wedding ring on the proper finger! The ring cost ten cents, and came from the prop department for wear in the new talkie version of "The Marriage Circle," but could Jeanette make people believe it? *You're right*—she couldn't.

CHEVALIER and his wife were photographed publicly embracing at the train which brought her back from her European visit. Hollywood, disappointedly, admits that they are probably happy and aren't going to be melted. Even Maurice's announcement that he is planning a picture with Marlene Dietrich hasn't started any talk. At dinner parties Monsieur and Madame Chevalier sit and converse intimately in French with each other, thus shutting out the world.

BEBE DANIELS is planning to go on a vaudeville tour of the entire world, in the same company with Wheeler and Woolsey. Ben Lyon (the husband) may come along, but Barbara Bebe (the daughter) will stay behind with Grandma. Bebe has played to an almost solid audience of motion picture people during the Hollywood run of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." On her first entrance the opening night she tripped and stumbled badly over a rug. "You did it on purpose, Bebe," friends teased her afterward, "just to prove what superb poise you have!"



Ray Jones

When Tom Mix arrived home from the hospital, he insisted on being moved outdoors where "Tony" could call on him. Tom's now making his comeback in "Destry Rides Again"

BEN is very much the proud young husband these days. Didn't he sock a saucy office boy who dared to keep Bebe waiting twenty minutes outside a sound stage? "He was insolent to Mrs. Lyon," explained Ben grandly. "Naturally, I hit him!" His adoration for Bebe became something akin to worship on the day their baby was born. "You want a boy, don't you, Ben?" friends asked him as he paced the hospital corridors. "I did," said Ben, "but seeing Bebe now, and the grand way she's going through this, I would like to have a girl so she would be exactly like her mother."

So far, say friends, the baby *is* a miniature Bebe—even to the sense of humor.



When television arrives, you'll have to have more than a voice with a smile to keep your telephone ringing. But Doris Carnes won't have to worry. Doris, in case you haven't had the pleasure of meeting her before, is the blonde charmer in Educational's Torchy comedies

of the Studios

Below, you have your first view of Sari Maritza—Paramount's newest "find," who may rival Paramount's Marlene Dietrich. Her first picture, aptly enough, is titled, "The Girl in the Headlines"



Shalitt

WE understand that young Randolph Scott is very much exercised over the discovery that dancing with Lupe all the evening at the Mayfair and sitting next to her at a dinner party several days later is equivalent to Romance. When he read in the morning's papers that Lupe "guessed she would marry Randie Scott, he was so sweet," he fled to the publicity department to find out what to do. He and pretty Florence Lake, Arthur's sister, are stepping out a bit. This bronzed, lean-faced actor is so like Gary Cooper that rumor persists that Paramount is grooming him to take Gary's place. If true, where is Gary going? It seems more genuine to have Randie succeeding Buddy Rogers.

HOLLYWOOD has a knife-thrower who doubles for movie stars when the scenario requires one of them to hurl a knife or a battle-axe or something at a lady friend. In a recent picture he was to outline Jimmy Gleason with stilettos. He arrived early at the studio and set up a board and a wax figure to practice. As he was warming up Jimmy happened by and glanced in at the door—just in time to see a stiletto neatly slice an ear off the wax gentleman! When Jimmy said he "no would do," they changed the plot of the picture!

TOM MIX ate his Christmas dinner at home, arriving on a stretcher on the twenty-fifth. "Tony", his hoss, was on hand to greet him, and also a photographer to catch the touching scene of "Tony" greeting Tom. Nurses at the hospital say that as soon as the ether fumes had cleared away, Tom demanded that "Tony" should be allowed to come up to his room in the passenger elevator! Tom wasn't thinking of a publicity stunt—he just wanted to see his best pal!



Ball

Ralph Forbes says goodby to his polo pony and the screen—for a while. He's going to appear with Rose Hobart in a stage play directed by the Mrs. (Ruth Chatterton, to you)

BILL HAINES is back from a vaudeville tour, as irrepressible and "wise-cracky" as ever. "Hy-De-Hy," said he, when an acquaintance greeted him, "I'm Gus Berger!" "Why are you wearing those light-colored suede shoes, Bill?" he was asked. "Oh, they're Greta Garbo's," said Bill, airily. "I always break in her shoes for her!"

GRETA broke her Sphinx-like silence to tell reporters on her trip back to California from New York, "No, I am not in love. I shall never marry." One wonders why this mysterious lady should have chosen the outstanding celebrity-parking hotel in New York in which to hide—a hotel

where she had for a neighbor the Gable of gossipeers, Walter Winchell. It conforms with our belief that Greta knows how to take publicity and the M-G-M boys know how to give it.

AND did Wallace Beery have his hands full? A wife sick in the hospital, his home in Beverly Hills partly burned down, three new and lively children (recently adopted) on his hands—and an argument at the studio over whether he should play a rather small part in "Grand Hotel"! The wife is better, the house almost repaired, the studio quarrel settled amicably and the three kids are beginning to fit into the scheme of things. But it was tough going for a while. That's how Wally qualifies to play exacting rôles!

JERRY HOFFMAN, newspaperman and wise-cracker, has had a hat for the last four years which has become a sort of trademark. It is a wide-brimmed, black felt hat much like those the students wear in the Latin Quarter. Yesterday, I witnessed a touching scene. Ricardo Cortez was handing Jerry seven bucks for the hat and Jerry looked so lonely and unfamiliar without it. It seems Ricardo has hunted the town over for a similar lid for his part in his next picture and finally in despair offered to buy this one off Jerry's head!

IT was at a dinner party that one of the guests rushed up to George Arliss and grasped his hand effusively. "Oh, Mr. Arliss," he exclaimed, "it's so good to see you out!" "Out?" queried Arliss, in his best Piccadilly accent. "Out? My dear chap, what do you mean, out?" "Why, we read that you were very ill with a cold," said the other. "Tush! Tush!" said Arliss, impatiently adjusting his monocle, "I never had a cold in my life! But I'm such bad copy that the studio has to give me a cold in order to get me into the jolly old papers!"



Wide World

Clark Gable is paying the penalty for becoming so famous. Every time he steps out, autograph books are thrust at him. But, boy, how he takes it!

After reading the story on Page 30, probably all the king's horses couldn't keep you from seeing "Freaks." And when you hear that Leila Hyams, right, is playing *Venus*, the seal-trainer—well, you'll stop resisting!



Do you know who has created the first original character of the talkies? Andy Clyde, Sennett's *Pop Martin*

RICARDO CORTEZ will get a surprise when he sees this. The other day Ric was standing in line at traffic court, waiting to pay a fine for speeding. Ahead of him in the line was a small, excited Italian. When the latter heard that his fine was three dollars, he commenced wringing his hands and wailing that he didn't have it. Good-naturedly, Ric paid it for him. When Ric later mentioned it at the studio, a practical-joker friend had a bright idea. He wrote a note to Ric on cheap paper, "Dere Mister Cortez, you kind mans, may the saints reward you, I will pay you back when I can. Yore friend Jesus Gometz," enclosing nineteen cents in soiled stamps. His plan is to return the three dollars in small sums, and then write Ric another letter, "Dere Mister Cortez, I have great troubles. You are my friend. Pleas send me one hundred dollars quick my wife she have a baby." They are betting on what Ricardo will say when he reads this!



Hurrell

BY the way, Ricardo has spent the last week sitting in the amphitheatre of a city hospital watching operations. He plays a surgeon next. The first day he nearly fainted, but the last day he was as hardened as a hard-boiled orderly.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD came West on the same train with Joan Crawford and Doug, Junior. "Do you know any interesting men in Hollywood?" she asked Joan. "My dear, I'll give a dinner for you and invite the most interesting man in Hollywood," Joan promised, "and he isn't married either!" When Tallulah arrived, dressed for conquest, she was introduced to her dinner partner—Jackie Cooper! Before dinner was over, she agreed with Joan.



R. W. Coburn

The picture of Ruth Weston at the left is the latest weather report from Hollywood. It simply can't be as cold there as the papers say! But Ruth is used to the cold. Wasn't she a New York society girl before she became an RKO starlet?

THE dressing-room situation at the RKO studios has become acute—very. With the merging of Pathé and Radio, Connie Bennett, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees and Pola Negri have come to the lot. Which of these glamourous ladies will get the star dressing-room—and what will the others say? Our money is on Connie. A Bennett always gets what she goes after. Connie denies she is giving up her screen career, now that she is the Marquise de la Falaise. And RKO says her contract runs to 1934—a contract that the Marquis negotiated.

A HOODOO seems to have followed the making of "The Lost Squadron," which purports to reveal the ruthlessness of Hollywood toward its human material. Robert Presnell, the writer who worked on the story, was badly injured in an automobile accident during the filming of the picture, and his wife was even more critically injured. Mrs. Paul Sloane begged her husband not to direct the feature, fearing some accident. Sloane, however, went ahead with his preparation, and was stricken with the "flu." Dick Grace, who wrote the story originally, added a particularly terrific crash at the end, for himself. The stunt hasn't been performed yet—but people are wondering if Dick has written his own death scene.



John and Lionel Barrymore co-star on the screen for the first time in "Arsene Lupin." John's the smooth crook, Lionel the smooth detective

WE hear this from the East. Greta Garbo went to see Katharine Cornell and wanted to meet her. She wrote Miss Cornell a note, asking for an appointment and was told to come behind scenes at that night's performance. Broadway's greatest star was all agog—but when Greta turned up, dressed in the way Hollywood is accustomed to see her, with ulster, felt hat and walking shoes—Katharine took one look at her, decided that she was being made the victim of a practical joke and cut the interview short, leaving the great Garbo to find her way out as best she could. And Garbo is the one screen star that La Cornell will go out of her way to see—on the screen.



Just a couple of hard hombres, rounded up by a posse of cameramen—Maurice Chevalier and his pal, William S. Hart. Maurice is trying to persuade Bill to come back to the screen, and Bill's trying to get Maurice to go strong and silent. Maurice spends many a week-end at Bill's ranch near Hollywood

BY the way, the movies have received a slap in the face. Katharine Cornell was offered thirty thousand a week to make a picture of "Dishonored Lady," and refused! Now, how do you suppose Hollywood feels? Maybe Katherine had an advance tip-off that the censors might mutilate the drama in screen form. Already they have objected to the title.

NEWSPAPERMEN have been besieging—unsuccessfully—a certain famous photographer who is known to have taken pictures of Fifi Dorsay and Terrence Ray the day after the breaking of their engagement. As rumor has it, the engagement was broken in a spectacular manner and the papers are longing to get hold of the unretouched photos, which are said to show the signs of fray. Terry says his scratches came from "bandits." Fifi's bruises are supposed to be the result of a "fall."

THERE is a clause in some of the new studio contracts, guaranteeing that players "shall not talk to anyone in beauty parlors," this being the starting point for most Holly-

wood gossip of the scandal type. There is something about the soothing process of shampooing that seems to loosen tongues—and who knows but maybe the lady having a facial in the next booth is a reporter for a sensational paper!

A LOCAL theatre where "Frankenstein," the horror picture, was running, kept an ambulance waiting at the curb and a white uniformed nurse in waiting in the lobby to resuscitate fainting patrons. Boris Karloff, who played the monster in the picture, says that he wore twenty pounds of extra weight for his grotesque make-up, and suffered so much that he lost ten pounds of weight, himself, before the last scene was shot.



C. S. Bull

Just to remind you that this is the year the Olympic Games will be held in Los Angeles, Joan Marsh (left) is wearing a hat whose brim copies the laurel wreaths of the first Olympic heroes. Joan is in "Are You Listening?"



Now that Sally Eilers and James Dunn have scored a third hit together in "Dance Team," when will they make their fourth? After Jimmy's vacation!



Ball

It may be a stool that Wallace Ford is parking on—but it isn't any dunce's stool. Wally may have grown up an orphan, without any schooling—but what an actor he has turned out to be! He's the only actor in sight who's giving Clark Gable a race—as you'll see, when you look upon him in "Freaks"

HAROLD LLOYD is still playing his favorite rôle of Santa Claus—and, what's more, forbids his press-agent, Josephus (Cardinal) Reddy, from mentioning the fact. Harold has kept his entire office force, stenographers, carpenters, props, office boys, gag men, and all on full salary for the last year without shooting a foot of film. He might easily have saved himself a quarter of a million by laying them off till he needed them again—but Harold is a good pal as well as a good citizen.

AS long ago as last July, MOTION PICTURE told you that Will Rogers was Hollywood's choice for President. Now along comes Arthur Brisbane, famous front-page editorial writer of the Hearst papers, with a boom for Will. It seems that the Wichita (Kan.) *Beacon* conducted a straw vote among its readers, to find out whom they favored for President—and a considerable number were for Brisbane. When apprised of the fact, he wired appreciation of the honor, adding: "I feel bound to support newspaper candidacy of Will Rogers for the Presidency. This is the flying age, Rogers is a good flier, and, while I do not know what kind of President he would make, I am sure he would be better for the job than I should be."

WILL has just been having the most varied vacation ever taken by any movie star. After reading Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," he hopped off for the Orient, first stopping in Japan—"to see these fat wrestlers and geisha girls." Next he went to Manchuria, to see if the Japanese were keeping to schedule in taking towns away from the "bandits." Then he crossed the Great Wall, and had dinner with Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, who had an airplane all warmed up, just in case he wanted to take "a long flight for his health." Will then dropped in on Pearl Buck for lunch, and flew on to Peking, Shanghai ("where the Americans try to talk like the English") and Hongkong. Thence to Singapore, and some entertainment by the father-in-law of the King of Siam. Thence to Penyang, where he boarded a Dutch 'plane for Europe. He made a stopover in India, where he "saw more wars than in Manchuria." Then on to Greece, and a chat with Premier Venizelos; Rome, over Corsica, and France, to London—where Mrs. Rogers was going to meet him. He had asked her to come over and go with him to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva—"for a good laugh." Will, who had seen the Japanese and Chinese and Hindus in action, knew how much armaments would be reduced!

WILL is reported, by no less an authority than the New York *Times*, to be planning to give up the movies and to become "the world's airplane reporter." As it is, he's widely syndicated and receives $3,000 a week from his writing. What he'd like to do, says the *Times*, is to set up in London or Paris and fly here, there and everywhere, to the places where there are events of world interest. In other words, his vacation trip was just a training cruise.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD has hardly been seen in Hollywood, so delighted is she with her home, which she rented from Billy Haines. "I've no doubt, my dear," says Tallulah,



R. W. Coburn

Here IS something new—permanent lipstick, applied by a painless electrical process. Russ Westmore, RKO make-up expert, shows Arline Judge

"that Bill has stored some of his best stuff." When she recently lunched at the Embassy, a prominent film actress passed her table, turned, stared at her and then remarked to her friend, "My dear, I never was so disappointed in my life! That's the Terrible Bankhead!" Gossip has preceded Tallulah. One story relates how she received an interviewer in New York in her bathtub. Maybe that's why everyone on the staff has been begging to do a story with her! Maybe the writers should give her a shower!

"SOME years ago," relates Charlie Ruggles, "I happened to be on an amusement pier and saw a small boy fall into the water. I jumped after him and rescued him. An hour later a man came up to me and asked if I was the fellow who had saved his son. I blushingly admitted it. 'Then what did you do with my boy's cap?' demanded the grateful parent."

THE ten most beautiful and charming women in the United States, according to Miss Dagmar Perkins, president of the National Association for American Speech, are Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, Mrs. Oliver B. Jennings, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Anna Case Mackay, Miss Jane Cowl, Miss Elsie Ferguson, Miss Lynn Fontanne and Miss Irene Rich. The last five are actresses—but only one, Irene Rich, is a screen actress. Which may surprise you. Moreover, none of the ten is under thirty. Miss Perkins explains that thirty is "the testing point when the great decision is made as to whether a woman is merely a pretty thing or a great beauty."

WE hear that Lila Lee (the ex-Mrs. Jim Kirkwood) and the present Mrs. Jim Kirkwood have become good friends. Indeed, gossip whispers that after a tiff with Jimmie lately, the new spouse fled to Lila and shared her bungalow. Hollywood is the place for the most modern situations.

WE had it all decided that Howard Hughes and Billie Dove were That Way about each other again—when we saw the billing of "Cock of the Air." With Chester Morris' name featured and Billie not even mentioned in some of the Hughes ads, that doesn't look much like romance, does it?

Elissa Landi (right), has just finished her fourth novel and "The Devil's Lottery"





Otto Dyar

Ernst Lubitsch, famous for his direction of sparkling comedies, turned to drama with "The Man I Killed"—and scored again. He and Ona Munson have called off that wedding

EVERY studio has several lovely young girls under contract. At Fox, for instance, is Peggy Ross. Peggy was telling us how hard she worked at her career. So many hours of exercise, so many hours of voice training, getting her teeth straightened, her hair cared for. "And so many hours before the camera—" prompted the listener. "Oh, well," smiled Peggy, "I've

(*Continued on page 87*)

Changeable Connie, recent bride of the Marquis de la Falaise, wants a happy, permanent marriage—but may be experimenting with life and love for eight years more. This is the future that Clifford W. Cheasley, noted Numerologist, finds written in her name and birthdate



General Forecast for April, 1932

This month is the real beginning of the year 1932. The important happenings and developments of January, February and March can really be looked upon as dealing with the chaos created in the months October, 1930 to December, 1931.

1932 in general is a time for the world to face facts, so that the permanent adjustment indicated can be started. The false optimism, the hopes for the best, which are characteristic of the Number "5" year of 1931, have no place in the sensible Number "6" year of 1932. During April, this truth will be driven in upon public opinion the world over and events will occur in many places that will indicate the beginning of adjustments. The events of this month are definite and have a constructive future.

Conditions in China and India will continue to draw a large share of attention. At home and in Europe decisive moves are due to be made, commencing a sensible acceptance of Reparation adjustments and of a new phase of international finances.

Cheasley

Numbers Say Constance Bennett's Marriage May Not Last

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

ACCORDING to the more exact method of Numerology, each letter of a person's birth name stands for a phase of emotion, thought or action. Just what phase, is measured by the numbers fitting each of these letters. Applying this yardstick of Numerology to the name of the popular Constance Bennett gives some interesting measurements, leading to deductions by which the moviegoer can check up what is known of her work on the screen and what has been published concerning the details of the life of the new Marquise de la Falaise.

What Constance Bennett really wants, so the numbers say, is material security and a happy, permanent marriage, but what she will get until she is thirty-four—that is, for eight years yet—is experience and plenty of it.

Her "Ideality," inner nature or motive number is "4," and this is the sign of a practical, matter-of-fact viewpoint on life and of an honest-to-goodness determination to play a square game, a willingness to take and give straight from the shoulder, but an insistence upon everybody else putting their cards on the table.

This number shows that Constance Bennett has no desire to play an easy, lazy game or to spend an idle life, no matter how secure she might succeed in making herself financially and socially. She would be perfectly miserable with nothing to do, and here we see why she is often mentally and physically restless, must be on the go and is keyed to a high pitch.

Why You Never Forget She's Connie

HER name has an "Expression," or method, Number of "1." This signifies a real possession of creative ability. It gives her the power to dominate her parts so that it is hard for her public and fellow-players to forget that although the particular rôle may be that of *Mary Jones*, it is really Constance Bennett in just another mood. Constance Bennett is a star and an actress, rather than an artist, and will remain so throughout her movie career.

In the deeper side of her personality there is a latent enthusiasm, the result of so many letters numbered "5." There is great imagination, versatility, impulse to change and restlessness which, when thoroughly inspired by plenty to do, reaches limits of nervous vitality, causing her to be capable of accomplishing the most severe of tasks, so long as her goal sought is not yet attained. Where there's a will, there's a way, with Constance.

(*Continued on page 95*)

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN



For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



Ray Jones

ROUMANIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO HOLLYWOOD

When the spotlight of publicity beats upon new screen sensations, they might as well be living in glass houses—for everything they do is noted. And Tala Birell, say the prophets at Universal, is going to be a sensation. Roumanian by birth, she was educated in Germany, became famous on the Viennese stage, and now enters American movies as the star, no less, of "Mountains in Flame." Another worry for Garbo and Dietrich?

Lawrence Tibbett's Married Life Reveals Unique Triangle

When Lawrence Tibbett married again on New Year's Day, the former Mrs. Tibbett was invited to the wedding. And why not? Isn't her successor the only woman she knows who's "worthy" of being the famous singer's wife? All three of them are friends—and probably always will be. Here is not only an unusual triangle—but an intelligent one!

By RUTH DRYDEN

IN EVERY movie, there is always Another Man or Another Woman—there has to be, for the sake of drama and suspense. But you have never seen a triangle like the one in real life involving Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Mackay Tibbett, his first wife, and Jennie Marston Tibbett, his second. It has the elements of drama by its very unexpectedness. It is, moreover, a highly intelligent triangle—with sex, for once, practically left out of the matter. It is as unusual as Lawrence's voice, which has carried him literally from rags to riches, and made him the foremost American singer of his time.

The two women are surprisingly similar—as no two women in a man's life in a movie ever are. More than that, they are friends—have known one another for years—and speak highly of each other. They are such good friends that they could lunch together just before one divorced Lawrence, and such good friends that the other could invite the first, without affront, to *her* wedding to Lawrence.

In many respects, particularly from the standpoint of behavior toward each other, Tibbett and his ex-wife are Hollywood's most amazing couple. Their conduct could easily be described as super-civilized. Hollywood's divorced couples are usually excessively sentimental about their parting (like Betty Compson and director James Cruze) or else bitter enemies (like Helene Costello and Lowell Sherman). The triangle composed of Lawrence Tibbett, his former wife and his present wife is utterly without precedent in the film colony, so far as graceful bearing, tolerance, understanding, broad-mindedness, sympathy and sportsmanship are concerned.



Acme

When Lawrence Tibbett married the former Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard, friends believed that he had unconsciously chosen a second wife who had many of the characteristics of his first

Lunched Together Before Divorce

YOU could demand no stronger proof of this than the fact that Grace Tibbett and the Mrs. Tibbett-to-be lunched together one day at the Embassy Club in Hollywood, prior to Grace's departure for Reno, where she divorced Lawrence on September 15, 1931. Undoubtedly, the two women discussed more personal matters than the Hoover moratorium.

It takes rare sporting blood and intelligence for any woman to recognize in another woman attributes of character that she feels would be commendable in a wife for the man who had been her husband for twelve years. It becomes something more rare when the woman who has been wife for all those years is absolutely sincere in her appraisal of the "other" woman—as Grace Tibbett is.

"If Lawrence should ever choose for his second wife a woman as clever, charming, companionable and capable, I should never suffer any humiliation," Grace Tibbett said a few months ago, speaking of the present Mrs. Tibbett. "A less worthy woman might embarrass me." She even went so far as to add, "She is a far finer woman than I am." (Could there be any finer, more sporting tribute?)

It is, perhaps, very singular that the second Mrs. Tibbett resembles the first Mrs. Tibbett both physically and in many qualities of personality. Mutual friends say that the formations of the lower portions of their faces are almost identical. They both have firm, resolute chins that bespeak strength of character. Their directness of manner and personal force have also been compared. And they both have two children.

How Friends Rate Both Women

"GRACE has the courage and aggressiveness of the pioneer woman," a mutual friend explains. "Jennie has the courage of her convictions, whatever they may be, and possesses the fearlessness of the thoroughbred. She has never known privations such as Grace, since she is the daughter of a millionaire, but she could forego much for the sake of an intention or ideal."

Maybe Lawrence's choice of a second wife who resembles his first so closely bears out the saying that, when a man marries the first time, he unconsciously seeks in his wife the virtues of

his mother. And that when he marries a second time, he unconsciously looks for some of the qualities of wife Number One in wife Number Two.

Conventionally-minded persons might find it difficult to understand the psychology of Lawrence Tibbett and his former wife, who have only praise for each other and are going out of their way not only to convince the world that they are friends, but to *be* friends. But both Grace and Lawrence are extraordinary mortals—their lives, their work, their achievements have made them so.

Three days after Lawrence got out of the Navy in May, 1919, he married Grace Mackay Smith, a Los Angeles school teacher. They were both young, both poor, both ambitious. Lawrence knew that he had a voice, but didn't know if he could ever do anything about it; he didn't know how to go about getting the training he needed; he lacked purpose and drive—and money. But Grace was determined that he would develop that powerful baritone. They conserved rigidly, they lived "the simple life" in a mountain cabin at La Crescenta to save money (though they called it "honeymooning"). Then the twins—Lawrence, Jr. and Richard—arrived. Lawrence was all for becoming a garage mechanic, or chauffeur, or taking any kind of job, just so long as it gave him enough to feed and clothe and house his family; maybe they could save a little, and he could take voice lessons later on. But Grace would have none of it — and that's how Lawrence became what he is to-day.





Hurrell

Above, Lawrence Tibbett — America's greatest singer—as he looks to-day. Left, with his former wife, to whom he gives all the credit for his success and who didn't get hysterical when she saw his new romance coming

He Gives Grace the Credit

SHE sensed the future that lay ahead of her young husband, much more than he did. She insisted that he go to New York and study, getting a night job and studying music in the daytime, while she remained behind in Los Angeles and supported herself and the twins by stenography. In 1923 he made his first operatic appearance in "Aida"—in the Hollywood Bowl. His triumph that night led to a tryout with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and everybody knows the rest of the story. Besides being the male star of the Metropolitan, he is the only male movie star that audiences will pay to see and hear because of his singing.

Lawrence gives all the credit to Grace—and you may be sure that Jennie does likewise. For twelve years, Lawrence and Grace were models of marital teamwork—and there never was a rumor of separation. This is unusual, too, for Lawrence often went on tour for four or five months at a time—and you know how the surge and lift of his voice appeals to women. Yet, no rumors.

However, last July, when Grace Tibbett announced that she was going to divorce Lawrence, all kinds of wild rumors did spring up—Hollywood was that surprised. In her statement to the newspapers, Grace said, "Fame and family happiness are not consistent. It is not anything more than that. Neither Hollywood nor another woman has played an actual part in our difficulties. It was the completing of a cycle of circumstances which culminated in complete incompatibility. Unspectacular, but true!"

Lawrence later confirmed this in an exclusive

(*Continued on page 92*)



Milton Brown

MOTION PICTURE holds the attention of John Barrymore and Joan Crawford, the way they will hold your attention and ours in "Grand Hotel." This gives you another tip-off about what is the favorite magazine of the world's favorite movie stars. For John and Joan are only two of hundreds of players that MOTION PICTURE Magazine presents not only colorfully, but as they really are. (P. S. It has been doing it for twenty-one years—a record.)

Are You Up-to-date about PHILLIPS HOLMES?

Did you know that Phil has earned one of the best dressing-rooms on the Paramount lot? And that practically every day he risks the future he's building for himself, by the speed he drives his car? Here are some other things you may not know about one of Hollywood's popular heroes and the world's champion worrier!

BY TERRENCE COSTELLO



NOW that "The Man I Killed" is establishing Phillips Holmes as just about the foremost young dramatic actor of the talkie world, you really ought to know him more thoroughly. He's worth knowing—for there's no telling how far he may go. Look at the start he has already!

Phil is no cinematic mushroom growth. Slowly he has made his way—from bits to character parts to featured rôles to virtual stardom—and without any of the undercover assistance that characterizes the overnight up-swing of many celluloid thespians. At twenty-four, he can look back upon an honorable list of performances, each one of which cost him hours and days and weeks of worry. For he is one of the most confirmed worriers in the world.

He also is, according to the experts in such matters, one of the best-looking men in the world. His head might have been created by Praxiteles, greatest of Greek sculptors; and the measurements of his body come within a half-inch of being identical with those of the *Apollo Belvedere*. Once, for a publicity stunt, Phil made a series of pictures, posing in the attitudes of Greek athletes. His friends kidded him so that even now he turns a bright vermilion when the subject is mentioned.

This incident might have had much to do with his aversion for publicity photographs. He also dislikes to have his hair cut, to meet people who flutter around admiringly, and to go to previews. At the first showing of one of his own pictures, he will writhe as though on a bed of needles.

Phillips Holmes—1932 Version

He's now twenty-four—thanks to his having been born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22, 1907.

He has reached virtual stardom by acting alone, not by "yessing" his bosses. He isn't a "yesser."

He was unhappy when he first came to Hollywood. Now he says he's "the happiest guy in the world." Which is sometimes true.

He'll crash a party to meet someone who interests him—but most parties don't attract him. He'd rather be alone, driving through the night.

He has to go to bed early because, like Bob Montgomery and Jean Harlow, he's susceptible to circles under the eyes.

He drives his car so fast that his friends daily expect to hear of a smash-up. Phil shrugs at their worries.

Outwardly flippant, he is inwardly a worrier—and is dead-in-earnest about making his name as an actor.

Where the Stork Dropped Him

BORN in Grand Rapids, Michigan (heretofore best known for its furniture), July 22, 1907, he was educated in New York, Switzerland, England, and at Princeton University. It is common knowledge that it was at this latter institution that he was "discovered" by director Frank Tuttle—himself a Hasty Pudding man at Yale—who was filming a college picture on the campus of Old Nassau. Phil started for Hollywood before he had time to get a degree.

When Phil first arrived, the result of his fine schooling was obvious in his accent. Time has rubbed much of this away, but his diction is still close to being the best of that of any young man on the screen. He is proud of the fact that he was a member of of the crews at Cambridge and that he won his Triangle Club key at Princeton. During his first year at the latter institution he had the lead in the annual club play, a tribute to both his talent and his appearance.

These he comes by naturally, being the son of the distinguished stage couple, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Holmes. His mother remains his best adviser, and he avers that it will be years before he can approach his father as an actor. He will sit up all night on the evening of a new Holmes *pere* play, waiting for the critical report. He has a brother and a sister, neither of whom is theatrically inclined.

He still lives with his family, in the home on Orchid Street which the Holmeses have owned for years. Here Phil was living when he was a cadet at Harvard Military Academy with Junior Fairbanks and Billy Blakewell, and here he expects to be living for some time to come. He likes the old place. He also likes to view the pictures of Garbo and Dietrich, and to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch (director of "The Man I Killed") and Edmund Goulding (director of "The Devil's Holiday"). He is

(*Continued on page* 98)

Wally Beery Becomes a Daddy

and throws out his chest like a "Champ"

Good, old rough-and-ready Wally—he never had any real home or anyone to care for him, when he was growing up. But the three youngsters he has just adopted are going to have both—Wally's seeing to that. They call him "Uncle," say their prayers, take a cussing now and then, and—shucks, read what Wally says, himself, and get a new slant on one of Hollywood's real men!

DID you see "The Champ"—and the kick that Wallace Beery got out of playing father to Jackie Cooper? You should see him now, in real life! For he has just become a father, thrice over. The world will say, "Wally has adopted three children." But everybody who knows Wally will say, "He is the father of three children."

Many a mother does not have the instincts of a mother—while many a spinster, though childless, does. The same applies even more truly to men. Few men, indeed, are born fathers, with tenderness and protectiveness in their blood. One of the few is Wallace Beery, who has never had any children of his own.

He said to me the other day, "I've always wanted children. For two years and more, my wife and I have been talking about adopting one. I wanted to adopt a baby girl. I don't know, I sorta figured a girl would be more affectionate. Then this distant cousin of my wife's died suddenly, leaving the three kids. We'd known the kids, of course, and I'd always liked 'em. They didn't have much. They never have had. George is nine, William is four, and Carol Anne, the baby, is eighteen months. We've legally adopted Carol Anne and within six months we will legally adopt the two boys.

"No, it didn't take much talking over. We knew that we wanted them. And three are better than one. Better for the kids to be kept together and better for us to have a ready-made family.



Wally gets all set to growl "Br-r-rumph!" and break the bad news to Lady, his ex-pal, that she's going to be neglected—now that he has three youngsters to play with

Has Three Alarm Clocks Now

"IT SURE has changed things for us. I wake up in the mornings and there I am in bed with three children, five performing mice and ten fleas. The kids are in my ears, in my hair, under me and on top of me. Sure, it has revolutionized our life. We're more tied down now than we used to be." (And how Wally loved to be able to say that!) "We can't come and go as we did.

"Hell, I've had a swell time, though. Never had so much fun in my life as I did shopping for Christmas. I bought 'em all clothes, too, from the skin out. I know every Infant Department and every boy's outfitting section in every shop from Hollywood to Los Angeles. I could give any mother advice on what to buy her kids, and where.

"I get a kick out of William. Just before Christmas he came to me, all worried, and said he didn't see how Santa Claus was going to come to our house, because there wasn't any chimney in the apartment building. We were living in a flat while my house was being rebuilt after the fire, you know. I told him to go down to the clerk at the desk and tell him to see to it, please, that Santa was allowed to come in by the front door. I told him to tell the clerk to hire a watchman if necessary so there wouldn't be any chance of Santa passing us up. The kid went down and told the clerk not once, but four times. He wasn't taking any chances. . . " and Wally shook his leonine head and deep chuckles rumbled from him.

"God, that kid gets me . . . He was sitting on my lap the other night, talking about his mother. He said, 'She'll never be sick any more, will she?' I told him no, she never would be any more. Then he said, 'But why did they put dirt all over her?' I said it was to keep her nice and warm. He thought for a minute and then he outs with: 'I s'pose she'll come up and be a flower one of these days, won't she, Uncle?' God, that tore me to pieces! And I had to sit there and act as if it didn't! I never had to do any acting like that before . . .



This is "the real home" that the the extensive Beery home in Beverbuilt—with the addition of a nur-

By FAITH SERVICE



Says Wally: "Most of all, I want the kids to be happy. A happy kid is never a bad man or a bad woman"

Not Going to Be Called "Dad"

"THEY call me 'Uncle.' They're going to keep their own name. There's to be none of this business of having 'em believe I'm their real father and Mrs. Beery their real mother—only to have 'em find out later on and be hurt. I told their father when I took 'em that they were his children and he was their father and nothing legal could ever change that. I told him he could come and see 'em and come and get 'em any time he felt like it.

"People ask me what I expect to get out of this—out of the kids. I tell 'em, 'A kick in the pants.' You don't have kids for what you expect to get out of 'em. You have 'em because you damn well want to—or I did.

"They eat all their meals with us, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Where would they eat 'em? None of this hidden-away-in-the-nursery stuff for me. Hell, what do you have kids for, if you never let 'em have any life with you? They say their prayers at night, too. To me, while Mrs. Beery is in the hospital." (Wally's wife has been very ill, with pneumonia.) "I'm going to send 'em to public schools. I'm going to let 'em be what they want to be when they grow up. I don't figure I'll have anything to say about that. No parent has. Children are free agents.

"I don't believe in too much spoiling. After they had played with their toys all day Christmas I put most of 'em away and kept out one special thing for each one of 'em. I told them that if, at the end of a week, I found the toys unbroken and in good condition we'd put them away and get out three others, but if I found them busted they'd be punished and wouldn't get the others. Of course, if there's an *accident*, I said, that's different. Accidents will happen.



Just one big, happy family—Wally, Mrs. Beery and their three new children, George, 9, William, 4, and Carol Anne, 18 months. The children will keep their last name, Preister



three youngsters that Wally has just adopted are going to have—ly Hills. It was recently damaged by fire, but is now being resery. Young Jackie Cooper wouldn't mind living here, himself

Wally Gives a Lecture

"I'M correcting 'em, too. The older boy has a kinda bad habit. He's disrespectful to his elders; he talks when older people are talking. I called him aside the other night and said, 'Sonny, look, you can do all the talking you want to—*in between times*. But when older people are talking, you keep your —— —— mouth shut or I'll bust you one in the jaw.' *I'm bringing 'em up to be Christian gentlemen, or know why.*

"We're going to send the kids to Sunday school and to church, too. When I was a kid, I went to the church that was nearest if I went at all.

"Most of all, I want the kids to be happy. That's the important thing. A happy kid is never a bad man or a bad woman. I was damned unhappy when I was a kid. And poor. What? I mean starving poor. That's why I did all the damned fool things I did. Or maybe it was because I was born on April Fool's Day—in Kansas City. April Fool's Day in Kansas City! I hammered spikes on a section gang. I was head Bull Man with the Ringlings' Circus. I was things and I did things no magazine would ever dare to

(*Continued on page 93*)

THE FIRST SIGNS
JEANETTE
NEW STREET SUIT, AND NOVEL



A suit of black crushed velvet is what Jeanette is showing you above. The coat is trimmed around the neck and down the front with a narrow band of lapin fur, and the blouse is made of shimmery white satin, which is trimmed with Italian lace



The novelty of Jeanette MacDonald's evening gown is the black chiffon jacket, which has tiny mirrors sewn on it in a very pretty pattern. The gown itself is made of heavy black crêpe with straps at the neck that extend down to a very low back

OF SPRING—
MacDONALD'S
EVENING GOWN
SPORT TOGS



D'Ahetze of Paris created this costume for Jeanette. Above, you see a suede jacket and a tie of MacDonald plaid, presented to her by Alistair MacDonald, son of the English Premier, which is held in place with an antique Scotch pin



At the right is her very tailored handkerchief linen blouse which is printed in a gay patchwork design of blue, red, yellow and black. Jeanette wears this under the suede jacket shown above and with a dark blue cloth skirt. Very sporty



The colorful sport costume above has a gray knit skirt and a sweater blouse of orange. Her cuffs, tie and separate sleeveless jumper are made of knit material of gray, orange and green in a striped design

THESE PORTRAITS OF JEANETTE MACDONALD MADE EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOTION PICTURE BY RUSSELL BALL

YOUTH HAS ITS FLING IN MADGE EVANS' SPORTY SPRING WARDROBE





Spring will bring an array of light-colored jackets that match the suit blouses. Madge Evans' light-weight wool suit in black and white has a V-neckline banding of red. The red and black trimmings also circle the sleeves between wrist and elbow

How's this for a smart coat? It is of white rough-weave, trimmed with gold-colored caracul fur. The hat is also white, covered with gold-colored "Coque" feathers. The bag, gloves and slippers complete Madge's gold-and-white color effect

Everyone feels young in the Spring—but Madge is also going to look it, in the new sport clothes designed for her by Adrian, M-G-M's fashion expert. Spring is the time to be colorful!



Photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Zigzag, in diagonal effect, go the black and white stripes on this chic street frock worn by Madge Evans. It is trimmed with white lapeled collar and cuffs. The beret and purse are of the same material and trimming to complete the ensemble idea



This very swagger double-breasted pongee suit, with a wide one-sided lapel, has a trim skirt with inverted pleats in front and back. Her panama hat has that approved down-at-the-right tilt, with a gay band and matching scarf that give a touch of color



Richee

Tallulah Bankhead wasn't born with either heavy lids or an English accent. She acquired the first when she was a girl in Alabama, curing a habit of nervously blinking her eyes, by keeping her lids lowered. She acquired the accent when she was giving London something to think about—and talk about—for eight triumphant years. Tallulah not only believes in doing what she pleases, but does it. One thing she'd like to do, she says in the story opposite, is something besides "torch" rôles. And she will, too!

The Star Who Has Hollywood Guessing

You don't have to be told—it's Tallulah Bankhead, the one and only American star who's more volcanic than Lupe Velez and more outspoken than John Barrymore. No one ever knows what she's going to do or say next—she's the most-talked-about woman in the movie colony. And the surprising thing is—she's just being herself!

By CHARLES GRAYSON



TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S eyes are an intense, dark blue, long-lashed, heavy-lidded, extremely compelling. Her hair is naturally ash blonde and has never been touched up. She talks incessantly and wittily in a husky, vibrant voice. Her sense of humor is broad, her complexion excellent, and she looks to be the next great star of the sound tracks. Certainly, she is the most-talked-about woman in the movies. Almost anything can be expected of her, and from her—including great acting.

This exotic creature is a native of Huntsville, Alabama, the daughter of one of the country's oldest and most distinguished families, and has an English, rather than a Southern, accent. The famous Bankhead Highway is named for her grandfather, United States Senator John Hollis Bankhead. Her father was Congressman W. B. Bankhead. Her uncle is the newly-elected Senator J. H. Bankhead, who defeated Tom Heflin. Her aunt is the Director of the Alabama State Department of Archives. On her mother's side she stems from Virginia's celebrated Garth and Sledge bloods.

Tallulah's earliest memory is of how ill she became, at six, from smoking one of her grandfather's cheroots in the orchard at "Sunset," the Bankhead home. This was the establishment presided over by the great Southern beauty, Tallulah Brockman Bankhead (so named for the Tallulah "Tumbling Water" Falls in Georgia), who was the wife of a Senator, the mother of a Congressman, of a Colonel in the United States Army, of a State Historian, and of a Seminary President—and the grandmother of Tallulah the second. There were many clashes over disciplinary matters between the two headstrong Tallulahs, but the older always won. Her methods were uncompromising—a dash of cold water when the raging child would hold her breath until she was purple in the face. Each managed to brighten the other.

From One Tallulah to Another

YET these two, the great lady and the little imperious girl loved each other deeply. When years later Tallulah scored in "Nice People," she wrote to "Mama" (as her grandchildren called her): "I think of you all the time and so wish that you were here. I think you would have been very happy and proud of your little namesake (in the play). I love you so much, darling. Bless you."

After the early years at Huntsville, she started her schooling and went rapidly through a series of convents and academies. She took her finishing school work at the Mary Baldwin School in Staunton, Virginia. But by now she was tired of the Virginia hills. She wanted the city. And the next stop was the Convent of the Holy Cross in Washington, D. C. Then to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in the same city. And then on to the Fairmont School for Girls. Right—a most educated young woman. And they tell some tall tales of her convent pranks. Maybe you've heard them whispered.

Tired of education (at least, the school kind) she began to think seriously of the stage—and at last, backed by her grandfather, went to New York. There she got the much-sought job of successor to Constance Binney in "39 East," and scored a great personal hit at the Klaw Theatre. Later she was given the rôle of *Hattie Livingston* in "Nice People," and did so well that Broadway accepted her as one of its more important own.

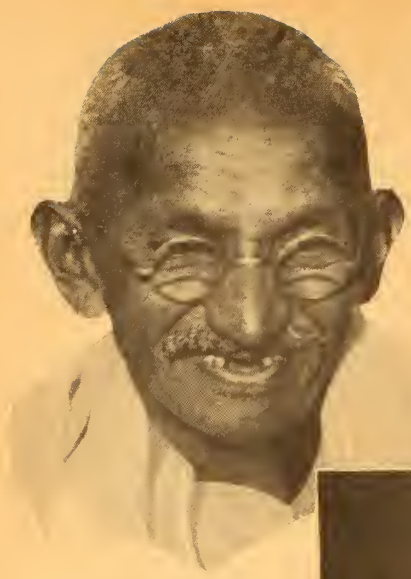
After the New York productions of "Everyday," "Danger," "Her Temporary Husband" and "The Exciters," she went to London—where for the next eight years she was the outstanding attraction of the English stage, and scored the greatest hit ever enjoyed by a foreigner in that ordinarily cold country. In London she did fifteen plays, among them "They Knew What They

(*Continued on page 82*)

Why PRESIDENT Gable of the

The most famous Hollywood stars may all be women, but Hoover, Premier MacDonald, Premier Mussolini and Mayor in a year than you do of Garbo. There

By RAMON



Mahatma Gandhi is the Lionel Barrymore of the talking newspapers—the great character actor of world affairs

Have you ever wondered why you see and hear Mayor Walker of New York, in the newsreels, so much more often than the Prince of Wales, or why Aimee McPherson Hutton, the Los Angeles evangelist, tops Al Smith and eclipses Lady Astor and Calvin Coolidge as a screen personality? Or why you see more of such newsreel stars as President Hoover and Premier Mussolini than you do of such Hollywood stars as Garbo and Marie Dressler? This story tells you why.—Editor's Note.



President Hoover is the greatest newsreel star of the moment. He is playing the leading rôle in the drama of world reconstruction

NEWSREEL stars come and go in the same manner that Hollywood celebrities flare brilliantly in the limelight for a magnificent moment, and then disappear like falling meteors. Where, for instance, is the Prince of Wales to-day, when only yesterday he was the hero of the newsreels? Did he disappoint his great public by falling off his horse, when they expected him, as becomes a hero, to be able to ride even Rex, the wild horse? Or are royal princes going out of style, with the rise of such vivid "achievement heroes" as Lindbergh?

And where is Suzanne Lenglen, the colorful French tennis champion, who was yesterday's newsreel heroine? And Gertrude Ederle, who swam the English Channel? And Man O' War, the grandest racehorse of them all, which was to the newsreels what Rin-Tin-Tin was to Hollywood? Stars for a day—they have paraded by in the inevitable march of time. For newsreels must be kept up-to-date and these celebrated figures are now outmoded.



Premier MacDonald is giving President Hoover a race as a newsreel star



Aimee McPherson Hutton knows how to play to an audience—even if the audience is all set to laugh

Lindy as Elusive as Garbo

TIME and circumstances have created new stars for the newsreels—new heroes, heroines, tragédiennes and comedians. They can't go wrong on Lindbergh. His every appearance is a signal for audience applause—yet newsreel cameramen consider him the bane of their lives. He is as evasive and as silent as Garbo, which probably accounts for his enduring popularity. It is only with difficulty that they can get a microphone anywhere near him.

Queen Marie of Roumania is the tragedy queen, as elegantly dramatic as Ruth Chatterton. And there is no lack of a star comédienne, if you consider the chuckles that greet Aimee McPherson Hutton's appearance in the newsreels. Texas Guinan, the wisecracking night-club queen, is, however, the Winnie Lightner of the news pictures. And these audiences must have their villains, too. So Al Capone, when he does make an appearance, is hissed as

HOOVER is the Newsreel Stars!

the foremost newsreel stars are men. The Big Four are President Walker of New York. And you see more of each one of them are reasons—which this story explains



Alfred E. Smith is a natural-born comedian, but since making his bid for the Presidency, he has gone dignified

ROMERO

roundly as the gallery gods of the ten-twent'-thirt' days used to hiss the oily city slicker who lured Little Nell astray.

Mahatma Gandhi is the great character actor—the Lionel Barrymore of the newsreels. You ask, how about Al Smith? Well, Al was rapidly becoming the great slapstick comedian, in the true Sennett fashion, until he was tipped off that it was unbecoming a popular dignitary to clown—so now he appears only when he is allowed to be as dignified as the Empire State Building in New York City, where he is Mr. Landlord.

Why Foremost Stars Are Men

NEWSREEL followers seem to be as fickle as that vast army who write letters to Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich. There is no telling who the big newsreel stars of tomorrow will be. To-day's four standouts are, strangely enough, all men—and all international figures. They are President Hoover, Premier Mussolini of Italy, Premier MacDonald of England and Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. It is thus evident at once that youth, beauty, glamour and sex appeal count for naught in a newsreel career. Why have these men become the four big newsreel names?



Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has supplanted the Prince of Wales as the young hero of the newsreels—even though he tries to dodge news cameramen in the Garbo manner

Is it because the world finds itself in financial chaos, with millions unemployed, factories closed and breadlines growing longer—and is desperately looking to its great political leaders for salvation? Every statement that is uttered by the Hoovers, the Mussolinis and the MacDonalds is of world-wide interest. That is why these political giants average more motion picture footage a year than your Dresslers, your Chevaliers or your Colmans. And this is how they do it:

There are five world-wide newsreel services: the Paramount News, the Pathé News, the International News, the Fox Movietone and the Hearst-Metrotone News. There was a sixth, Kinograms, which was only recently discontinued. Each week, at least two issues of each brand of newsreel are released in theatres all over the globe. Sometimes the four leading newsreel stars are in each one of these issues, making ten appearances for the seven days. In the past year they have never failed to make at least one appearance weekly, in one newsreel or more.

It has been figured out that they average at least three hundred feet of film on each newsreel service a month, meaning fifteen hundred feet a month on all five, which, when added up, credits them each with eighteen thousand feet of film a year—more than enough to make three feature pictures, since the

(*Continued on page 80*)

Premier Mussolini of Italy is the most dramatic personality at the helm of any government—and one of the chief newsreel stars

Acme





Mayor James J. Walker of New York (left) is the best-dressed of the newsreel stars, the wittiest, and the only one who is as un-self-conscious as the Hollywood kind of stars

The PICTURE

REVIEWS OF THE



POLLY OF THE CIRCUS

Star And Cast Put It Over: An innocuous, ofttimes obvious, little story of life under the big top. It drips sentiment in large doses, but is always sprightly due to its excellent dialogue and direction.

Marion Davies is *Polly*, headliner of The Black Tights, trapeze artiste extraordinary. She is injured in a fall and taken to the home of a young minister, where she spends weeks of convalescence. As the minister is Clark Gable, you know without our telling you what happens. Of course, *Polly* falls in love. They are married and when her circus background seems about to become a hindrance to his career, the girl goes out of his life—almost.

Marion Davies has seldom looked lovelier or played to better effect. Clark Gable lends great sincerity to his ministerial garb. They are ably supported by C. Aubrey Smith, Raymond Hatton and David Landau.



PANAMA FLO

Melodrama For The Average Audience: Of all the screen heroines, those played by the wide-eyed Helen Twelvetrees surely possess the most durable virtue. No matter what haunts of sin the scenario writer devises for them, they emerge triumphantly as Good Women. In the present picture *Panama Flo*, an ex-show girl, becomes a hostess in a tropical dive, a housekeeper for a burly oil engineer on a lonely jungle plantation, and, finally, a New York lady whose hangout is a speakeasy—and still remains as pure as the driven snow.

The picture begins in the speakeasy where the heroine recounts the Iliad of her wanderings and returns there at the end of her tale—a fairly effective technique for the melodramatic events she relates. Charlie Bickford's brute virility makes a good foil for the Twelvetrees fragility and plaintiveness. An action story of elemental emotions.



TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Wordy Picture Lacks Drama: Those who happen to know the rest of the quotation from which the title comes will find it singularly apt. For, truly, the picture does "drag its dull length along" from talky scene to even talkier scene and produces on the beholder the same sense of futility over which the heroine agonizes. And Ruth Chatterton does some of her very best agonizing.

The theme, reduced to its rather unpalatable essence, is that of a woman who, denied a child in her marriage, has an illicit affair with a visitor to her home which results in a son whom her husband accepts as his own. No matter how the heroine and her lover excuse themselves, the average American will squirm a bit over such a story.

Being practically without action the picture has to rely on its lines and even Miss Chatterton's skill can hardly vitalize the dialogue.



THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN

Moving Story—Well Done: With a story decidedly slim in its essentials, Director James Whale has delivered another lifelike document. It is an abrupt change of pace for the man who gave us "Frankenstein" and "Journey's End" but it does not suffer by comparison. Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are at their very best.

The plot concerns the problem of a boy and girl very much in love but so situated that marriage is unwise. The boy is an interne, studying medicine, and the girl an office worker. When they become lovers, the boy wants to give up his career and find any job that will allow them to marry. This the girl refuses to let him do, and they part. They are reunited only after the girl falls ill and the boy saves her life by an emergency operation. The dramatic climax is immense when the camera takes us through every movement of an appendicitis operation.

PARADE

NEWEST PICTURES



PRESTIGE

Players Too Good For Picture: We are offered the ancient yarn of the white man, Melvyn Douglas, who goes to a tropic land—this time Indo-China—and there degenerates all over the place. And of the white woman, Ann Harding, who strives to redeem him. And of the villain, Adolphe Menjou, who attempts, suavely, to undermine the woman's love and morale so that he may win her. All to the tune of the incessant din of the tom-tom.

The ending is just what this story's ending has always been—redemption through blood, Right over Might. Tay Garnett directed. The cast includes Ian MacLaren, Guy Bates Post, Carmelita Geraghty, Creighton Hale—and Clarence Muse, who deserves special mention for his splendidly convincing performance. The photography is swell but Ann and Melvyn and Adolphe are too good for this particular dish o' drama.



THE SILENT WITNESS

Atwill's Acting Makes It Worth While: This picture starts out promisingly with what the French term lovingly "un crime d'amour." That this particular crime of love is the murder of a gorgeous demi-mondaine by a charming young English boy adds piquancy to the situation. We share the consternation of the well-bred family when, with discovery on his heels, he confesses what has happened. Lionel Atwill, as the father who has himself suspected and arrested to save his son, wins the sympathy of the audience. The trial scene has great suspense.

Everything is prepared for the surprise promised by the title—the sudden clever twist of events that will clear Atwill and save his guilty, but likeable son, whom we saw murder the girl with our own eyes. What "the silent witness" is we will not reveal. Personally we were disappointed with the solution. You may not be.



ARSENE LUPIN

Two Barrymores Make It Interesting: A picture with two Barrymores in it should be, mathematically, twice as good as a picture with one Barrymore—but is it? As a famous detective pitted against a famous thief, John and Lionel play perfectly into each other's hands, sharing the camera generously. Karen Morley as the paroled convict, turned detective, is agreeably inscrutable. Yet something is lacking somewhere. Perhaps it is a plot.

There is plenty of action, stolen emeralds, society balls, chases, strange doings in the dark, screams and shots and a kidnapping. Yet action alone is not drama—it must be related, inevitable. It must lead relentlessly to the final outcome. Haphazard as the events of the picture seem, the Barrymores are always worth watching and here they are perfectly cast, Lionel as the grim detective, John as the smooth *Arsene.* The ending is delightfully unexpected.



NO ONE MAN

Not Much To It, But Cast Is Good: A brittle and unconvincing tale with Carole Lombard as its only excuse, and the curious Lombard beauty and ability to wear exotic gowns as the heroine's only virtues. A spoiled, wilful society girl has tired of one marriage and is experimenting with the romantic possibilities of several suitors in view of a second. The title is sufficiently descriptive of the plot which includes innumerable costume changes and several of the longest kisses seen on the screen in recent years, the personable Ricardo Cortez being the kisser, and the heroine's second choice for husband.

Juliette Compton is Carole's rival for her husband's affections and also in the matter of depth of *decolletage.* Paul Lukas, as the serious doctor who succumbs to the Lombard blondeness, is the only admirable character in the story and does the only real acting.

You need not trust to Luck in the Movies



THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER

Lots of Laughs In This One: You may easily judge what has been done to "Her Cardboard Lover" when you see the title that now adorns its new adaptation. Buster Keaton is the plumber, passionate or otherwise, and he is more than ably assisted by the Schnozzle, Jimmy Durante. Irene Purcell is the girl who needs a cardboard lover as protection against the fatal attraction of Gilbert Roland. She hires the plumber who, of course, sadly, but wisely, falls in love with her. That there may be plenty of love interest, Schnozzle also goes a-courting, the object of his affection being Polly Moran.

It is all very funny, if, at times, a trifle rough. The opening sequence may impart the idea. We are treated to a long running shot through a plumbing establishment, filled with the fixtures that are a vital part of the plumber's trade. The camera finally locates Keaton busily at work. He is pulling chains. While the water gushes, he holds a stop-watch in one hand.



DANCE TEAM

Pleasing Picture—Sincere Acting: Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn are paired for success as inevitably as the well-known teams of peaches-and-cream or ham-and-eggs. The formula tried out in "Bad Girl"—sentiment and youth and prayers and tears—is repeated in their new picture, which shows the struggle of two earnest young hoofers for a "break." Since the "mike" was able to pick up the first tap we have had backstage talking pictures. This is different only because Jimmy and Sally are different. Mrs. Dunn's boy is perhaps the only actor on the screen who can pray without being mawkish or comic.

From the first meeting in front of a radio shop where they tap their way into each other's lives, through the strenuous practising in a theatrical boarding house bedroom to final success in a fashionable night-club runs the story of the short gay feastings and the long bitter famines of the actor's life. It is sheer sentiment, of course, and only to be seen by those who believe in youth and courage.



LOVERS COURAGEOUS

Fine Picture, Rich In Charm: "Charming," that's the word. It's inevitable after seeing this odd blend of whimsy and realism. Charm has come to be expected of Robert Montgomery—the one actor on the screen who can say fantastic and debonair lines as though they were his own thoughts. As the delightfully irresponsible youth, who flees middle-class provinciality in order to see life and write plays about it, he is utterly and continuously—Charming!

Equally charming is Madge Evans, as the admiral's daughter, who is rash enough to fall in love outside her station and marry a tobacconist's clerk—or *clark*, for the picture is very, very English. Nothing much happens.

The young people make love on the boat that carries them from Australia to a cheap flat in London where they starve. It is all so young and gay and gallant that you do not even resent the clumsily contrived happy ending. The dialogue is char—oh well! See "Lovers Courageous" for yourself and find a better word for it if you can!



THE MAN I KILLED

One Of The Better Pictures—See It: This paints the war from a different angle, but do not let your possible weariness of war deprive you of this moving story. The distinguished direction of Lubitsch has steered clear of all banalities and sentimentalities in developing this simple tale. By that magic which distinguishes genius from commonplaceness, the director has made every situation come alive. The characters are not actors speaking lines, but human beings speaking thoughts. Phillips Holmes is too stodgy, however, as the sensitive French boy haunted by the memory of the German lad he has been forced to kill in the trenches. Lionel Barrymore, as usual, steals the show, as the old German doctor who grieves for his son. Nancy Carroll is submerged as the dead boy's fiancée.

It would be cruel to deprive you of the delight of discovering for yourself the magic of Lubitsch in coloring a time-worn theme and making it strong and tender. It is one of the few unforgetable pictures.

if you rely on Reviews in Motion Picture



THE HATCHET MAN

Something Doing Every Minute: Against a background of clashing gongs and drifting incense, this drama of old superstitions warring with new ideas unrolls rather jerkily. Its Buddhas are papier-mache, its Chinese are Caucasians, its Orient is distinctly theatre, but who cares? Edward Robinson, eye-corners pulled slantwise as the hereditary hatchet man, is obliged by tong custom to kill his best friends in the first few scenes. From then on there is never a dull moment to an ending which leaves the audience gasping, a dénouement unexpected if not entirely original.

If it is hard to believe in Loretta Young, whose American flapperism shows through her Chinese make-up, still she makes an intriguing figure as the wife of *Wong*, torn between ancient teachings and the lawless new desires learned in an American Chinatown. On the other hand, Robinson is so convincing as *Wong* that one wonders whether he may not have a strain of Chinese in him!



THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD

Don't Miss Arliss In This One: If you can accept the talented, but undeniably elderly George Arliss as a figure of romance, beloved of the ladies, and, adored in particular by one lady very young, very blonde, you are all set to enjoy this story of a famous pianist who goes deaf. Based on a remarkable short story the plot, expanded for screen drama, gets under way rather laboriously, but when it finally catches up to the episode on which the title is based it reveals itself as a screen novelty.

The deaf man who, through a telescope, reads the lips of the people in the park below and beguiles his loneliness and boredom by "playing God" is something new under the sun-arcs. George Arliss makes of him a poignant and beautiful portrait, as was to have been expected. What is, however, unexpected about the picture, in addition to its ingenious plot, is Bette Davis' earnest and intense portrayal of the idol-worshipping girl which makes her suddenly an actress to be reckoned with.



MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

Plenty Of Thrills In This Shocker: Once again, Universal offers one of those stand-your-hair-on-end shockers, to follow the horrors of "Dracula" and "Frankenstein."

This is the picturization of Edgar Allan Poe's death-and-terror-filled novel of the crack-brained scientist whose obsession was to cross the blood of a gorilla and a white woman. In his quest for the woman whose blood is suitable for his experiment, he thinks nothing of causing the death of the unsuited and dumping their bodies into the Seine—for the tale is told in Paris in the 1840's. It isn't until his half-tame ape kidnaps the heroine of the tale that the doctor gets into trouble—for the girl's fiancé is a scientific detective of sorts. How he brings the madman to justice, through a lot of death and terror, will chill your blood.

As for the cast—Bela Lugosi, Sidney Fox and the man who plays the ape distinguish themselves. The settings and camera work are splendidly done.



FREAKS

Out-Horrors Them All: Here is a horror picture which out-horrors anything heretofore conceived to make you gasp. "Freaks" is by far the most daringly executed plot we have ever seen on the screen. Only people with exceptionally strong constitutions can sit through it. "Frankenstein" is a bed-time story by comparison.

The plot is unbelievably morbid. Baclanova is a trapeze artiste in a circus. She loves the strong man, but marries a midget for his money, meanwhile carrying on an affair with her lover. Together they plot to poison the little fellow. The plot is suspected by the freaks of the show and everywhere Baclanova turns she finds terrible, deformed creatures watching her. During a storm they attack, dealing justice in their own way. They tear the woman limb from limb and make of her a freak. The strong man is also dealt with. He ends by singing tenor.

Don't say we didn't warn you. See "Freaks"—it surely is different—but be sure your blood-pressure is okay.

Your Screams will make Him a Star

Everybody wants to know more about Boris Karloff, the man who chilled you in "Frankenstein" and who is now slated for stardom. Who is he, where did he come from, and what is he really like? This story, written by one who "knew him when," solves the mystery!



You Ought to Know That—

Boris Karloff's real name is Charles Edward Pratt, and that he has never been to Russia.

He was born in London, of English parents, and educated there. He has all the earmarks of a cultured Englishman.

The toss of a coin took him to Canada—and into traveling stock companies. He has never acted on the London or New York stage.

He isn't any new discovery—he has been in Hollywood ten long years, playing minor parts, mostly "heavies." "The Criminal Code" gave him his first real chance, but his part in "Five-Star Final" led to his rôle as the monster of "Frankenstein." He now has a seven-year contract—and his next picture will be "The Invisible Man," in which you won't see his face.

He thinks it was just luck that gave him a big break after ten struggling years. That's the sort of person he is.

In square, Boris Karloff in person. Above, as the horror of "Frankenstein," which brought him fame—after ten long years

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

YOU'D be surprised if you were to meet Boris Karloff. You have seen him, no doubt, as the vengeful "trusty" of "The Criminal Code" and as the slimy *Reverend Isopod* of "Five-Star Final" and as the bellowing horror of "Frankenstein." And you've probably thought, "I'd hate to run into *him* on a dark night!"

But Hollywood's newest Big Discovery is as cultured as an English gentleman well could be, he is as self-effacing as if he were still unknown, he has just signed a seven-year contract with Universal, and it looks as if he might be starred at any moment. Uncle Carl Laemmle is muttering a little about remaking "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (not to be confused with "The Spirit of Notre Dame") and giving Boris the rôle that made Lon Chaney famous. But that can wait until he has done, among other things, "The Invisible Man," from the thriller of the same name by H. G. Wells. (His face will not show in this one, by the way.) There are four pictures all lined up for him to do—and that's more than Universal had ready for Lew Ayres when *he* became a Big Discovery.

Even Hollywood is pretty surprised about this Boris Karloff. In the first place, he is tall (six feet exactly) and very, very dark (with dark brown hair and eyes) and romantic. Hollywood has heard it whispered that he was born in India and that he has some strange mixture of Russian and Indian blood and that his background is most mysterious and tallies with the type of rôles he plays. All sorts of little legends like that have gone around about him. That's how he affects Hollywood, itself.

His Real Name

HOWEVER—I'm sorry about this—Boris was born in London (on November 23, 1887) and is as British as plum pudding. His real name—Charles Edward Pratt—also has an Anglo-Saxon tang. The explanation of the Russian name for stage purposes is that generations and generations ago one of his ancestors *was* Russian. He, himself, has never been in Russia or India.

He grew up in London, attended the Uppingham Public School and went to King's College, London University, to study

(*Continued on page 84*)

"More searching than your mirror ... your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts for that reason insist that clients keep skin radiantly young by using an olive and palm oil soap. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of these oils.



"IF ALL the women who seek to hold their husbands would first hold their good looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't get such a large mail . . . and there would be greater chances for happiness." That's the warning addressed to women by leading beauty specialists.

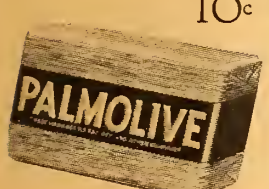
* * *

Neither a great amount of time nor large sums of money are necessary to keep looking your best. But intelligent home care, every day, *is* necessary. Don't think that means hours of primping. It means the best natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And beauty experts are unanimous in their recommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A simple washing of face and throat with the lather of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, powder, rouge, if you wish. But foundation cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion? Use Palmolive . . . twice every day . . . faithfully. Then see what your mirror reveals. See what your husband's eyes reveal.

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Carsten, Berlin's Distinguished Beauty Expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Not afraid of



"I'm 18" BARBARA WEEKS



"I'm 20" JEAN HARLOW



"I'm 19" JOYCE COMPTON



"I'm 23" JUNE COLLYER



"I'm 21" FRANCES DADE



"I'm 22" NOEL FRANCIS

LUX

the Birthdays ahead



"I'm 27" BARBARA BEDFORD



"I'm 26" LAURA LA PLANTE



"I'm 28" LOIS WILSON



"I'm 29" ANITA STEWART

They know the secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of *keeping* youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them will give their own peach-bloom skin the most zealous *regular* care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties—keep their skin youthfully aglow with this fragrant white soap!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Their preference is so well known it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

You will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

Toilet Soap — 10¢

She may be a Baby Star—but it's a laugh to Judith Wood

This amazing blonde young person laughs at automobile accidents (she is just recovering from one), Hollywood, and the fact that she's a Wampas Baby Star. She doesn't rave about her future or sigh about romance. In short, she's absolutely different!

By HALE HORTON

TWO cars skidded on a rainy night—*crash!* And Judith Wood, gorgeous blonde movie siren, found herself stretched out on a hospital cot surrounded by doctors, nurses and flowers. Gruesome accident? Very! But is Judith down-hearted and blue? On the contrary, being a philosophical soul, she lets her friends do the worrying.

"Can't a girl even break her nose," she inquires querulously, "without crashing all over the headlines? We just skidded and I landed in the hospital. That's all. I get a big laugh from those newspaper stories that claim that my face was so badly battered that I had to have it remodeled — and that even now my screen career may be at an end. Ridiculous! My nose was reset, yes. That's why I'm breathing through my mouth. But in spite of these funny bandages—and they look pretty terrible, don't they?—the doctor tells me that before so very long my face will heal perfectly, not leaving even a blemish!"

And after a moment of silent reflection Judith bursts out laughing, only to stop short with a painful cry—for mirth comes hard while sporting smashed lips. However, it's like her to try.

Life to Judith is one big laugh—her laughter alternating between silent, sardonic amusement, sparkling from her eyes, and prodigious, mocking guffaws. And her biggest laugh goes to Hollywood. Even after living here only a comparatively short time and already earning a long-term Paramount contract, winning the honor of being elected a Wampas Baby Star and being made an Honorary Colonel in the American Legion, she considers it all a huge joke! "Hollywood's swell!" she cries. "It's so fantastic! It gives you a laugh a minute! I wouldn't be without it! But as far as treating it seriously goes—*phouff!* Never! It doesn't mean a thing!"



Judith says she isn't an actress—she's "just an artist on a holiday"

She's Serious About This

ONLY one thing causes the Colonel's laughter to die away. A slight to her interrupted art career spells trouble—for even after successful portrayals in nine or ten pictures such as "The Vice Squad," "Women Love Once," "The Road To Reno," "Girls About Town," and "Working Girls," there are moments when she says that she is not a movie actress at all. She's "just an artist on a holiday!"

Born with a penchant for drawing and designing—her father being Merle Johnson, the cartoonist, and her real name, Helen Johnson — she began studying art at Flushing High School, New York City. And after a year in the art department at Skidmore College, she decided to further her career in Paris, being just seventeen at the time. On returning to New York she entered into various kinds of commercial art: department store dress-designing, painting silk screens, drawing advertisements, designing wallpaper, textile designing, and painting Christmas-card ideas.

And only last Fall, when a friend suggested that if she would design his Christmas cards, she could scratch her

(*Continued on page 78*)



"I like it"

I *hope* I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in *this* respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I *won't* be frightened into things! I like what I *like*. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, *refreshing* flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all *any* toothpaste can do is *clean* teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know *why* I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



25¢

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY J. E. R.



FOOTLIGHTS You don't get much music with your movies these days—except in shorts, mostly animated cartoons. But once in a while some producer becomes bold and lavish, and turns out a miniature revue like "Footlights." It may not be as amusing as *Mickey Mouse*, but it's certainly more musical—and it's made-to-order for those who like rhythmic dancing. A would-be producer of a musical comedy shows some sketches of the various numbers to a would-be backer of the production—and as he shows each sketch, it fades into the real thing. Barbara Newberry and Russ Brown sing and dance, with capable assistance from the Albertina Rasch girls and the Sisters "G." (Vitaphone Varieties)



SHOPPING WITH WIFIE The followers of Andy Clyde—and who isn't one?—will get a surprise in his latest. The wistful, timid Andy isn't henpecked this time; in fact, he's sublimely, ridiculously in love—what with being married to Dorothy Granger, who's an eyeful. Andy and his pal (Arthur Stone) are about to set off for a day's fishing sixty miles away, when Andy decides to kiss his sleeping bride good-bye. She awakens, insists on preparing breakfast, and then teases Andy to take her shopping "for just a few minutes." Stone fumes, but can't do anything about it. Andy's shopping tour is disastrous, and—well, he and Stone never do go fishing. (Educational)



SEAL SKINS Zasu Pitts and Thelma Todd are the Laurel and Hardy of their sex. There are other comic feminine teams on the screen, but—with the exception of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran—there aren't any so funny as the wan-faced, wan-voiced Zasu and the cocksure, pretty Thelma. Maybe this is to be explained by the fact that the girls, like Laurel and Hardy, are under the wing of Hal Roach, who sees to it that they get good stories and good dialogue. And by "good" we mean "downright funny." Here, in one of their best, Thelma is a budding newspaper reporter on the trail of a stolen Siberian seal—and Zasu is helping (?) her. The seal is not an animal, as they suppose, but a royal coat-of-arms. (M-G-M)



SLIDE, BABE, SLIDE Babe Ruth, who's as popular in baseball as Gable is in the movies, steals into Gable's domain—and scores a big-time hit. This is the first of a series starring the King of Swat, which promise plenty of fun for the youngsters and amusing enough entertainment for the grown-ups. Sitting on the observation platform of a train that has made a ten-minute stop, the Babe spots a sand-lot baseball game in action. He goes over to the youngsters and tells them who he is. They don't believe him—so he has to show them (and you) some of his stuff, almost missing his train by trying to hit a home-run. Babe knows how to put himself across without posing. (Universal)



THE SYMPHONY MURDER MYSTERY The more S. S. Van Dine mystery shorts you see, the better they become. This one moves fast and works up to a big climax. The characters are an orchestra manager, his wife, the conductor and one of the musicians—a quadrangle bristling with romantic intrigue. During a concert the musician (who has been warned by the husband to stay away from his wife) is found dead in his chair from a bullet shot; and backstage, the husband is discovered similarly murdered. It takes Van Dine's detective (Donald Meek) to expose the murderer. (Vitaphone Varieties)



DETEKTUVS "Our Gang" at last has a rival—and a good one. This is the first of a new series of youngster comedies, based on stories by Booth Tarkington, and detailing the adventures of Tarkington's famous boy, *Penrod* (played now by Billy Hayes). The very-much-younger generation should go for them in a big way, but they should also amuse the folks-who-were-kids-once-themselves. For a starter, *Penrod* is seen giving a "sissy" some treatment that approximates a fraternity initiation, after which the active *Penrod* organizes his "gang" into a group of Pinkertons, and gets on the trail of some neighborhood chicken thieves. The culprits lead them a merry chase. (Vitaphone Varieties)



FOR THE LOVE OF FANNY And speaking of fraternity initiations, here's a comedy that features nothing else—except Glenn Tryon, who's proving that he's a comedian to be reckoned with in these here talkies. Long a favorite in silents, he has lost none of his personality and none of his knack of getting laughs out of situations that aren't any too new. Glenn's college sweetheart tells him that she can't marry him until he is a member of Eta Pi fraternity. So Glenn proceeds to get initiated, with his rival in charge of the fun. Making him do a number of things to appear insane in Fanny's eyes, the rival all but wrecks Glenn's big romance. (Educational)



THE JAZZBO SINGER Here's some more monkey business from the Columbia factory—a belated, but effective satire of "The Jazz Singer," which, you may recall, boasted Al Jolson and was the first big hit of the talkies. The plot of the satire follows that of the original closely, the comedy being supplied by the actions of the monkeys and "their" voices. The simian Jolson wants to become an actor, and when his father hears of it, he boots him out into the cold, cold world. The lad then takes part in an amateur show (doing the Jolson stuff) and is discovered by Ziegfeld. Then his father falls ill and back home he comes to be forgiven. The lines are hilarious. (Columbia)



by Results

not Price, *this* Tooth Paste *won its way into the homes of the Wealthy*

Why is it that Listerine Tooth Paste is found in so many homes of the wealthy?

Obviously the 25¢ price could not appeal to a woman who has her own box at the opera. Or to a man who takes his family annually to Palm Beach.

Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way into their homes simply on its merits. By the quality that the very name Listerine guarantees. And by results that are clearly apparent.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste do so now. Note how thoroughly, how swiftly it cleans. Contained in it are ultra-modern cleansing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach every surface of the tooth. Even penetrating between teeth—removing tartar, decay, discolorations, and stains.

Note the wonderful brilliance and luster that Listerine Tooth Paste imparts to your teeth. Special polishing agents, superfine in texture, produce this effect. Yet never once do they mar precious enamel.



Note, too, the pleasant taste and refreshing feeling and mouth invigoration that follows the use of Listerine Tooth Paste. That delightful, clean feeling that you associate with Listerine itself.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, it was with the pledge to ourselves that it would be exceptional in quality. That it would be equal if not superior to dentifrices costing much more. We have made no claims for it except that it will cleanse teeth swiftly, thoroughly, and safely.

More than four million people who could afford to pay more have found that this dentifrice serves them best. Please try it. You be the judge. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

the large tube **25** *cents*



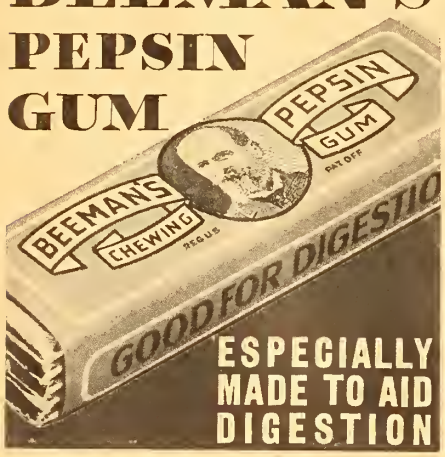
That *unpopular* Williams girl

surrounded by stags

It was too bad really, but who wanted to dance with a girl who never said anything. And looked so heavy-eyed and dull. Bad complexion, too. And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

Sometimes the difference is slight between radiant good health and annoying digestive troubles that spoil your good times. Many people have found that Beeman's is a great help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman was a real benefactor to make a delicious gum that would provide so much happiness. Chew Beeman's every day.

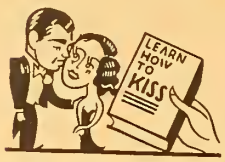
Chew
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



NOW YOU'RE TALKING

THE FANS SPEAK UP FOR THEMSELVES

Those Wishy-Washy Screen Kisses



Screen kisses don't seem real. Don't the actors know how to kiss? Clark Gable is also guilty of not knowing how to kiss. See picture on page seventy-four of the January MOTION PICTURE where Gable merely puts his lips against Joan Crawford's cheek. Clark Gable is one of my favorites, but I do wish he'd kiss as though he meant it.

Miss G. D., Manhasset, L. I.

Less Brickbats

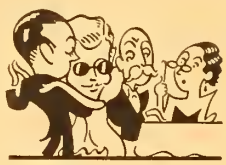
Why should we have screen fanatics when there are so many other lines of endeavor one might vent their spleen on? Why should the fact that Joan Crawford is skinny or that Nancy Carroll has a moon face cause an uproar? This idea of running down players because the shape of their legs or arms doesn't suit is vulgar besides being painful to read.

And as for acting, I believe that the fans care little whether we have another Bernhardt, just so we have good entertainment, for after all that is what we spend our money for and not to analyze the length of an eyelash. Let's have more bouquets because, after all, the stars all try to please.

Katherine Eppler, Tulsa, Okla.

Linda and Her Specs

The other night I was at the Ambassador and like the rest of my party was all "agog" to get a glimpse of a movie star. It seemed that we were doomed for disappointment when someone spied Linda Watkins. Of course, we all turned to gaze and were shocked to see "just another blonde" dancing on the floor and, mind you, wearing a pair of dark glasses.



Needless to mention that, but for the specs, she would have gone unnoticed and unheralded. As it was, every eye in the place was on her. What poor taste! We were disappointed in her.

It is a well-known fact that eccentricity in behavior will attract attention, but is this the only way Linda can get people to look at her? If that's the case, she's hopeless.

J. B. O., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gum-Chewing Lew



I am afraid that if Knute Rockne saw "The Spirit of Notre Dame" he would not approve of it. Why? Well, didn't you see Lew Ayres chewing gum in the picture? Maybe Lew thought he was Will Rogers or thought he was playing the rôle of a schoolboy or a stenographer instead of a football hero. Lew, I'm ashamed of you. Couldn't you wait until after the picture to chew your gum? Will the fans ever forgive you for being a gum-chewing football player?

M. Brown, Detroit, Mich.

He Treats 'Em Rough



Will someone please tell me why Clark Gable can't play in a picture without slapping his woman's face? In "Possessed" he was getting along beautifully, proving that he could behave like a gentleman, when snap-your-fingers! he cracked poor little Joan Crawford right on the ear and with great force, too. A man running for governor would have to have a better idea of outright decency than that.

Ann Latimer, New York, N. Y.

Movies Can Teach Gangsters a Trick or Two



In a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post, there is a cartoon of two gangsters meeting outside of some movie houses. One says, "How's de show, Mike, any new ideas we can use?" This certainly contains a world of truth. The cleverness of scenario writers should give some splendid ideas to the gangsters.

Until the great evil of bootleggers and gangsters is entirely stamped out, let us not have their activities glorified on the screen. The movies are the greatest means of propaganda and they should show, for entertainment, only those aspects of life which inspire.

Mrs. C. R. B., Alton, Ill.

It's Not Being Done in Real Life

A theme that makes me mad and which recent pictures are featuring is the man-marrying-the-wronged girl! In real life everyone knows it is seldom done without a combination of papa with shotgun-and-sheriff.

Men don't want damaged goods, no matter what the movies say. Yet "Bad Girl," "Susan Lenox," "Possessed" and "A Free Soul"—all these and many more end with the man proposing. It's a wrong slant on life. A sort of premium for wickedness. Goodness knows we don't need that in these days!

E. M. M., Whitneyville, Conn.

Weary of Tarnished Beauties



O, dear producers, we are weary of loose ladies! You are determined not to believe us, but we are. We have been fed Loose Ladies, Scarlet Marys, and Bedraggled Hussies until we feel positively gorged and can stand no more.

Greta Garbo, star of stars, a fascinating woman—a finished actress—must she always and anon be cast as a much-besmirched lady? Five times I've viewed my favorite thus. "Susan Lenox" finished me. Coming out of the theatre, I drew a breath of clean pure air, looked up at the stars and promised myself—"no more Garbo pictures for me until she is cast in something different." She still would be her peerless self, perhaps more so, were she to portray a fascinating beautiful woman who was decent. It can be done. Why not?

Mrs. G. C. G., Longmeadow, Mass.

MOTION PICTURE invites you to thrash out your likes and dislikes, voice your complaints, tell the stars how good or bad they are, or you may come to the defense of your favorites. In other words, we invite knocks as well as boosts. Let's make this a monthly get-together where we can all speak up. Make your letters short, peppy and snappy and address them to Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

54 women told their doctors, "I *can't use soap*" . . . 52 of them now use Woodbury's!

THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST



NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

convinced them. But read about this test...and its thrilling results

When leading dermatologists in fourteen large American cities opened the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic, they found that many women were not anxious to entrust their delicate complexions to *any* soap, no matter how fine.

54 of the 612 women who took part in the Clinic said, *very positively*, at first, "I cannot use soap on my skin. It is too dry and sensitive."

"Yes," the dermatologists agreed, "your skin IS dry. It IS sensitive. Certainly you could not use a strong or harsh soap. But . . . *every* skin, except a few that are really sick, *needs* a fine soap. Its use will improve the *tone* of your skin and so correct that abnormal sensitiveness."

So these 54 women, along with 558 others, took part in the dermatologists' "Half-face Test." For 30 consecutive days, each woman went on cleansing the left side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. On the right side, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Clinical skin examinations made at the end of the test revealed, conclusively, the superior action of Woodbury's. In 79% of the cases, the Woodbury side of the face showed a marked improvement over the side treated with other, and more expensive, preparations. Even normally good skins were clearer, finer, firmer, when cared for with Woodbury's.

With this proof before you of what Woodbury's can do, surely you want to try it on YOUR skin. A "skin you love to touch" is "a jewel beyond price." Yet Woodbury's Facial Soap costs but 25¢, less than a penny a day.

SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART . . . 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST . . . For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE . . . New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

RESULTS . . . Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday evening, 9:30 P. M. E. S. T. . . . . Leon Belasco and his orchestra . . . . WABC and Columbia Coast to Coast Network.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 916 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

For sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.
Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*_____ *Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

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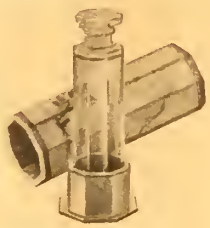
EASTER GREETINGS *in the* MODERN MANNER

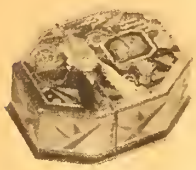


This year, greet your friends with gifts on Easter morning. It's the modern way to spread happiness! Any Rexall Drug Store will gladly show you appropriate gifts—many distinctive and beautiful things at Rexall's distinctly economical prices.

SHARI

Any girl will like this crystal flacon of Shari, "perfume of the immortals." A wonderful gift in its decorated satin case.





ARTSTYLE

Tempting! Art-style Chocolates in the "Pour Vous" box. Every piece coated with the famous $50,000 chocolate.

SYMPHONY

Symphony Lawn is always appreciated. This box contains 24 folded white sheets and 24 envelopes with colorful linings.



Many other charming gifts at your Rexall Drug Store

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

There is a Rexall Drug Store conveniently near you. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

NEIL McCARTHY, prominent film barrister and legal advisor to the Sisters Bennett, is kept pretty busy these days with his luscious blonde clients. It seems to be the Bennett impulse to sue or threaten suit when anything displeases them, particularly anything the press says.

It is with trepidation, then, that we relay to you a beauty secret of the luscious Constance Bennett (whom we like to refer to as the Incredible Marquise, with apologies to M. Dumas). Missie Connie washes her hair in benzine now and then, on an average of every two months. That's probably why it's all lustrous and silky. Of course, she shampoos it in soap and water with regularity, too, like you and you.

IT is immediately denied that Josef von Sternberg, whose verbal tilt with the author of "An American Tragedy" was last spring's two-day sensation, remarked that Theodore Dreiser's "Dawn" may be that to him, but it's only yawn to von Sternberg.

Eye-for-Business Department

BILLY BAKEWELL, almost alone in the ranks of Hollywood's eligible bachelors after the epidemic of November marriages, now has a flower shop. It's cheaper, he figures, than to pay monthly bills, war-indemnity size, for *Bill's* gallantries are many, to Halchester's. He calls his, laughingly, The Orchid.

More Depression Hi-lights

ONE young film actress, hatcheted by the studio economy wave, hired out to a Main Street burlesque theatre where she gets fifty a week as *prima donna*. She reports that the girl who strips in the finale is as morally unimpeachable as a Philbin.

LAL CHAND MEHRA, Hindu actor, lecturer, technical advisor, seen in "The Green Goddess" with Arliss, has solved the eating problem nicely, thank you. Wrapping his head in his turban (he wears a fedora for boulevard strolls), he hired out to Paramount's radio station KNX where he lectures on India and Mahatma Gandhi. It's a change, too, from doting women's clubbers.

"HAVE you read 'The Rabelaisian Princess'?" David Manners asked her.

"Oh, no! Where *is* Rabelaisia?"

Mauve Note

THERE are those who still live in the soft mists of a kindlier day. These flapping journalistic ears overheard Ex-Matinee Idol Eugene O'Brien at Henry's the other night. His rich Irish brogue purred forth fabulous tales to an admiring companion—his conversation dotted with big names of a shattered day . . . "Norma Talmadge . . . Lila Lee . . . Colleen Moore's limousine . . . "

THE talk of the moment is of Lu-bitsch's New Year's Eve party, Bankhead, Shearer, Garbo, Del Rio, Crawford.

Isn't there a line, somewhere, that reads *sic transit gloria mundi?*

DESPITE war and high taxes, we shall always recall the sound of Joan Crawford's eiderdown-voiced affirmatives in "Possessed." They sounded suspiciously like "Yuss," and diction-training, to these whiskered ears.

OUR month is not complete without more mention of Tallulah Bankhead.

"Gary Cooper's mother is so anxious to meet you," we murmured, socially.

"My Gawd! Why?" cried Miss Bankhead, leaping to her feet.

Tallulah is insistent, friends, that there was no romance between Bankhead and Cooper.

"TALLULAH, my dear, I know a man that you would adore!" said Tommy Thompson, one of Miss Bankhead's New York friends.

"But is he my type?" she queried, indolently.

"Well—" after a moment's consideration, "he's alive and breathing."

TALLULAH thinks she will give up Bill Haines' Georgian house on which she has been paying a rumored thousand dollars a month. It seems that the neighbors can't sleep. And the Santa Monica beach front is much nicer, anyway. All Tallulah does, for an evening's diversion, is play charades and act out little plays with Marjorie and Edmund Goulding and her house guests. They don't even drink. And they go to bed early. About four.

In Hollywood with the Five Senses

Sight

VIGOROUS breathing of Miriam Hopkins playing corpse in "Twenty-four Hours" . . . Wooden sabot used as mailbox on thatched-roofed Highland Avenue home . . . Pale golden down on Tallulah Bankhead's non-depilatoried legs . . .

Hearing

INSISTENT, attention-compelling cough of blind beggar at Vine Street and the boulevard . . . Mary Pickford's call of "Doug*las!*" in no uncertain tones . . . Minna Gombell's request for a petticoat (shades of Lupe Velez and Alice White!) to wear under a black velvet dress . . .

Taste

EGGS Florentine at Mister Som-born's Brown Derby . . . Also Onion Soup . . . El Carmen's *Enchilades* with onion and cheese . . . Café Franco-Russe's *Shashlik* (pickled lamb broiled over an open fire) . . . Henry's coffee . . .

Touch

LILYAN TASHMAN'S resolute, mas-culine handclasp . . . The gleaming curves of Allan Clark's black bronze figure "Parvati," owned by Josef von Sternberg . . . The slim, grave lines of Importer Robert Ackerschott's majolica Geisha Girl.

Smell

FRUITY odor of "Mon Page," Anita Page's personally blended perfume by Gerly . . . Heavy fragrance of Estelle Taylor's garden roses at her Los Feliz home . . . Lew Cody's "Stinkin' Dinners" of corned beef, cabbage, onions, turnips, Limburger . . .

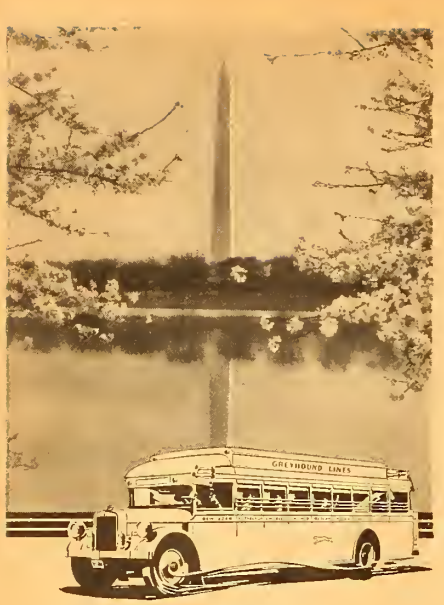


be young as spring

IF YOU ARE SLIM . . . regardless of your age . . . you can have a debutante's figure! This silken underfashion molds your figure to youthful piquancy . . . without the aid of a single bone. The clever brassiere part gives a pointed outline to the bust, and the back is low enough for your most daring gown. Just peach radium crepe and elastic, with a gay lace flounce. It's named

'Simplicity Junior'

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A Great Year to Travel!

Greyhound's Nationwide Service Reduces Cost, Increases Pleasure

SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS to see and do this yeat ... so many wonderful places to go! Greyhound is the practical, inexpensive way to reach Washington for the Bicentennial celebration ... Los Angeles for the Olympic Games .. and so on, right down the list of historic and interesting places, National parks, resorts, great cities.

These modern buses, with their adjustable reclining chairs, cradle springs, ample heat and ventilation, are best for short trips too ... home for the week-end, or to neighboring cities.

Send the coupon *today* for interesting pictorial folders on any trip you may plan.

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GREYHOUND Lines

Greyhound Travel Bureau, East 11th and Walnut, Cleveland, Ohio: Please mail me your 32 page pictorial booklet "America's Scenic Highways". I would also like information on a

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She may be a Baby Star—but it's a laugh to Judith Wood

(*Continued from page 70*)

name in the corner "just like a regular artist," she gave him a baleful glare and yipped, "What d'you mean like a *regular artist?* I was an artist long before I ever came to this town of Hollywood!" And so she was, as well as a stage actress of no mean ability. "Nothing much, however," she deprecates. "Just an occasional part. While this stage work increased my earnings, I found I couldn't take it very seriously. Fundamentally, it didn't mean a thing!"

Even when Ole Man Luck winged his way from Hollywood to New York and gave her a Paramount screen test, she promptly forgot about it! (Absent-minded? Pal, she'd lose her head if it weren't tied on!) A few weeks later, she was amused to receive a snappy wire ordering her to appear in Hollywood three days hence—especially amused since although the test was for Paramount, the wire came from M-G-M. Upon receiving such an exciting command, the ordinary young girl would have sky-rocketed with excitement, and rightfully too, but not so our sardonic Judith, who merely applied herself more assiduously to her sketching board, while friends and relatives rushed madly around the room exhorting her to action. "Judith! *Judith!*" they moaned. "How *can* you be so calm! Don't you realize you're on your way to Hollywood with a movie contract in your pocket?" Whereupon Judith burst out laughing and she has been laughing ever since.

Her "Absurd" Arrival

SHE considers her following days hilariously absurd. That mad airplane dash, for example, from New York to Hollywood, the script being picked up at Fineman, Arizona, two hours out of Los Angeles, with instructions to have her part memorized on arrival. "I already was jittery from the roar of the 'plane," she now recalls, "but even so I was supposed to memorize stuff about 'My dream boy' while the ship nosed out air-pockets like a bloodhound, and my old head was splitting with pain. So far as I was concerned, all scripts, movie studios and airplanes could go flooie and stay there!"

While in Paris, Judith had perfected her French and acquired a highbrowish veneer by reason of which she won her first part, that of a bogus Countess who could speak English perfectly, as well as French. "I got the job because they thought I was a society dame and a famous New York actress—all of which gave me one of the biggest laughs of my life, especially when they met me at the 'plane with everything but a brass band!

"I guess I thought I was pretty hot for a while. I started out being a big-timer, but after that first part, I soon found myself in the gutter. For all practical purposes I was starving to death. I couldn't get a job—the reason being that Hollywood thought I was highbrow and affected. And when I heard that on this account I was on the verge of losing a swell part depicting a working girl, I swaggered into the producer's office and growled: 'Say listen, *you*, I suppose I can't be *tough* enough for this part, eh?' And believe you me, I got it!" And also, incidentally, a Paramount contract. "U-um," Judith grunts reminiscently, "although I got my first job because I could speak the Queen's English, I'm a darned sight prouder nowadays when I can use bad grammar and talk like a regular American!"

Her Dual Personality

A PECULIAR woman, Judith, a woman with a dual personality. At times she goes gamin, laughing, clowning and easy to meet, and then again she acts the lady, sensitive, very grand and haughty as sin.

"I love to dress in gorgeous gowns," she tells you, "I love snooty parties, ga-ga openings and all the ceremony that goes with them! And yet I get a kick out of wearing the oldest, shabbiest clothes that I own! When I get up for those early calls, I drive to the studio dressed in a ragged pair of pajamas and with no make-up on. After arriving on the set, I push my hat back on my head, kick off my shoes and walk around the stage in my stocking feet until they're ready to shoot the picture, as well as me."

Judith barges about Hollywood with her eyes half-closed, thereby lending a mean, intriguing expression to that pale face of hers—one moment speaking beautiful English and the next moment relapsing into broken mumbles of startling slang, cracking off whimsical jokes, and, all in all, emulating a mad, sleepy clown. "And as a result," she wails, "Hollywood thinks I'm always half-drunk! I do wish you'd say that I'm not!" Briefly, as my English ancestors would have it, she ain't.

It would be impossible for her to run around town *at all* with a drink under her belt, for after surrounding two cocktails she invariably yawns, curls into a ball and falls asleep!

What can you do with a girl like that? Especially when she has a mad sense of humor, a sense of humor that rose to Barrymoric heights one evening when she dilly-dallied away an hour by telling bedtime stories to a frieze of pot-bellied cupids! She enjoys amusements of all descriptions, being an excellent dancer, and harbors a secret passion for doing the rhumba in the privacy of her bedroom. She enjoys spending money for the sake of spending it and not for what it buys, although she gets all jittery at the sight of an antique store and would buy the place out if she weren't restrained by force.

An Easy Mark for Beggars

SHE chews gum, smokes incessantly, and cusses out the studio electricians—and they love it! Hence, at first glance the Colonel seems a bit hard-boiled, when in reality she is so soft-hearted and sentimental that she spends her life being imposed upon. She is red meat for beggars, and more than one charity organization fondly recalls her name. "My bank account," she tells you plaintively, "seems to be in a continual state of cock-eyed precariousness!" Seldom a day passes without her retrieving a stray cat or dog and toting it back to her hillside home, only to get all mad when she discovers that her sister has had them quietly removed. Sister Wood's argument always is that they already have two dogs, a cat, a canary and a parrot, and any additional animals would constitute a menagerie—and have you ever tried to support a menagerie?

Judith is devoted to her three or four real girl-friends. "But generally speaking," she says, "I can stand male bores better than the female kind." And although men flock to her like flies to molasses, she continues to dodge marriage and has been doing so for years. "I just can't find any man I could stand having around long enough to marry, let alone one with whom I'd want to spend a life of wedded bliss."

While in France, intent upon an art career, she met a Polish lad, got herself engaged and then backed out. "I was afraid of him," she admits. "Poles are so possessive! I felt that if I ever became his wife, he'd keep me locked up like the knights did their ladies in the days of yore." But we wager even *that* would have given her a laugh! For Judith laughs about everything: Automobile accidents, distraught lovers,

(*Continued on page 92*)



JEAN HARLOW *says:* "I didn't know such lovely French furniture could be purchased anywhere this side of Paris. It's delightful!"

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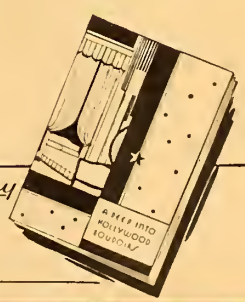
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UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
515 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Why President Hoover is the Gable of the Newsreel Stars!

(*Continued from page 61*)

average feature is only five thousand feet. This means that you see more of them than you do of Garbo—and certainly more than you do of Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks or George Arliss or Harold Lloyd, each of whom makes only one or two pictures a year.

Washington's a Lesser Hollywood

JUST as Hollywood is the production center of the screen dramas and the eventual haven of all Broadway talent, so has Washington become the Hollywood of Newsreeldom. Newsreel cameramen term it the spot news and "big shot" city of the universe. The newsreel boys are right, when you consider the dignitaries and celebrities from all over the world who visit the Capitol—to say nothing of native politicians and bigwigs in the American walks of life. It even has its Wampas Baby Stars in the senators and congressmen who hope to become President.

After Washington, in news interest, comes New York—where the visiting notables first touch American soil, and where, if they're real notables, they are taken for a ride through the canyon of lower Broadway and a storm of ticker tape, for an official welcome at City Hall, where Mayor Jimmy Walker may be found. Jimmy is the only one of the four big newsreel stars who has the same kind of charm associated with Hollywood stars. He may dress flashily, but he's the best-dressed of the four. More than that, he has a good voice, is absolutely unself-conscious, and can usually be depended upon for some witty remarks—which also makes him different. New York also boasts Al Smith, of course, who is bound to be in the newsreels more and more, now that the Democratic National Convention rolls nearer. Farther up the Hudson, in Albany, the newsreel men are keeping a watchful eye on Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose chances of being nominated on the Democratic ticket appear the brightest of any. A handsome man, like Premier MacDonald, he is always welcome on the screen—particularly since he seems unembarrassed, has an excellent voice and always has something to say that's worth the hearing.

Take You 'Round the World

BUT Washington and New York and Albany cannot furnish sufficient material to keep five newsreels going. The newsreel cameraman takes the whole world for his stage and finds his actors not only in political life, but in scientific laboratories, aboard huge Zeppelins or airplanes, in state prisons, in sports circles, in the far wastes of the Arctic and the sweltering regions of the Equator. The eyes of his camera trail from Manhattan to Manchuria, from Pittsburgh to Pango-Pango. Wherever there is life and something happening, there you will find your newsreel man. The newsreel is educating the masses in all the manifestations of world progress.

In New York City, there are two theatres devoted exclusively to newsreels—with the admission "twenty-five cents at any time." And they are always crowded. What is it that brings a steady line of customers to the Embassy and the Trans-Lux? Newsreels have a sameness, a constant repetition. You see sports, politicians making speeches, prize-fighters in training, airplane stunts, parades of the unemployed, beauty parades, army and navy maneuvers. But then, isn't there a sameness to Constance Bennett's sex dramas, to Greta Garbo's languor, to Janet Gaynor's sweetness? And yet they are the outstanding stars of the talkies. Is it so unusual then that President Hoover, Mussolini, Premier MacDonald, Mayor Walker, Gandhi and Governor Roosevelt are the stars of the newsreels? The public may easily feel that the drama, the conflict, the triumphs and tragedies that come to them through the newsreel are true and real, devoid of Hollywood's hokum and tinsel. It may be that moviegoers sense that the things they see in the newsreels are affecting their lives, if not their emotions—and that they are watching history in the making. . . .

The Faces You Can't Forget

WHEREAS women stars have always been most popular in the Hollywood brand of entertainment, men stars have always predominated in the newsreels. This was particularly true during the World War, when the faces of President Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Pershing, Foch, Joffre, King Albert of Belgium, McAdoo and other such leaders were broadcast upon screens from one end of the earth to the other until their features became familiar to all the millions who attended motion picture theatres.

Other favorites of the newsreel cameramen have been the late Thomas A. Edison, the late Sir Thomas Lipton, Henry Ford, Albert Einstein, Secretary of State Stimson, Admiral Byrd, Charles G. Dawes, John D. Rockefeller, General Smedley Butler, "Pussyfoot" Johnson, President von Hindenburg of Germany, Dictator Stalin of Soviet Russia, and the ex-Kaiser—as well as the heroes of various sports, such as Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey. It is particularly fitting that the newsreels have preserved the kindly likeness of Edison—for he was the man who made motion pictures possible.

The vivid Teddy Roosevelt, the First, was another great favorite of the old silent days. Even now, when he is seen in revivals of reels of other days, there is applause. These revivals are becoming more and more popular with the new generation that has grown to maturity since the World War. They want to see the old-time heroes—the Roosevelts, the Wilsons and the Edisons, all now dead, who can still move on a screen that has preserved them and their personalities as no Egyptian mummy on the banks of the Nile ever retained that something that was once a Pharaoh or a High Priest. Some day the newsreel will take the place of history books in the schools of all lands—and then its real achievement will have been accomplished.

The Women Who Stand Out

AMONG the few popular women newsreel stars we find Lady Astor, Suzanne Lenglen, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Hoover, Aimee McPherson Hutton, Helen Wills Moody, Amelia Earhart Putnam, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Helene Madison and Helen Keller. Lady Astor is the Virginia girl who married an English Lord and put charm into English politics. She has always been a hit in newsreels, not only because she is attractive, but because she has wit. Suzanne Lenglen's appearances were once as frequent as the President's, but now Helen Wills Moody has taken her place—and Helen will be "newsreeled" until a new champion succeeds her. Helene Madison, the champion girl swimmer, has replaced Gertrude Ederle in the newsreels.

Amelia Earhart Putnam represents adventure—being America's foremost aviatrix—though Anne Lindbergh has also proved herself a real flier. Helen Keller, the remarkable blind and deaf woman, is always welcome on the screen. Mrs. Hoover is not at her ease before the newsreel cameras as was her predecessor, Mrs. Coolidge. The latter was what is known as a pinch-hitter.

(*Continued on page 106*)

ONE POWDER ALONE *brings you the Beauty of an* EXCLUSIVE ALMOND BASE

by Patricia Gordon

Of all face powders only one has a base of precious almond. That powder is PRINCESS PAT. The usual powder base is starch. There is all the difference in the world . . . difference that is expressed in your beauty. For when you use Princess Pat face powder, your skin, too, is given mystical, velvety, aristocratic tone and texture that is simply inimitable.



Jean Harlow, film star, illustrates the adorable smoothness of Princess Pat powder.

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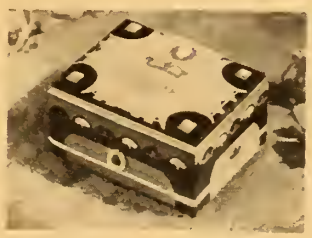
Softness! The wonderful *almond base* gives it—as *starch base* never could. And *softness* is the most important characteristic of face powder! Princess Pat powder goes upon the skin with an utterly new, adorable *smoothness* . . . because each tiny, invisible particle is *softer*. You actually *feel* the caressing effect of its different texture. Princess Pat powder has none of the "dustiness" of starch base powders. Instead it lies *closely* upon the skin and clings longer than any other powder you have ever known.

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The Star Who Has Hollywood Guessing

(*Continued from page 59*)

Wanted" (her favorite), "The Gold Diggers," "Her Cardboard Lover," "The Green Hat" and "Let Us Be Gay."

The writer was present at the London opening of this last show. There probably never will be another quite like it. Squads of police were necessary to hold the milling mobs outside the theatre in check. Inside was bedlam. When Tallulah took her bows, the roof nearly came down. When she left the theatre, the gallery was screaming as though filled with maniacs. In her car she bowed for blocks. "Until suddenly," she once admitted, "I found myself in an empty alley, still bowing, and Clifton Webb, who was with me, eyeing me as though I'd suddenly gone crazy."

After "Let Us Be Gay" London had little more to offer in a triumphal way. She was approached with film offers, and that medium seemed like a direct challenge of new worlds to conquer. So she made the return to this country, was welcomed like a homecoming princess, and then appeared in "Tarnished Lady," and "My Sin," neither of which was a very good picture, but both of which revealed that a new personality definitely had swung up in the movie sky. "The Cheat" even more conclusively established this fact.

Her portrait hangs in the Royal Academy, the work of the celebrated Augustus Johns, and Ambrose McEvoy and Cecil Beaton have created water-colors of her lovely features. Frank Dobson has done a marble bust of her. And in the Bankhead archives there is an interesting and revealing memento, a letter from the well-known English actor, Gerald du Maurier, to Congressman W. B. Bankhead, reading: "A very charming and beautiful young lady who brags about being your daughter has made a great success at my theatre—deservedly—and everybody is very fond of her—rightly—even the King and Queen of England. Thank you for allowing her to come here. She is most welcome."

One of Ten London Notables

WORDS apparently carrying truth, for in 1928 Tallulah was selected as one of the ten most remarkable women in London at the time. The others being The Queen, Lady Astor (also an American, born in Virginia), Lady Diana Cooper, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Londonderry, Olga Lynn, Clare Sheridan, Edith Sitwell and Mrs. Vermet. The same year she was "nominated" by *Vanity Fair* for the hall of fame, and it was general knowledge that even at this time she was being paid the highest salary in the history of the English stage.

With the development of the sound devices, she immediately appreciated that the talkies had become the universal theatrical medium—but wasn't sure that they were for her, or she for them. Now that she is in the talkies and appreciating their immensity, her one fear is that she will get set, become definitely labeled as a "torch girl." This, if it happens, will be lamentable, as her gift for comedy is authentic and delightful.

"But I suppose," she shrugs, "that if the public begins seeing you in one type of rôle they'll never get a chance to see you in anything else—because they never suspect you *can* do anything else!"

Tallulah hates crowds, and beyond all things wants a "big" picture. Enormously vital, she professes to be extremely lazy. She goes out little, if at all. She doesn't like parties; they aren't original. She likes only a few people, and these come to her. She gives herself unstintingly to her friends, and to see her entertaining a roomful is to watch a human dynamo in action. When she is alone she is as quiet as death, absolutely relaxed. Then her English secretary-maid, Edie, will usher in a crowd, and she blazes up like a freshly-ignited fire. Her eyebrows are thin and highly arched.

When Tallulah gets nervous, the cords in her neck will knot up so that she scarcely can speak. She hates bores, snobs, colorless people, and spinach. She likes to travel fast, and always flies when it is possible. She admits being selfish, stubborn, and losing her temper—but only with people she likes. To have Tallulah get mad and rant at you is a sure sign that she has accepted you as one of her intimates.

Tallulah can handle a whip almost as well as Douglas Fairbanks or Snowy Baker. She likes to dance, paint, and swim. She believes that "everything creative arises from emotional force." She loves England, tea, and not having to talk while she is eating. Extremely healthy, she seldom takes any exercise. As a matter of fact, she boasts about living the sort of life that would kill most people. But she has to drink milk—*milk*, mind you—to keep up her weight for the movies.

She enjoys fried chicken and gambling. This latter love, she contends, is why she is in pictures. So certain is her success in the stage world that she could continue in it with increasing popularity forever—particularly in England. But the new medium has an appeal denied the confines of the legitimate theatre. And so here she is—so extravagant that despite all the money she has made she has not saved a cent, and looking forward with delight to the battle which for the next few years she will be waging in Hollywood. Incidentally, she thinks Hollywood is "divine"—an adjective much used by Tallulah and the English. In London, she did the Greenwich Village sort of thing—living in a stable that had been converted into an apartment. In Hollywood she is renting William Haines' swanky Georgian house.

She smokes "gaspers," a cigarette as common in England as our own cheap brands, only considerably stronger. She likes chewing gum, hot dogs, and (even as you and I) the baritone ballads of Bing Crosby. Tallulah's preferences in clothes are sharp: she always wears white or black simple dresses for parties, and plain tailored outfits for daytime wear. Never anything fluffy. Hollywood's eagerly waiting for Tallulah to shock the natives—for she has a reputation for being outspoken, as well as sophisticated. She says the same sort of things that John Barrymore, in his gusty days, used to say—and just as devastatingly.

Doesn't Discuss Love Affairs

SHE thinks it is the height of bad taste to discuss one's love affairs at all, much less for publication. (One of the Bankhead legends is that Tallulah's are beyond numbering.) But she realizes that a public figure is, after all, a public figure, and thus is denied the privacy enjoyed by unknowns. "Theatrical people live a hyped-up sort of life," she says. "That constant bath of publicity, with every action high-lighted and spotlighted—it is a wonder that any of us are able to retain a semblance of balance at all."

She doesn't make plans, and rarely knows her schedule for the next hour, much less the full day. Were it not for the indefatigable Edie, one would shudder for her. Tallulah's life would be many times more complicated than it is even now—and now it is one of the most complicated lives of these modern times. She lives continually in the most fantastic of whirls. She says she will get married when she

(*Continued on page 85*)

How To Create Fascinating Beauty WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MAGIC SECRET of MAKE-UP



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	Brown ☐		Moist ☐
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
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How Do Sportswomen Manage?

Cup winners can't be quitters—whatever the time of month. The woman who competes for honors in any field of sport must take her sporting chance with Nature. Any strenuous match may suddenly bring on her sickness. A busy season of practice and play makes no allowance for discomfort or pain of menstruation. Midol will meet this emergency — as many active women know. Midol tablets have emancipated women from the dread of regular pain—from the need of giving in to such suffering—*from suffering at all.*

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Your Screams Will Make Him a Star

(*Continued from page 66*)

for the Government Service. He didn't care much about this and didn't do so well at it, either, he says. He wanted to be an actor and his extremely respectable British parents were so appalled at this perverted ambition that he decided, after the manner of young Englishmen who disagree with their parents, to depart for the Colonies. He didn't care which Colony, so he flipped a coin. Heads—Australia. Tails—Canada. It was tails. He eventually landed in a place called Kamloops, British Columbia—in a stock company.

Hollywood, discovering Boris' suave, trained voice and beautiful diction, says, "He must have had *years* on the New York stage!" That's another little joke on Hollywood. Boris has never been in New York in his life. But once he almost went there. One time, during the lean, lean years when he was training with traveling stock companies and such, he found himself, at the close of a season, in West Virginia.

"I could have gone to New York then," he will tell you. "I had enough money to get there and still have ten dollars left over. But I was afraid. I didn't know a soul in New York. So I went to Chicago and landed with no money at all. But I knew people there from whom I could borrow!"

Undiscovered for Ten Years

AND as for being a Big Discovery, a new importation or anything like that—Boris has been in Hollywood for ten years! Right here, making his living by acting in pictures. I've known him, myself, for five or six. I'm pretty proud of it, too, because he is the first actor I ever "knew when." That is, he is the first one I ever knew really well in the lean days and then saw rise suddenly to fame and affluence. They are always doing it, of course. But he is the first one of my personal friends I ever caught at it. And Boris is doing a great big job of affluence-attaining just now!

When I first knew him, he was playing "heavies" in Westerns at F. B. O.—before that studio became RKO. Frightfully wicked "heavies" they were, who took dope and meant no good to any number of innocent young maidens. People were always mourning a little over Boris. "He's such a swell actor!" they would tell each other. "It's a shame that he can't get just one little chance to show what he can do!"

But years kept right on going past and Boris didn't get a chance to be anything but a very minor sort of menace from time to time. One summer he played with some repertory company or other, the name of which escapes me. Anyhow, they were producing stage plays, tremendously arty things, mostly by Russians and most lugubrious affairs. Boris used to give us all tickets (there were always plenty to spare) and we would go to watch him being as dramatic as anything in a green spotlight and we would applaud and applaud and tell each other that something *must* be done about Boris! But none of us knew what to do. So that autumn he went back to menacing in the movies.

He had a little wire-haired fox terrier then that was about to become a mother. She was a valuable dog and Boris thought that her puppies might help a good deal with the grocery bills for that winter. Besides, he was fond of her and for the last two weeks before the arrival of the little strangers, he gave up menacing entirely and devoted all his time to her. He had engaged a very stylish veterinary surgeon to officiate at the happy event, not being exactly experienced in such matters, himself, and being extremely anxious about the dog. (This, remember, was the man who later was to play the slimy *Reverend Isopod* and the stalking monster of "Frankenstein"!)

One day he galloped, as fast as he could, to the corner to buy his little charge some hamburger steak. When he returned, there were four squirming little pups at his house. Panic-stricken, he telephoned the veterinary and when he had accomplished that, there were six babies. By the time the veterinary's little white ambulance arrived, there were eleven pups and the capable mother had bathed them, combed their hair, fed them and was putting them to sleep.

Boris is still a little indignant about the sequel to this story. "After rising to the initial occasion with such supurb aplomb," he says, "that little wire-haired mother would have nothing more to do with her children. I had to raise them by hand!"

Can Support Two Dogs Now

BUT they *did* help with the grocery bill. Boris now has two fine little Scotties, named Scotch and Soda—snooty little dogs, such as become his new station. If their puppies are raised by any hand, it won't belong to Boris. For he is one of the busiest actors in Hollywood. But contrary to popular belief, he has no ambitions to be a second Lon Chaney.

Perhaps the new Universal contract will give him a vacation from time to time. (For the first one, he will go whizzing to New York as fast as possible, to see what it is like.) But since that first break in "The Criminal Code," he has worked every week, except two, for the last fourteen months. That's a lot of work for a free-lance actor in these days! And his salary has gone jumping and jumping, too!

His rôle in "The Criminal Code" led to the rôle of *Reverend Isopod* in "Five-Star Final"—in which Carl Laemmle, Jr., "discovered" him. That's how Boris got the rôle of the monster in "Frankenstein" and stole the picture away from Colin Clive in the title rôle to make it the greatest "horror" film of the talkies and one of the biggest money-makers of any year. So jealously was his make-up as the monster guarded that he made his trips from his dressing-room to the set, wrapped in shrouds. There had never been any make-up like it—and Junior Laemmle wanted to be sure that it would be a surprise and a shudder to even Hollywood, itself.

If you think Hollywood is surprised at discovering Boris, you should see how surprised Boris is at being discovered. It was worth losing ten pounds, wearing twenty pounds of make-up in "Frankenstein"! He came to see me the other day. And he was the same amusing, suave, dignified and charming person I used to know. Just as ambitious. Just as earnestly anxious to do something of which he may be proud, as he was in those days when he was acting, almost too literally, for Art's sake with the repertory company.

"I simply can't believe it!" he told me. "I simply can't believe that I have had this wonderful luck, these breaks—that this has happened to me. It was so long, you know . . . I thought it was never going to happen in the world. I used to wonder sometimes what I should do. One could go on, of course, taking small parts, playing bits, making a bare living. But one couldn't go on forever. It had been ten years!

"I didn't know anything else. I had spent my whole life learning how to act. I hadn't scorned any sort of experience that would help me learn to do that. But I hadn't learned how to do anything else. What would a man do?

"It was sheer luck, you know—my break. If 'The Criminal Code' hadn't been made by an independent company, I never should have got the part. A big company would

have had actors under contract and they would have used one of them. It wasn't such a tremendously big part. But it was The One for me. That did it.

"Then, of course, there was my agent. If you have my sort of temperament, you have to have someone to be firm with people for you. An agent, really, to have *courage* for you! Mine turned down offers in an airy manner which simply appalled me!"

So you see, after the manner of actors, he ascribes it all to luck. Not to his own courage, which made him set out for a strange country to make his way in the profession he had chosen. Not to the quality in him which made him stick through nine lean and hungry years with traveling troupes, learning about that profession. Not to the endurance which made him survive, with his sense of humor intact, the ten years of struggle after he came to Hollywood. Not to the ambition which made him spend his whole life learning how to act. But—"just luck, you know!"

He doesn't even consider it ironic that he should have played bits on every lot in town, that his name should have been on the roster of every casting director in town for years, that he should have made innumerable tests for various small parts and that innumerable people must have looked at them—and then that Hollywood, "discovering" him, should register extreme astonishment at the "new find."

"Just one of those flukes!" says Boris, looking as grateful and astonished as possible, himself.

The Star Who Has Hollywood Guessing

(*Continued from page 82*)

meets a man "wealthy enough." But that isn't why she wants to meet Charlie Chaplin. She "feels sure" he's a genius.

She loves food. She will go on food debauches and eat everything in sight. This she then will counteract with days of religious dieting. She doesn't like people who take their jobs too seriously. She has a great respect for work well done, but doesn't want to hear the performers talk about it. Shop-talk bores her immeasureably. She likes music in all its manners, but jazz most. She takes her gramophone (English for "phonograph") with her whereever she goes, even, she claims, "to the bathroom." She has two small moles in the middle of her back. At least, she says she has. Her nails—both finger and toe—are as crimson as her lips, or the damp end of a cigarette after she has smoked it. Unlike most feminine stars, clothes are not her passion; she wears sweaters whenever possible, and asks you to believe that she really has two dresses that look "swelegant" on her.

Tallulah has an odd trick of placing the people of her acquaintance with a particular song. A song will remind her of an individual, and forever that person is ticketed and labeled with that song. Thus all the men with whom she has been in love have their particular signature songs. She is, by the way, extremely possessive when in love. None of Tallulah's men may safely glance sideways when enjoying her favor. Jealousy, she thinks, is a woman's natural right.

And giving the whole matter considerable thought, it would appear to require an unusual man who would *want* to look away from this electric young woman—the only exotic screen star who's American—who once wrote to her grandfather: "I will make good, big Honey, stick by and see me through"—and who carried out that promise as have few others in these our modern times.



"I don't care *who* comes! I won't be here!"

He doesn't know what's the matter with her! He hasn't the faintest notion that many, many times of late she's been cut to the quick because all the attention she *used* to get goes to younger women! He doesn't know that today she looked into the mirror by bright daylight, and recognized with a terrific thud of tragedy that she looked old—old—old!

She shouldn't be tragic! There's something she can *do* about it!

Do you realize that 70% of a woman's youth lies in her *skin*? Your hair could be snow-white—but if your skin is fresh, soft, unlined and young, you'd *look* young!

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Let Milkweed Cream help you!

I want you to send for the little book which tells you exactly what to do for *your* skin troubles. I want you to get my inexpensive jar of Milkweed Cream—today. I want you to use Milkweed Cream treatments for 30 days, before retiring—and see what lovely things begin to happen to your skin! Will you *do* it?

Milkweed Cream is different from other creams. It brings health to the skin as well as deep cleanliness. It has helped thousands of women to recover the skin of youth. Won't you let it help *you*, too?

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"Old Town Boats"

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Huston, Walter—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hyams, Lella—latest release *Freaks*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—playing in *South of the Rio Grande*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster—recently completed *The Passionate Plumber*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Keene, Tom—playing in *Ghost City*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kennedy, Merna—playing in *Ghost City*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkland, Alexander—playing in *Almost Married*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—playing in *Widows Might*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *The Devil's Lottery*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
LaRoy, Rita—playing in *While Paris Sleeps*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *The Beach Comber*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—playing in *The Challenger*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, J. Farrell—playing in *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Mack, Helen—playing in *While Paris Sleeps*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—playing in *Love Affair*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower. St., Hollywood, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *A Dangerous Brunette*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Manners, David—playing in *A Dangerous Brunette*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Intimate*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Marsh, Marian—playing in *Beauty and the Boss*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Melghan, Thomas—playing in *Cheaters at Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McCrea, Joel—playing in *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—playing in *The Devil's Lottery*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—latest release *Prestige*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mix, Tom—playing in *Destry Rides Again*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *The Truth Game*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morley, Karen—playing in *Are You Listening?*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—recently completed *The Miracle Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mulhall, Jack—recently completed *Murder at Dawn*—Big 4 Film, Ray Studio, 4376 Sunset Dr., Hollywood, Cal.
Murray, Charlie—playing in *The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Negri, Pola—latest release *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—recently completed *The Silent Witness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *Little Teacher*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—latest release *Mata Hari*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

O'Brien, George—recently completed *Gay Bandit*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, Pat—recently completed *Ambition*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Oland, Warner—latest release *Charlie Chan's Chance*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Oliver, Edna May—playing in *Hold 'Em Jail*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Olivier, Laurence—playing in *Westward Passage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen—recently completed *Tarzan, the Ape Man*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Are You Listening?*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *So Big*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Powell, William—latest release *High Pressure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *Girl Crazy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—latest release *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Two Seconds*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *Hotel Continental*—Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sidney, George—playing in *The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood*—Universal Studios, Universal City Cal.
Sidney, Sylvia—recently completed *The Miracle Man*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *So Big*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—latest release *Tonight or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *The Wiser Sex*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Tibbett, Lawrence—latest release *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tobin, Genevieve—recently completed *One Hour with You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *After the Rain*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Veneer*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *The Broken Wing*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Von Strohelm, Erich—recently completed *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—playing in *The Menace*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Watkins, Linda—recently completed *Cheaters at Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—recently completed *Girl Crazy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
William, Warren—playing in *So Big*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Woolsey, Robert—recently completed *Girl Crazy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—recently completed *Play Girls*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Young, Roland—recently completed *One Hour with You*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

CONSULT THIS HANDY LIST WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT A PLAYER IS DOING

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 41*)

only been here nine months. I haven't *been* before the *camera* yet!"

I HAVE just learned that Charlie Farrell was once business manager to "Little Billy," the midget, and traveled with his act in vaudeville.

DO you remember reading an interview with Charlie Bickford when he first came to the screen several years ago, in which he confessed blushingly, that he started life as manager of a lingerie department in a dry goods store? Charlie told all sorts of wild tales as to his past for the sheer pleasure of duping his interviewers. The lady who wrote the story of his career in the lingerie line was furious when she learned afterward that she had been spoofed, but now she could get out the old tale and reprint it. For Bickford is opening a lingerie shop on the Boulevard as a side-line to his movie work! He already has a parking station and some whaling ships.

IN the making of "Freaks" at Metro it was discovered that the circus freaks have a very decided aristocracy of their own. The most abnormal among them rather look down on those who are more nearly like other people. The bearded lady, for instance, never refers to herself as a "freak" or as a "performer" but always as "an Artist." In one scene in the picture she is supposed to have a baby. Wally Ford, as a circus man, is supposed to join the freaks in admiration of the new arrival. "Don't say your line until I give you the signal," the director told him, "because when she hears it, there'll be only one take of this scene." So it was after a perceptible pause that Wally drawled, "A girl, is it? That's good—maybe she'll have a beard, too." With a yell of outraged pride, the bearded lady leaped out of bed and rushed off the set. She couldn't be persuaded to return all that day.

NANCY SMITH, the personable press-agent, invited two hundred guests to her party for the Jimmy Gleasons after their opening on the Los Angeles stage in "The Fall Guy." But as the Embassy became packed to suffocation Edmund Breese arose and signalled for silence. "There are a good many people here tonight who weren't invited," said he. "I just wanted to inform them that the party is in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gleason."

LUCILLE, in a white lace gown with long sleeves, dragging Jimmy after her into the center of the floor, acknowledged the applause with a graceful little speech. When she had finished Jimmy stepped forward, the rich toupee he had worn during the play absent. He put his hand to his bald spot and asked in a husky shout, "Say, folks, did you see my rug?" Though dressed in correct attire Lucille complained that she had had a struggle to get him to come without his faithful sweater. "Jimmy is designing a white sweater for wear with a Tux," she explained.

MARY BRIAN, who wore a flame-colored dress with puff sleeves at the Gleasons' party, was Russell Gleason's particular guest. She was very much annoyed by the attention Jack Oakie was paying to

(*Continued on page 88*)

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every hour of every day!

A CAKE of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will glow with new, deep cleanliness!





Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her Beauty Contest? Every man, from office boy to president, responds to clean, natural loveliness.

Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

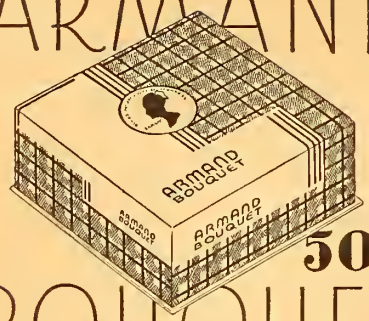
YOU have only to *look* at a cake of Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—to know why 73 eminent skin doctors commend its use. Camay is creamy-white! There's no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. It is delicate, gentle, *safe* for that precious skin of yours. Luxurious Camay lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin has regained its natural shell-like beauty. It is soft, too—and smooth as flower-petals! You *are* in a Beauty Contest, every hour of every day. Let Camay help you win!

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Dramatic Arts Co., 1933 Mead St., Racine, Wis.

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Genevieve Tobin is superstitious about wearing green, because in her only stage failure she had on a green dress and Genevieve doesn't believe in taking any more chances.

2. Elsie Janis, who earned the title of "Sweetheart of the A. E. F." for her work in France during the War, and who is forty-two, was married New Year's eve to Gilbert Wilson, a screen actor, who is twenty-six.

3. Billie Dove, whose reported engagement to Howard Hughes seems to be all off, has been going places in the Big City with none other than its Mayor, James J. Walker.

4. Claire Windsor refused to comment on the rumored reports that she and Leslie Wheeler Reid, wealthy Chicago manufacturer, will be wed shortly or that the ceremony has already been performed.

5. Creighton Chaney, the young son of Lon Chaney, is soon to make his début in motion pictures under the name of Lon Chaney, Jr. They say he resembles Clark Gable when young.

6. Carmel Myers, who is Mrs. Ralph H. Blum, and who is expecting the stork, was robbed of jewels, valued at about $20,000, by two masked men who had been hiding in her apartment. When they learned of her condition, they did not bind her as they had intended to do and gave back her wedding ring.

7. Barbara Stanwyck turned cartwheels and did other acrobatic stunts to help put over a sketch in which her comedian husband, Frank Fay, was appearing.

8. "Shanghai Express," which stars Marlene Dietrich, was released many weeks sooner than the date Paramount had originally scheduled for it because its name sounds like something of a timely nature due to the Sino-Japanese conflict.

9. Beginning with "Grand Hotel," Greta Garbo will drop her first name and will be billed simply as Garbo. Olga Baclanova is another player who is known on the screen by her last name and, if you can remember that far back, in the days when Alla Nazimova was on the screen, she was just Nazimova.

10. On account of his marked resemblance to Clark Gable, First National is grooming George Brent for the type of rôles that Gable has been playing and giving him excellent opportunities to prove his ability by assigning him rôles opposite their biggest stars, in this order: Ruth Chatterton, Constance Bennett and Barbara Stanwyck.

11. Herbert Somborn, owner of the Brown Derby Café and one of Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands, seems to be Loretta Young's latest heart interest, if being seen dancing together regularly means anything.

12. Although Zasu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery, sports promoter, have been living apart for a number of years, everyone in the movie colony could hardly believe that it was ending in divorce after all, as both had expressed the hope that a divorce could be avoided. Zasu is suing on grounds of desertion.

13. Marie Prevost was confined to a hospital bed recently and her illness was brought on by severe dieting in trying to take ten pounds off her weight.

14. All Hollywood has been looking forward to the wedding of the famous director, Ernst Lubitsch and Ona Munson, movie actress, to whom he has been engaged for some time, but latest reports have it that they no longer care.

15. After Linda Watkins was released by Fox Films, to whom she was under contract, she was married in Chicago to Gabriel Hess, New York attorney for the Film Boards of Trade.

16. It's Greta Nissen this time. Weldon Heyburn and Greta have been going places together often enough of late so that Hollywood rumors have listed them as another loving couple.

17. James Dunn, motion picture star who has been working too hard to do his health any good, has been ordered by his doctors to take a complete rest for a few weeks.

18. The young and handsome Spanish actor seems to prefer the company of Marilyn Miller. They have been seen in each other's company a good deal lately.

19. Bet you thought the girl was Joan Crawford. If you did, you were wrong, although there is a close resemblance in this picture. The girl is Loretta Young and she is shown with Norman Foster. The clinch is a scene from "Play Girls."

News and Gossips of the Studios

(*Continued from page 87*)

Joan Marsh. By the way, Mary is simply the belle of the town these days. When Jack Dempsey dropped into Hollywood for a day last week, wasn't it our demure Mary who was his partner for the evening?

LEO CARILLO was introduced to the Sweet Young Thing (there's always one at every party) at the Gleasons' shindig. "Oh, what a fascinating accent he has!" sighed the S. Y. T. "Yes—when he remembers it," snorted her escort.

SPEAKING of old garments for no reason at all, George Arliss is wearing a hat he has had for twenty years. Doug Junior's felt is comparatively new in comparison, being in use for only about eight.

GEORGE ARLISS, the kindest of men, has one rule about which he is firm. He insists on the driver of his car wearing a chauffeur's uniform. This is so foreign to the independent spirit of Burbank chauffeurs that First National has to pay extra to induce one of them to sacrifice his pride.

WHICH reminds us of the foreign star who called her chauffeur "Chauffeur" for a week until he rebelled. Finally he turned in his seat. "Pardon me, miss," he said respectfully, but firmly, "I'm not the chauffeur, I'm the driver." "What ees the difference?" inquired the star wonderingly. "About a hundred dollars a month," replied the driver with a sniff.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

Blue Ribbons for the Dogs

ROANOKE, VA.—I have always been loath to believe that my ancestral tree harbored even the shadowy ghost of a monkey. I have had terrible nightmares of remote cousins jumping from limb to limb and stopping now and then to scratch the hairy backs of their young. Why didn't I inherit some of their love for the heights? The question has never been answered satisfactorily in my troubled mind. But somehow I'm not bothered any more. For after seeing "The Two Barks Brothers," I have about come to the conclusion that 'most any kind of spark, if fanned enough, could develop into some type of the human race. These dogs, and there were lots of them, acted like real people. Each was a character even to the old lady with the funny lace cap pulled down over her floppy ears and her cone-shaped mouth moving up and down pleading for her "long lost baby." And how well the back-screen talking was timed to the movement of her mouth! Honestly, I felt as if I wanted to wipe the tears from her eyes.

Now, when a dog tugs at one's heartstrings like this and when another struts across the floor with the air of a polished gentleman, where does it put the poor monkey? Well, it looks like we are all getting to be just one big family. And I'd like to shake paws with the two Barks brothers and Mrs. Dog for clearing things up in my mind. *Mildred Baughn.*

Those Coming Attractions

CHICAGO, ILL.—There's no criticism I feel called upon to make of either the interesting and versatile line of motion pictures or the stars we see on the screen these days, but during my attendance at various neighborhood theatres, my ire rises at the type of sensational advertising of features that are "Coming Attractions." Every picture is the best in the world, heralded with dizzy superlatives and many times misrepresenting the actual appeal of the picture itself. I know many people who agree that it is an imposition to take up so much time on this advertising and that its character is insulting to the intelligence of the type of audience attending the better theatres.

Frances Geddes.

Won Over by Joan

DELAWARE, OHIO.—Right this minute, I should be washing dishes. Instead, I'm sitting with my chin in my palm, and thinking thus:

"Emma" may be full of hokum, but it's the most lovable picture I've ever seen. I've never felt an audience—men and women alike—respond with such universal sympathy. Marie Dressler is a great artist, and Jean Hersholt doesn't get enough credit, and I want a kid brother just like clean-cut Richard Cromwell.

Joan Blondell is an attractive minx, but how can anyone say she stole "Night Nurse" from Barbara Stanwyck, who could *never* look cheap?

In the past, Joan Crawford always rubbed my fur from south to north, but since seeing "Possessed," I've changed my mind about her. Why, she's lovely—individual and poised—even though her singing voice is a bit sandpaperish. And, of course, there was Clark Gable (in a rapt tone). He has a superb back and shoulders.

Gee, I simply *must* do those dishes!

H. D. B.



Avoid self-infection by using KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES instead of handkerchiefs

COLDS are costly, both in health and money. Do you realize how costly? Do you realize that colds are the starting point for a whole list of serious and expensive illnesses? That colds cause more time lost from work, more absences from school, than any other disease?

It is good sense and good business to take every precaution the moment you notice the first sign of a cold in yourself or any member of your family.

Start using Kleenex at once

Stop using handkerchiefs when the first sniffle starts! Handkerchiefs collect germs—cause constant self-infection, if you use them over and over.

The only *safe* handkerchief is one you can use and destroy—Kleenex disposable tissues.

Kleenex costs so little that you use each tissue only once. Then you destroy it, before it has a chance to self-infect you or spread infection through the family. Kleenex is soft, comfortable—and relieves you of all handkerchief washing. Children especially need Kleenex because they catch cold so easily and so often develop serious complications.

The value of Kleenex in beauty care is well known. Used for removing cleansing cream, it prevents any risk of leaving bits of oil and dirt in the pores. Mothers find it saves clothes when giving children cod liver oil or medicines, or when applying ointments.

Regular 50c size Now 35c

Now costs less

The big supply of Kleenex that formerly cost 50 cents, is now priced regularly at 35 cents! Buy several boxes at this low price—one for each room in the house! Every drug, dry goods and department store sells Kleenex.

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What Does Ina Claire Say About John Gilbert Now?

(*Continued from page 35*)

marriage started breaking the morning after the elopement, when newspapers carried headlines, "JOHN GILBERT ELOPES." Sylvia was not present at that scene—how could she know what transpired? That's what Ina wants to know.

"Of course, I was somewhat affected," Ina told me. "I had always thought myself pretty good, and fairly well-known. To be referred to, and only in passing, as 'a musical comedy actress,' was a bit of a blow. But it amused me. No, our trouble wasn't due to any such silly thing as annoyance about newspaper space. It had to do with temperamental difficulties. Two hysterical people have a difficult time when they attempt to live together." She denies that they have even thought of re-marrying, though they *have* gone to a couple of parties together since their divorce—and consider themselves pals.

Once Ina's Mad, She Stays Mad

IN New York, Sylvia now renounces all the things she said about Ina, on the grounds that she didn't write "Hollywood Undressed" at all. (According to all reports, it was "ghost-written" by James Whittaker, Ina's first husband, now a Hollywood writer.) At a party of Grace Tibbett's, Sylvia tried to make up. But Ina said, "Oh, no!" When a Fagan gets mad at you, she generally stays that way. If you treat her right, she also stays friendly with an equal warmth. That's the Irish of it.

Ina likes asparagus, roses and the city of Budapest. An inveterate traveler, she often gets seasick. But does like to go places—in season. In fact, she is a very seasonable person. She always wants to be in a place when it is at its best—New York in winter, Paris in Spring, Hollywood—when there's a good picture to be had.

"I feel so sleepy out there all the time," she complains. "The warm, drowsy atmosphere seems to put one in a state of perpetual lethargy. That is why it is difficult to attack pictures with the necessary vigor—and vigor is necessary in that business, believe me! And time. Things are hurried so in pictures. It is almost impossible to give a decent reading when one must learn lines one day and recite them the next. That is why I prefer the stage: more time is spent, proportionately, on production, and when a piece starts, it carries through. There are breaks for camera angles and so on. On the stage, one makes one's own angles."

When she sailed recently for Europe, she was with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller. He is a theatrical producer, well-known in both New York and London—and it's conceivable that on the trip across they discussed the possibility of Ina's starring in a play either in London or New York, before she makes another picture. Don't forget that she is now one of the United Artists, all of whom take long vacations between films.

Ina's hair naturally is a neutral shade, which normally allows her to wear all colors. When it is touched up for a picture, she must restrict herself to the colors allowed a bright blonde. The color of her eyes shifts amazingly—blue to gray to hazel to green. She does not like browns or olive greens. She is a terrific spendthrift.

Being a self-supporting woman, and having been one all her life, Ina naturally has definite ideas on the acquisition and distribution of money. She loves life and laughter, and money is a great help toward having the former in terms of the latter. It gives her a great satisfaction, however, that she is able to pay her own way. She abhors the idea of being financially dependent upon a man. Love between two people, for itself alone, is her idea of the near-perfect state.

She does not think that marriage means much any more, in most cases. She contends that now that women are largely self-supporting, there is no particular reason why they should be responsible to one man, tied to him—unless there is the desire for children, which puts another face on the matter.

"Love can be marvelous," she says, "and—as in my case—marriage can be very, very expensive. Love is grand; but marriage is carrying it a bit too far!"

Has Lost Her "Best Friend"

AND yet, despite these very definite opinions *re* the holy state of matrimony, there was a strong rumor current in Hollywood that the ex-Mrs. Gilbert was on her way altarward with Robert Ames when his untimely death cut short a distinguished career. At all events she was the victim of a cruel and ironic bit of coincidence at the time of his passing. She had called his New York hotel long-distance from the West Coast, and had been connected with his room. "Bobby?" she asked. A voice answered: "Who is it, please?" When Ina gave her name, there was a brief pause, then: "I am sorry to have to tell you that Mr. Ames has just passed away—very suddenly." Ina was prostrated by the tragedy. She says she has lost her "best friend." She had known him for years, and they were thinking of doing a stage play together.

Ames' death was the second in the cast of "Rebound," the picture which, following "The Royal Family," firmly established Ina in the picture world. The first was that of Robert Williams, and when the second Bob followed the first, there was a bit of wild talk to the effect that the whole cast was doomed. Irish though she is, Ina has small regard for such superstitious drool. She believes that when a person's time comes, it comes. And that's that.

Meanwhile she believes in exacting the best there is to be had from the few years allotted us here on this earth. Her attitude toward food is typical. She will eat anything and everything, with a distinct leaning toward simple dishes—but she does insist that it be of the finest possible quality. There is no tolerance for the shoddy or the second-rate in the Claire make-up. The cream of the jug—or nothing.

Consequently, it is impossible for Ina to bear the compromises—particularly the emotional ones—accepted by so many women. "If a woman wants a man to love her always, she must fool him," she says. "I can't play that game."

She does play the game of life, however, with a completeness and a vivacity at sharp variance with these depressed times. She will make up her mind overnight to go to Europe—and two days later find herself in a deck-chair, watching the water scud by. Her voice snaps and crackles with vitality, its tones carrying that almost harsh note characteristic of the voices of dominant women. She laughs perpetually. And when she laughs, it is no niggardly laugh. Her face breaks into an enormous grin, her head bobs and her shoulders shake.

She doesn't like long dresses. Neither does she like the idea of being shackled very long to any one spot, or to have to answer to anyone for her actions. She does like the films of Garbo, Dietrich and George Arliss, and the stage performances of Leslie Howard, Philip Merivale and Katharine Cornell. She wears sport clothes a great deal of the time. These must be "awfully well-

(*Continued on page 94*)

Tabloid Reviews

(*Continued from page 10*)

The Rainbow Trail—George O'Brien has plenty to do, and does it well, in this Western filled with plot and counter-plot. The setting is the Grand Canyon, the story by Zane Grey (Fox).

The Road to Life—The first Soviet talkie, with a story about the army of waifs that once were a menace to Russia and what the Soviets did for them. Effective propaganda (Amkino).

Shanghai Express—Marlene Dietrich's third American talkie, which packs a real wallop. It is a romantic thriller taking place on a train in turbulent China, with a dead man at the throttle. You won't forget Marlene—or Clive Brook, either, for that matter (Par.).

Sky Devils—A rowdy, hilarious farce about two green rookies—Bill Boyd and Spencer Tracy—who bluff their way into the air corps. There is some thrilling aviation, for good measure (U. A.).

Sooky—The sequel to "Skippy," with the same cast, headed by the very real Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan. Not up to its predecessor, but an excellent picture nevertheless. For grown-ups, too (Par.).

Stepping Sisters—An ex-burlesque queen (Louise Dresser) who has broken into society revives her past, with the help of Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell. Amusing burlesque of "high" society (Fox).

Strictly Dishonorable—In a speakeasy (and why not?) a foreign nobleman (Paul Lukas) develops a "strictly dishonorable" and amusing passion for flapperish Sidney Fox. Gay romance (Univ.).

The Struggle—A lengthy sermon about the curse of drink, as applied to the poor working-man (personified by Hal Skelly). Director D. W. Griffith, formerly considered an artist, is a reformer here (U. A.).

Taxi!—The one and only James Cagney has a swell time—and gives you one—as a fighting young Irishman who breaks up a taxi racket. It's amusing, dramatic, and moves fast (W. B.).

Tonight or Never—Gloria Swanson, an opera star, falls in love with Melvyn Douglas, whom she suspects of being a gigolo, so that she can put passion in her singing. Amusing all the way (U. A.).

Three Wise Girls—Detailing the adventures and misadventures of Jean Harlow, Mae Clarke and Marie Prevost. Nothing new, but it gets over (Col.).

Tulane vs. Southern California—A glorified newsreel of the exciting football game between these two universities on New Year's Day. Well-done, but for football fans only (W. B.).

Two Kinds of Women—Miriam Hopkins comes out of the Middle West to New York, and meets Phillips Holmes, who shows her the town. On the stage, this was a biting satire of Manhattan; on the screen, it is mild melodrama (Par.).

Under Eighteen—Marian Marsh becomes a star—in the time-worn story about the poor little girl who wanted nice things and was open to persuasion. Well-done, but it has been done too often (W. B.).

The Unexpected Father—Both Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts break out in a feature-length comedy, all about the perils of parenthood. It's silly, but does produce some snickers (Univ.).

Union Depot—A whirligig of life, with the setting a big railroad station, and the action all taking place in the space of a few hours. Different, anyway—with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. a young tramp, and Joan Blondell a chorus girl out of work (F. N.).

U. S. C. vs. Notre Dame—Another feature-length picture of the Southern California team in action—showing you just how they trimmed the boys of Notre Dame. Much more interesting than many a movie football story (Sono Art-World Wide).

Without Honors—In case you wonder what has happened to Harry Carey since "Trader Horn," here he is in a Western, avenging wrongs in convincing fashion. Mae Busch, another old favorite, is with him (Artclass).

A Woman Commands—Pola Negri, whose voice is almost as throaty as Garbo's, makes a real comeback—in a story that wavers between melodrama and satire with the setting a mythical Balkan kingdom, and Pola the queen (RKO-Pathé).

The Woman from Monte Carlo—Lil Dagover, famous German star, makes her bow in American talkies—in a trite story about a courtesan who wrecks her one real romance. She'll interest you, even if the story doesn't (F. N.).

Working Girls—Life and love in big office buildings, with Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers literally surrounded by girls. Romantic comedy of the frothy type, which doesn't benefit anyone concerned (Par.).

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Lawrence Tibbett's Married Life Reveals Unique Triangle

(*Continued from page 45*)

interview in MOTION PICTURE. "It was certainly not Hollywood that precipitated our divorce," he said. "There was nothing precipitate about it. Such an event as a growing apart of mature people is a slow process, and has nothing whatever to do with place or circumstance, legend to the contrary. Two people who are incompatible, are incompatible in a slum as well as in a mansion."

Romance Began Two Years Ago

HE said, when asked if he had given any thought to marrying again, "Heavens, no! But I probably shall marry again some day. I know I shall. I'm just the type——"

Lawrence, it now appears, wasn't 'fessing up. Friends say that he and Jennie have known one another about two years, and after their first meeting, were strongly attracted to one another. Moreover, Grace knew this. She did not become hysterical. She invited Jennie to her home, they went places together; she liked her, herself, and could understand how Lawrence would.

Another insight into the sportsmanship of both Grace and Lawrence is revealed by the statement of friends that for a year before the couple parted, a picture of Jennie adorned his dresser, alongside a picture of Grace. Grace did not smash the picture. In fact, she was the one who had it framed for him. Nor did Lawrence smash the picture of a devoted man friend of Grace's, which reposed on one end of her dressing-table, looking at a favorite portrait of Lawrence in a beautiful lalique frame on the other end. There was no jealousy, on either side. Jealousy, after all, is a primitive emotion—and here were a highly-civilized man and woman.

Grace Tibbett divorced Lawrence very quietly and on mild grounds. It was obvious that there was no bad feeling. Two months later, almost to the day, a Reno dispatch carried the news that Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard, society woman of Burlingame, Cal., a San Francisco suburb, was divorcing her husband, and that there was a report that she would soon marry Lawrence Tibbett. Both she and the singer denied it. But on New Year's Day, at the New York home of her brother, Hunter S. Marston, the former Mrs. Burgard quietly became the new Mrs. Tibbett.

Both Invited Her to Wedding

AND how did the former Mrs. Tibbett feel? A week after rumors of her ex-husband's coming marriage first broke, Grace told Lawrence's aunt in Los Angeles that she was going East to attend the wedding "by invitation of Lawrence and Jennie." And on the day of his second marriage, friends report, Lawrence visited his twin sons and the mother, who were in New York for the holidays—and himself invited the former Mrs. Tibbett to the wedding.

A year ago, Grace Tibbett was offered twenty thousand dollars by a woman's magazine for a book telling of her life with Lawrence Tibbett. When she had it half-written, she read the manuscript to her husband. He listened in silence, then said, "It's very interesting, Grace, and very well written. But what's the use of publishing it? I'm going to ask you to give me a divorce." It was as simple, as friendly, as that—and this was the first she had heard of his desire for freedom. It is doubted now that she will ever publish the book—lest she embarrass her former husband and his new wife, both of whom, after all, are her friends.

This is Jennie Marston Tibbett's third marriage. She was first married, in 1917, to Robert J. Adams, son of the chewing-gum manufacturer. It was a big San Francisco society event. They were divorced in 1919. Two years later, she married John C. Burgard, San Francisco stock broker, reputed to be a handsome and charming man. They were divorced last December.

Since her divorce from Lawrence, Grace Tibbett's name has been linked with that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (whom she met in Reno) and, most recently, with that of Ramon Novarro. But she smiles away all romance rumors. And besides, you must remember that second picture on her dressing-table.

If Grace Tibbett does remarry at any time, it would not surprise Hollywood and New York if Lawrence and his new bride were invited to the wedding. It also would not startle Hollywood in the least if, when the newlyweds come back to California, where Lawrence intends to build a new home, Grace would be the first to wish them happiness by way of a basket of roses.

Amazing persons like the Tibbetts do these things!

She may be a Baby Star—but it's a laugh to Judith Wood

(*Continued from page 78*)

movie contracts and cock-eyed bank accounts. They're all just a part of the fantastic life of Hollywood. Especially this business of being elected a Wampas Baby Star.

"It's all so unimportant!" she'd have you know. "When we go out on a stage for a personal appearance and simper something about being glad to be there, do you think the audience gives a darn? We don't mean a thing to them! We're not important enough. After all, Wampas Baby Stars aren't stars in any sense of the word. They're simply kids who might—by the grace of God, the public and some miraculous breaks—become stars, sometime, maybe. I think the Wampas is an organization of grand fellows, and I'm not saying that just because they're all publicity men. Nevertheless, I don't think being elected a Wampas Baby is anything to get hepped-up about! In fact, it's dangerous! It's apt to give a new player the big-head, which in Hollywood spells ruination to a movie career."

Judith not only avoids the "big-head," but she actually goes about town panning herself, running herself into the ground, telling people her hips are too big and that her face is funny-looking, and when anyone mentions her unquestionable acting ability she all but laughs outright!

"I always feel they're soft-soaping me," she explains, "and for fear they'll think I actually believe them I go about being disagreeable. As a matter of fact," she adds thoughtfully, "I wish I weren't so perverse. If I'm not careful, I'll talk myself out of *ever* becoming a star!" Not that it worries her much, for the minute she grows tired of that "artist-on-a-holiday" feeling, she'll catch the first boat for Paris and continue with her art career. In the meantime, Suh, the Colonel's having a swell time and a lot of laughs out of being a blamed good movie actress out Hollywood way!

Wally Beery Becomes A Daddy

(*Continued from page 53*)

print. I'm not sorry things went that way with me. But I wouldn't want to see 'em go that way with other kids, with *my* kids. . . .

"And I've always wanted one thing and only one thing out of life—a *home*. Maybe because I never had one. Never had anyone to be there waiting for me, never had anyone to reason with me, to care what I did, to show me why I should or shouldn't do things. When I married my wife, I said to her, 'If you ever turn into one of these lousy —— —— Bridge-playing females and are not home nights when I get there, I'll kick you out of the —— —— house *and you won't have a home, either.*'

"So we get along great. Mrs. Beery keeps house and is waiting for me when I come home. Evenings we sit around and she sews and I do a lot of reading about aeronautics and things like that. We putter around and—hell, *I* don't know what we do. I just know it's *home* and it suits me. I never go to parties. Haven't been to one for fifteen years. Fifteen years ago, or more, Viola Dana gave some sort of a bust and I went to that and I've never been to one since.

"I never go to openings, either, when I can help it. I hate those lousy, —— —— personal appearances. I hate the lousy part I'm playing in 'Grand Hotel.' I told 'em I didn't want to do it. I told 'em I wasn't clever enough. I shot off my mouth to everyone in power on the lot and it didn't do a hell of a bit of good. I like to *like* the parts I play. I have to like 'em and to *feel* 'em, the way I did 'The Champ' and 'Hell Divers.'

How Jackie Feels About Wally

"I GOT a kick out of playing with Jackie Cooper. The kid had always said he wanted to make a picture with me and we got to be pals. He felt sorta cut up, I hear, about me taking the other kids. He said to his mother, 'Well, anyway, if I have any trouble at home, I can go and live with Wally, too.'

"And I liked playing with Clark Gable. Folks seem surprised that we see quite a lot of each other outside the studio. I don't see why they should be. He's a regular outdoors man and we're interested in the same things, guns and flying and stuff like that. He's no faintin' Romeo, the way they try to make him out.

"If for some reason or other, I should ever leave the screen I'd be a mail pilot. I haven't taken the kids up yet. Have to ask Mrs. Beery about things like that. She'll be head man about what they can do and what they can't do, when she gets home from the hospital. That's the way a real home is run."

Wally is a father, with three youngsters on his hands. And they have an "Uncle" who's a real *man*, with such profanity in his mouth that your very ears explode when you listen to it, and such soundness and sweetness in his capacious heart that the profanity seems clean and vigorous talk.

He had no childhood, himself. Deep in his warm and virile heart is the desire to give to other little ones the things he never had—the desire to give home and happiness to other little boys and girls who otherwise might starve as he starved—for other things than bread.

Hollywood has done a number of generous, great-hearted things. But can you think of any one thing so splendid as this thing that Wally has done—taken three children into his heart and into his home—*because he wanted them!* Here is a *real* father!

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CLOSING DATE—Contest closes midnight, Sunday, July 31, 1932.

JUDGES—R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris Company, and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

WINNERS to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples nor undertake correspondence.

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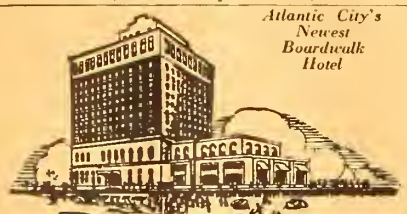
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Rose Hobart Says Goodby to Hollywood

(*Continued from page 47*)

of the New York Symphony Orchestra and her mother, Marguerite Hobart, was a well-known operatic singer, before Rose was born.

When she was six years of age, Rose was sent to Paris to study the piano under the guidance of her grandmother, Mme. Kefer, a graduate of the Conservatoire. Her parents were both anxious that she should become a musician and thought the training of her talented grandmother in the Conservatoire atmosphere would bring realization of their dreams. She says her strongest memory of Paris is that her grandmother, with good French carefulness, never raised the windows in the bedroom where she and her sister slept. This lack of American hygiene made more of an impression on her than did her musical schooling.

She had not been in Paris long, when the World War started, and the child returned at once to America. Nine years of boarding schools and travel in this country followed. Her mother had left the San Carlos Opera Company and was doing concert work with her father as accompanist, so that Rose spent her vacations traveling from city to city, wherever her parents had engagements. In the winter she went from one school to the other, as her mother was never satisfied with American boarding schools. At various times she was enrolled in Knox School-on-the-Hudson, Highland Hall in Pennsylvania and Chatham Episcopal Institute in Virginia.

When she was fifteen years old, Rose went on the stage. This was an awful blow to her parents, who had not given up the idea of a musical career. For three years she did child's parts in such plays as "Cappy Ricks," "Liliom," with Joseph Schildkraut, and "Lullaby," with Florence Reed (which later became "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" in the movies). At eighteen she took over ingénue rôles in "What Every Woman Knows" and "Crashing Through." Her big starring hit was to come in the bitter "Death Takes a Holiday," but not before she had done "Zeppelin" and "Primer for Lovers." Even when all New York was talking about her in "Death Takes a Holiday," her mother continued to chide her in volatile French because she had "dropped" her piano lessons. Rose still plays beautifully, and with power, but her heart isn't in it. (You may remember her playing in "Dr. Jekyll.")

The movies happened to her abruptly. She came West on a Universal contract, was immediately "loaned" to Fox for the lead opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom" (stealing the picture), returned to her home lot for "A Lady Surrenders" before she grew bored and angry with her contract and blew off to New York for the stage play, "Trade Winds." Only through the influence of her friend, the New York lawyer, did she consent to return to her contract on the West Coast, where she subsequently made "Chances" and "Compromised" at First National, "East of Borneo" at Universal, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at Paramount, and this last one, "Ambition," at Universal with Pat O'Brien and Charles Bickford. She has stood out in all of them—and the critics are on her side.

At the Universal Studio she has enjoyed the distinction of being considered "intellectual." She doesn't yet know whether this impression cropped up from the titles of the books she carried onto the set, or whether the long arguments concerning characters she should and should *not* play had more to do with it.

She has had more arguments with Junior Laemmle, telling him why she should not do a certain rôle (even on loan to another company), than most actresses have ever had with a producer begging for an opportunity. She knows exactly what Rose Hobart can, and cannot, do. Her rôle in "East of Borneo," for instance, was one she swears she should never have done. She loathed the part because it called for a namby-pamby character who had "the guts" to travel across a jungle to "her man" and then did a complete right-about-face by being timidly afraid of the jungle in typical clinging-vine fashion. Her favorite screen rôle so far is the girl in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

At the present writing she isn't in love. She has never been married. A reporter once asked her what type of man she hoped to marry. "A man who is cheerful before breakfast," she replied. "But how could you find that out before marriage?" gasped the scribbler. "What do *you* think?" asked Rose.

She doesn't care much about clothes—yet always manages to look extremely smart in a careless, indifferent way. She loves all flowers, except white carnations, (which suggest funerals to her), yet never thinks to have them in luxurious clusters about her home. She seldom remembers to use perfume and has no beauty secrets—unless you want to count her creed of sunshine and plenty of fresh air.

In short, she has nothing in common with most of the starring ladies—which might be one perfectly good reason why she is going to be missed from the movies—if only for a little while. For Rose Hobart *will* be back again.

What Does Ina Claire Say About John Gilbert Now?

(*Continued from page 90*)

made." Chanel is her particular choice as a dressmaker—and designed all the dresses Ina wears in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Ina dislikes to be interviewed because she invariably "talks too much." Discretion was never one of her long suits. She thinks men like feline women and are afraid of intellectual ones.

Her address books are small, leather-bound and up-to-date. She has one for each city of her visits. The one labeled "New York" is the most scribbled in. It contains the telephone numbers of most of the important people of the town. The most social and gregarious of creatures, Ina nevertheless manages to do a lot of reading. Books surround her in droves. She is perpetually excited about the work of some new author.

She wants her freedom—and a home, too. She wants property—but she doesn't want to be tied down. She is, you'll gather, like almost all of us. Ina's most constant belief is that the only real ties should be spiritual ones. The others are to be used and discarded when their usefulness is done. "In these days, life is far too much a proposition of touch-and-go, in too constant a state of flux, to attempt to live by the standards of an older generation." Ina is as contemporary as aluminum furniture, and as alert as a next season's hat. And don't forget that she is also John Gilbert's friend—and doesn't intend to be anything else.

Numbers Say Constance Bennett's Marriage May Not Last

(*Continued from page 42*)

A little more natural poise, better judgment and broader tolerance would save this terrific strain and take care of the letdown that always follows unusual physical and mental effort. But then, Constance Bennett realizes this without being able to do much about it. One advantage of having a "4" Ideality is that we are never able to fool ourselves.

A glance at her birthdate shows many angles of opportunity, association and progress, for it gives as a total of the month, day and year (October 22, 1905) the number "2," arrived at by the highly dramatic 22-7 combination. (Incidentally, reporters confused her marriage date, November 22, 1931, with this date—and said she was married on her birthday. This was an error.)

Still Experimenting With Life

MISS BENNETT'S destiny from birth was a success in dramatic fields, no exception to the Bennett history; but as an individual, this combination of numbers gives her a tempestuous life, the first thirty-four years of which test to the utmost her practical determination to map out a sane course for herself and to stick to it. Everything attempted or accepted in her public career or private life in this period could be considered just so much experience. She could adopt the saying, "It won't last—nothing does," but she finds herself a little too serious to think this.

Later, it will be a different story, for from her thirty-fourth birthday the real Constance Bennett, rather than the Constance Bennett of the movies, will come into action. She will find her real self and know what her earlier disappointments were intended to create.

With 1931 Miss Bennett began a new cycle of experience, but there is little fear that she will lose her public's interest until 1935—that is, if she desires to keep it. We should bear in mind that with her Number "4" Ideality she retains a definite plan for her future, which is likely to include retirement and settling down.

Life still has a few tricks up its sleeve for Constance Bennett, however, because she is only twenty-six years of age, which is still a bit away from thirty-four. Numerology indicates that, beginning with 1940, she will get her real chances not only to attain some enviable positions in life, but, what is more satisfactory, to hold on to them.



Connie looks upon her future with wide-open eyes—ready for whatever life or her career may bring her. Independent in real life, she will next be "Free Lady" on the screen



Brimming with energy! Photo specially posed by Mr. Larry Regan

Once thin –easily tired

...now runs upstairs *two at a time!*

Read how he gained new flesh, new pep—*quick!*

HE KNOWS what it is to lose weight, to lose strength—to be threatened with a lifetime of ill health. His days and his nights were one long nightmare of fatigue. He couldn't even climb the stairs without resting halfway—yet today he *runs* up them—*two at a time!*

Ask this lucky fellow where he got all his pep. Ask him how he filled out his thin figure—put color in his pale cheeks. And here's what he'll say:

Reveals his secret

"For years, I felt as if I were dragging a ton of bricks around with me. I couldn't walk upstairs without resting. I was always tired and discouraged and had lost a good deal of weight.

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It takes seven pounds of specially cultured *"beer yeast"*—specially imported from foreign breweries–to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times—is it any wonder Ironized Yeast brings such quick, sure and lasting results! This concentration process is so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations–at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

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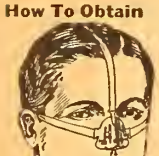
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Norma Shearer Tells What A "Free Soul" Really Means

(*Continued from page 49*)

an unthinking love. She would give *gratitude* for the understanding that had been shown her.

"Women who have never really lived are always takers. Women who have lived generously are always givers.

Hollywood Wives She Admires

"I ADMIRE sophisticated women. I admire women who have dared to do the things they wanted to do. I believe that they are better wives than the so-called 'virtuous women' of another age—who knew how to sew a fine seam, and knew nothing, whatever, about living.

"Take women right here in Hollywood—such women as Lilyan Tashman, Ruth Chatterton and Joan Crawford—all of them are sophisticated, certainly. Very probably they have suffered and rejoiced and known triumph and defeat and the admiration of many men. They give something to their marriages. They would be as fine in the rôles of mothers as they are in the rôles of wives.

"I know that when my son is grown"—Norma's talking now of Irving Thalberg, Jr.—"I would prefer him to marry a woman who had had experience of some sort in her life. I do not believe I would balk at a woman who had had love affairs. For women who have had some of the sharp taste of life in their mouths do not grow stale when they grow older. They do not develop son-fixations. They seldom attempt to fasten their children to them with that dreadful, ugly thing, the Silver Cord.

"It is the women who have never had anything of their very own in their lives who, like loving leeches, destroy the lives of their children with self-pitying love and drag their husbands to old age or open rebellion with neuroses, imagined ill-health or nagging. They are attempting, these women, to make up to themselves by draining the lives of others for what they never had the courage to take for themselves.

Only Things Women Can't Do

"I DO not mean to say that there are no limitations for women. There are one or two physical ones. At forty-five or fifty a woman who had developed graciously, and normally, could not very well marry and start to raise a family. A woman in her forties and fifties should not hope to dally with romance—not the romance of love, at any rate. She should not want to. Well-balanced people who have eaten their cake do not want to eat it again.

"But I also believe that, barring the emotional limitations, there are none. There are so many fields to explore—so much to learn, so much to *do*. I think, now, of Justine Johnstone, the stage actress, who has recently gone in for scientific research, opened up a laboratory in New York, and begun a life-work that never can be finished in her lifetime. There are women in their forties and fifties who start to go to college, who enter politics, who go in for philanthropy, professions, arts.

"There are certainly two types of women. One type stops developing after she is twenty-five; the other type goes on, and is, at forty, far more attractive, physically, mentally, in every way, than she was at twenty. I hope to be that latter type.

"I feel that the morals of yesterday are no more. They are as dead as the day they were lived. Economic independence has put woman on exactly the same footing as man. A discriminating man and a fastidious woman now amount to the same identical thing. There is no difference.

"A woman to-day is good, or she is bad, according to the way she does a thing—and not because of the thing itself.

"An adventure may be worn as a muddy spot or it may be worn as a proud insignia. *It is the woman wearing it who makes it the one thing or the other.*"

That's what "free soul" really means to Norma Shearer.

The Haunted House of Pickfair

(*Continued from page 29*)

with a certain Lady —. A woman whom I did not know, and who did not know where I lived, sat next to me. She asked me where my home was and I told her Beverly Hills, California. She said, 'Do you live anywhere near the Haunted House?' I wanted to know what haunted house she meant and she said, 'Why, that old hunting-lodge in the hills.' I believe I may have spared her some slight embarrassment by omitting to tell her that the old hunting-lodge was now called Pickfair.

Her Maid Also Heard Them

"A YEAR or two ago I had a French maid—a stout peasant, commonsensible woman, nerveless and without imagination. One night, about ten o'clock, I was sitting up in bed, brushing my hair. I was very tired. Over my head in the attic, I heard trunks being moved about, heavy foot-falls, chairs and tables being shifted from one place to another. The noises were so loud and so clear that I thought certainly the maid was up there, doing things she should not have been doing at that hour of the night. She had been annoying me, more with her officious solicitude than by the lack of it. I called out to her, 'What are you doing up there? Why do you go up there now when the family is trying to sleep?'

"Imagine my amazement when she came in to me from the room next to mine and said, 'Did you call, Madame?' I asked her what she had been doing up in the attic and *even as I asked, the noises continued.* She said, standing there, solid, substantial, clear-headed, 'I was not in the attic, Madame.' I asked her who it was, then. And she said, 'Madame, *They* are there—They have been there for a very long while.'

"I hadn't an idea that she knew about Them. I had never mentioned Them to her. I know, now, that all the servants know about Them, hear Them, have come to accept them as a part of the household.

Douglas Saw What She Saw

"ONE night Douglas and I were sleeping in the front bedroom. I was wakened by his calling me. 'Mary,' he said, 'look over at that curtain and tell me what you see.' I looked and told him I saw *a pair of eyes—eyes that were certainly not earthly eyes.* He asked me to describe to him their exact color, position on the curtain, expression, size. I did. And then he said, 'I didn't give you any hint, did I? I didn't say a word?' I told him 'No.' And he said, 'Well, you have described to me *exactly what I saw*—exactly, in every detail.'

"Douglas now believes with me that agencies we cannot explain away are in this house, in the attic. And if Douglas concedes

so much, it is proof positive that this is no fantasy on my part, no imagining of a woman's brain, conjured up out of weariness or a belief in the nearness of those who have passed over.

"Two young, married cousins of mine lived here for some months one time when Douglas and I were away. So very clear and unmistakable and unexplainable were the sounds from the attic that my young relative dreaded leaving his wife alone in the house for fear of—well, he probably could not analyze just *what* their fear was.

"I do, you know, believe in the nearness of those who have gone on. I have been asked why, if this is my belief, those I have loved most dearly do not come to me. *They do come to me in dreams*—dreams that are more than dreams. *Some day they will come to me outside of dreams.* It is simply that we do not know how to meet them—we have not yet found the means of contact. But we did not discover radio, the mystic power of hearing voices a world away, until very recently. There will come a time when communication with those in the other world will seem no more and no less remarkable than the radio seems to-day. Quaint old ladies, a generation ago, used to exclaim, 'The devil's in it!' about anything they couldn't understand—sewing machines, for instance. Only when a thing comes true to the touch and the sight, do most of us acknowledge it as truth.

Feels the Other World Is Near

"DOUGLAS recently tried to reach me on the 'phone from Switzerland, just before leaving for home. There was static to such an extent that he could not, at first, get through to me. I was not worried. The static condition would pass—and he would get through. It is the same with us and with our communications with those other loved ones another world away. Some day, in some clear hour, the static will clear away and communication will be established.

"I believe in the closeness of the other world," Mary insisted, "I believe in the continuity of the individual life. I believe that if now, to-day, this ceiling should fall and I should be what is known as 'killed' and you should see me carried, lifeless, from this room—I believe that I would continue to live here, at Pickfair. I would go to the studio. I would be in these rooms, go through the routine of my life, *be* here—*until I had learned better.*

"They have not learned better, these poor ghosts who inhabit my attic. They must cling to the idea that this place is still theirs. They must resent it because they are pushed aside, made unwelcome. *They haven't learned better.*

"Some day I am going to have psychic investigators work on this house. Who knows but what there might be some scientific answer to the unquestionable manifestations we hear? In England, I understand, scientists are working on a machine to detect the vibrations of people who lived in certain houses and have gone on—vibrations to be felt from wood and other substances that once knew the touch of those vanished hands, the echo of those voices. It may be such vibrations—very strong ones—that we hear at Pickfair. Whatever the explanation, one day I am going to sift it to an explicable conclusion. *For I know that this house is haunted.*

"I believe that I am as intelligent as the average person—no more, no less. I certainly know what I am saying. I certainly know what I *hear*. No one is subject to a delusion for twelve solid years. And why should it be a delusion? To say that *anything* is impossible, that there is 'no such thing'—that shows lack of intelligence. For real intelligence never denies anything. It says, simply, 'I do not know—'

"I *know*. I know that there are ghosts in Pickfair."

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Are You Up-to-date About Phillips Holmes?

(*Continued from page 51*)

happier working under the guidance of these two men than at any other time.

Phil was unhappy a great deal of the time when he first came to Hollywood. He wasn't clicking the way he had hoped he would. He knew he had the stuff, but his chance was slow in presenting itself. But he kept slogging ahead, doing whatever was asked of him to the extent of his abilities, and presently the sun began to shine. Now he claims to be "the happiest guy in the world."

This may be true on his good days; but, like all artists, he has frightful periods of depression. During these intervals it would be easy for him to put on a fireman's helmet and walk under a worm. When Phil gets to feeling low, he really Gets To Feeling Low. But even in the midst of the worst attack of blues, he smiles.

His hair is blonder than it appears on the screen, but not so light as Paramount's new platinum-blond juvenile, Gene Raymond. Once Phil had his hair touched up—for his rôle in "The Devil's Holiday." He was so embarrassed by the change that he vowed that under no circumstances would it ever happen again. He still considers that part one of his best, however, and believes that with it he really began to find himself as an actor.

He fancies himself as something of a singer, particularly in the bathroom. But that wasn't Phil you heard singing in "Her Man"—it was a voice double named Jess Kirkpatrick. Unlike most actors, he is not superstitious, and if you like you may whistle in his dressing-room, which, by the way, is not pretentious. It is one of the best rooms on the Paramount lot, but there is nothing movie-star about it. He is well-liked by everyone in the studio—perhaps the most revealing commentary of all, for if there is anything phoney about an individual, your veteran studio worker soon spots it. And then The Razz.

He likes blue neckties and warm weather, and will go out of his way to meet interesting new people. (Who wouldn't?) If there is someone at a party that he'd like to know, he will call up and ask if he may come over for that purpose. He never is refused, because he is one of Hollywood's most delightful party people.

Yet he goes out but little. He avoids the usual stupid movie functions, especially the gin rodeos, as he would a plague. In consequence, it is a signal honor to have him at a function. He always leaves early, because as with Bob Montgomery and Jean Harlow, late hours tend to have him show up the next day with circles under his eyes. He always sleeps in the middle of the bed.

He loves to sleep. As a member of the smart Beach Club at Santa Monica, he will lie for long hours in the sun, quiet as a stone, thinking, resting, sleeping. He likes to be alone, and to drive at night. Often he will combine these two passions by jumping into his car and burning up the roads to the desert resort, Palm Springs.

He drives the same big, gray Lincoln touring-car that he has been driving for some time. Several times salesmen have all but sold him newer and glossier cars, but he loves his old boat, and will not part with it. It goes very, very fast—and that's what he likes. His penchant for speed worries his friends. They fear learning of that huge, speeding machine stopping suddenly and fatally. Phil shrugs.

Phil's is an odd make-up. He will endanger his life driving like a careless maniac, and then brood for days over some perhaps unintended slight. Abnormally sensitive, he takes criticism too much to heart. Few people are aware of this, however. His manner of continually referring to himself in a disparaging manner belies the seriousness with which he looks upon Phillips Holmes. He wisely appreciates that he is on the path of a great career, and one which he is determined fully to realize. His flippant manner disguises a sober, purposeful young man, anxious to live up to the most of his talents, sincerely hungry to do fine and memorable work.

He customarily wears gray flannel suits off the screen, double-breasted and often unpressed. He loathes being "all dressed up." He wears soft crush hats, usually pushed far down over one eye. He likes white, gum-soled shoes, camel's-hair overcoats, and salads.

Phil's consideration for the feelings of others is perhaps his most charming gift. He invariably is pleasant to strangers, even the most boresome. He is never too busy for his friends, and he never forgets a good turn. A man with a cultured background, he is absolutely free of the snobbishness and silly pretensions of so many of the younger film players. He likes dance music, cheese, and the acting of Leslie Howard. He went four times to watch the talented Englishman play in "Berkeley Square."

He drinks only on rare occasions. His drought periods are lengthening to the point where presently he will be in the total-abstainer league. But he gets a great kick out of Charlie Ruggles—as indeed who doesn't?—and is an expert story-teller, without any artificial stimulation. Girls tell me that he is a perfectly swell companion at tea—witty, urbane, and so polished that he might have been written by Michael Arlen. And how skillfully he avoids romance rumors! He is utterly oblivious of the stir he creates when appearing in public places. Or, at least, appears to be—which is just as good.

Phil is most contented when busy. Between pictures he worries fearfully about his next vehicle. His is none of the "To-hell-with-it-it's-just-a-job" attitude. He realizes his responsibility to his employers and to himself.

Like Sylvia Sidney, with whom he played with such success in "An American Tragedy" and "Confessions of a Co-Ed," he was born under the sign of Leo, and therefore, say the astrologists, is naturally warm-hearted, impulsive and generous. He also is lazy, affable, very blue-eyed and excellently-mannered. He's a great kid and a swell actor. Already he has gone far, but he's going farther. For he has what it takes to get there—even in Hollywood.

CORRECTION

In his story, "Girls from the 'Follies' Who've Made Good on the Screen," in the February MOTION PICTURE, Paul Yawitz stated that Florenz Ziegfeld "discovered" Claire Luce as a waitress in a Rochester (N. Y.) restaurant. This statement was based on misinformation—and MOTION PICTURE sincerely regrets the unintentional injustice to Miss Luce. She was never a waitress, and Mr. Ziegfeld engaged her as his principal "Follies" dancer only after seeing her (for the first time) at the *Casino de Paris*, where she temporarily replaced Mistinguette, the famous French dancer.

That's Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 16*)

EVERYBODY expected fireworks when John and Lionel Barrymore worked together on the same set, but there weren't any. Interviews in this magazine have commented on the taming down of the fiery brothers.

BORIS KARLOFF, the monster of "Frankenstein," provides a lesson in modesty for all other actors who may, in the future, become spectacular overnight successes. "I don't deserve too much credit," he says. "Many other actors could have scored with such a part." He does not take full credit for the make-up, but attributes part of it to the genius of the make-up artist. "It took three and a half hours to complete," he adds, "and in all the days of shooting he did not vary by more than a minute or so."

LITTLE Sylvia Sidney was given a powder table used by Sarah Bernhardt for a Christmas present. . . . Genevieve Tobin does unusual charity work—she just outfitted a gym for a boys' school in the Kentucky Mountains.

"THE first time I'm interviewed," Tallulah Bankhead told her secretary on arriving in Hollywood, "I'm going to wear a black sequin evening gown with a low-cut back—even if it's the middle of the day. People expect movie stars to act like a three-ring circus."

But Tallulah has disappointed Hollywood by living quietly since she came to town. She has been to only one big party. It is *not* an imitation of Garbo, the recluse, since Tallulah is a chatty soul who loves talking for hours with anyone who interests her, be he prop-boy or famous star.

TAKING up polo in a big way is Robert Montgomery. "Our team may not be the best, but they are the best-dressed," Bob says. Their smart uniforms are green and white. Another hobbyist is Victor McLaglen, who surprises everyone by devoting himself to a rose garden in the yard of his new house. He goes out at night, with a flashlight, just to see how they're doing.

SHOP on Hollywood Boulevard plugs sales of expensive shoes by telling customers that Wally Beery just bought a pair at $40 per. . . . George Arliss' man, Jenner (not Jenkins or Bates), resembles President Hoover with startling similarity. They're going to put him in a picture soon.

JACKIE COOPER built a club house in his backyard, and painted the inside brown, so as not to show the dirt. . . Bert Wheeler has practically adopted the little Irish doorman at the Brown Derby. The boy was movie-struck, and Bert obliged by hiring him as his secretary. When they hear the story, a thousand other kids will start out for Hollywood.

AFTER all these years, and after receiving countless letters asking them to do it, M-G-M will remake "The Merry Widow" as a talkie. And guess who the dancing lovers will probably be! Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald—if Jeanette is willing. (Ramon is.)

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The Amazing Life Stories of the Freaks!

(*Continued from page 32*)

played in the talkie version.) He pals about some with Tully Marshall. He reads every scientific magazine and book he can get. He loves to garden and to walk in the woods. He hopes to marry, some day, a girl of his own inches. Twenty-four-year-old Harry is *thirty-nine inches a man.*

Never Had Any Legs

NEXT I would call your attention to the tragic exception I mentioned—Johnny Eck, the Half-Boy. And I mean *half.* Harry simply *stops at the waist-line.* But in that poor half-body there is lodged a fine and sensitive brain, a perfect awareness of what he is and all the implications. The suffering he has undergone looks at you unmistakably out of his dark and poignant eyes, and is graven in the fine pain-lines of his face. Johnny was born in Baltimore on August 27, 1911. He has a twin brother, a perfectly normal young man. Physicians have been unable to explain Johnny. *Perhaps the Hand of the Potter shook?*

Unspeakably handicapped as he was and is, Johnny went through grade school and high school, winning all the scholarships the schools had to offer. He went to and from school on a kiddie kar, propelled by his hands. He studied music and art and philosophy. He knew he needed *that.* His ambitions, now, are to study Law and to become an orchestra leader. Most of all, his ambition is to make enough money to leave the show business and the painful ordeal of being stared at. He is the only one among these Strange People who nurses a bitter grief for the sweet and fundamental things he can never know—love, marriage, children, and the right to walk, a physical equal, among his fellow-men. A soul lives in the half-body of Johnny Eck—a soul that is living its Hell here on earth, in the show business.

Without Room for a Brain

FURTHER along is Schlitze, the "Pin-Head," who was the pet and favorite of the M-G-M lot during the entire filming of "Freaks." It was positively amazing the way people, from Norma Shearer down to the smallest prop-boy, made up to Schlitze. Here was a triumph of personality, if I ever saw one. For Schlitze is said to be a woman and dresses like one, but is also said to be a man—*and is further said to be neither one nor the other* (though you don't have to believe this). Nothing is really known of Schlitze's parentage or background. A dreadful tale is whispered about the parentage—too dreadful to print, and too uncertain. She is believed to be about forty years old.

She was found in Yucatan, Mexico, probably her birthplace—and was originally billed in the circus as "Maggie, the Last of the Aztecs." She cannot speak, save to make guttural and meaningless sounds. She is affectionate and demonstrative. She makes a great to-do over new dresses, tricks of magic, gay hats, bits of string, the Sword-Swallower, games of tag and Tod Browning. She takes violent likes and violent dislikes. One of her special likes was for Jackie Cooper, much to that small trouper's terror. He did not reciprocate the affection. One of Schlitze's most ardent admirers said of her, defensively, "She is *not* a 'pin-head.' She is just a little girl who has never grown up, a little girl who laughs and plays and is eager for affection like any other small child." Well—maybe. But when you see her in "Freaks" and remember that remark, you will *know* that love is blind.

Next to Johnny Eck, this generation's Siamese Twins, Daisy and Violet Hilton, are the most tragic of the Strange People. The one difference is that they do not think they are tragic. They do not mind being stared at. They say they are used to it. But they, like Frances and Johnny and Harry Earles and also Prince Randian, the Living Torso, have alert and normal minds. They think independently, the one of the other. They have different tastes, even in the kind of books they read. And they hoped, all through their childhood, that the day might come when Science would find a way of severing them.

When they were in their early teens, they went to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for examination. And there they received their life-sentence. They learned that the inestimable boon of separation was forever to be denied them. One of the girls has the large colon. The other has none at all. Separation would mean life and perfect normalcy to one and instant death to the other. The nearest they can come to their own history is that they were born in Brighton, England. Their mother, they have been told (but cannot verify this), was a bar-maid at some English pub. *Their father was unknown.* When they were babies, continues the story they have been told, their mother used to exhibit them to curious customers for so many ha'-pence or shillings a sight.

And while they were still babies, a couple from America, a Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, were among the sightseers. They offered to buy them. Their mother *sold them.* (Proving that human nature *can* assume far ghastlier shapes than half-bodies and pin-heads.) The twins were brought to America, were raised in Texas and were kept isolated and apart from all other people. They were taught to play and sing and dance because these accomplishments would add to their exhibition value. They were occasionally exhibited to the morbid, at private functions, such as smokers and the like.

They Think "Life Is Fun"

WHEN they were in their early teens, they were exhibited professionally. Eventually they sued their managers, the Hiltons, for one hundred thousand dollars—the sum they had made in the years together—and won their case. A macabre addition to their history is that Mrs. Hilton turned around and sued *them* for alienation of her husband's affections. Which may or may not be true. Daisy and Violet are more than pretty, they are beautiful. They are exquisitely gowned and groomed. Their hair is hennaed and beautifully waved. Daisy carries always with her a small Peke. And she said to me:

"We're happier now than we have ever been. We're entirely on our own. What money we make is ours. We have a woman manager with us, in our employ, to take care of business and more intimate details for us. We do what we please, go where we please, have what we please. We have a lovely apartment here in Hollywood, a colored maid, and a big sedan. We have two tastes in common, anyway—we're both crazy about Bob Montgomery and Marie Dressler. We like to dance and go out with boys and do what other girls do. We don't *feel* different—we feel healthy and happy and normal. *Life is lots of fun.*"

And now consider Prince Randian, the Living Torso, who is a Hindu, born in Damara, South America. He has neither arms nor legs. No one knows if he was born this way, or lost them—but the supposition is the latter. He rolls his own cigarettes and shaves himself by a weird manipulation of his lips and shoulders. He is a high school graduate, an artist, the father of two children and the grand-sire of eight. (There's an amazing life story

(*Continued on page 105*)

News and Gossips of the Studios

(*Continued from page 88*)

GRETA GARBO is very friendly with her chauffeur. She chatters to him continually as he drives her to and from the studio. "What does she say?" inquired an interviewer, confident of surprising some intimate gossip about the Great Garbo at last. The chauffeur smiled ruefully, "Well, I don't exactly know," he admitted, "you see, she always talks to me in *Swedish*—"

INA CLAIRE just won't be nice and allow the gossips to revive her burned-out romance with John Gilbert. "I'm utterly, entirely beau-less," she insists.

They say Ina has begun to believe she is jinxed in love. Two marriages have failed for her. One great romance went on the rocks. And in the death of Robert Ames, she lost her truest and most devoted friend.

WE hate to deny gossip, but, honest, it isn't true that Ramon Novarro and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett are "that way" (or any other way) about each other.

Ramon and Mrs. Tibbett are good friends —have been for years—but their chief interest in one another lies in their mutual love of music. Mrs. Tibbett has been encouraging Ramon to try the concert stage for years and after all this time no one was more amazed than she to hear her friendship rumored as a "romance."

THE Bert Wheelers are taking another marital vacation and somehow a great many of their friends believe that this break between the young comedian and his wife will be final.

The Wheelers separated for a short time last year but after several weeks they made up their difficulties and sailed for Europe on a "second honeymoon."

Both Bert and his wife are very popular in Hollywood. Too bad they can't seem to make a "go" of it. Their small daughter is staying with Mrs. Wheeler's mother during the present difficulty.

DOROTHY MACKAIL and Neil Miller may separate—but not because they have fallen out of love with one another. Business reasons may force Neil to hike off to New York for a radio engagement while Dot stays behind to make one more picture for Warner Brothers, the last on her contract. After that Dot is going to make a picture for Harry Cohn at Columbia, which means she must remain in Hollywood for several months yet.

"I've tried to get hooked up with a radio deal out here on the West Coast," Neil explained, "but New York is the center of the radio world just as Hollywood is the center of the movies. Dorothy's work is here. I'm afraid mine is in New York. But maybe it won't be so bad. Dorothy has promised to come to New York as soon as her picture engagements are filled."

SPEAKING of odd monikers, it was a great shock to discover that the newly-arrived and exotic Sari Maritza, who has "the face of an elf and the body of a siren" is really Patricia Detering-Nathan, of English and Austrian parentage, but it was an even greater shock to learn that behind the sinister personality of Boris Karloff lurked the mild and harmless name "Charles Edward Pratt." Miss Maritza, by the way, passed through Hollywood as a girl of twelve. She was journeying from China (where her father, an army officer, was stationed) to school in England, and paused to watch Doug Fairbanks working in "Robin Hood." Then and there she made up her mind to come back some day as a star—and here she is!

WONDER why Mary Pickford never sits at the head of her own dinner table at parties?

THE most humorous reading in Hollywood is the studio autobiographies of the stars. Reading Lionel Atwill's we discover that Lionel is especially proud of his Uncle, Sir Charles Moore, who, as a famous architect and expert in the Gothic, personally "designed and built most of the famous cathedrals of Europe" according to the enthusiastic studio blurb writer.

POLA NEGRI, in high carved Russian boots which camouflaged legs made pitifully thin by her recent almost fatal illness, and making an ornament of necessity by leaning on a tall cane, left for New York, claiming that she is through with love. She is said by her attorney to have lost a quarter of a million dollars through her marriage to Prince M'Divani who is suing her for a hundred and thirty-one thousand dollars. But Pola also is suing him—for eighty thousand dollars she claims to have loaned him.

"THE Prince is supposed to be rich, is he?" smiles Attorney Milton Cohen. "Hm, let me tell you that in some small European principalities such as Georgia, a man is well-to-do if he has ten pigs, and wealthy if he has twenty pigs!"

BORIS KARLOFF is the first actor on record to take a part in a picture where his face doesn't show. In "The Invisible Man" he will be only a voice. But what a voice! At least the public won't be able to say, "There's that horrible Frankenstein mans."

WHEN Rex Bell left the gambling hall at Las Vegas the other night, he carried eight hundred dollars in winnings in his pocket home to the Missus. But a few feet from the door two men stopped him and backed him into an alley. "They pushed on the rod too hard," admits Rex, "so I went along. But the joke was on the bandits after all." Rex was wearing a three-thousand-dollar diamond ring, a present from Clara. He managed to turn it so only the gold band showed, and they thought it was a wedding ring and missed it.

EDGAR WALLACE'S speed as a writer is well-known, but Hollywood is still gasping with the scenario he brought in completely finished in one day. "If this won't do," he had scrawled across the bottom, "I'll write you another one tomorrow." Since the average time required by local scenario writers is five weeks to turn out a pearl of thought, no wonder there is consternation in the ranks! The story they tell of the friend who called Wallace on the 'phone and replied, when told that he was busy finishing a novel, "All right, I'll hold the 'phone then," is matched by the studio executive who called Mr. Wallace and was told that he was working on a scenario. "But just give him five minutes more to finish it," added the secretary, "and he'll be with you."



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Marie Dressler—Grand Old Fire Horse

(*Continued from page 27*)

of smooth asphalt and miles of rutted, rough roads. Deprivation and plenty, a mad hodge-podge of economics. A suite at the Ritz and a penny in her purse. A devoted marriage ruined by tragedy. Dinner with an Astor and her family's rent three months in arrears—and a penny in her purse.

"Hard times, my dear? Of course, they're terrible. People starving, the country rich with food. I've just returned from New York. Only two things to talk about and both are hard times. I met a banker friend of mine. 'Marie, I'm broke,' he said. 'It's awful.'

"'Yes, I know,' I answered," reproducing her New York sniff. "'Let's talk of something else. How about your shooting lodge in the Adirondacks? Have you been there this winter?' His face brightened. 'Oh, yes. You know the boat house on the lake? I've always wanted to do something with it, and at last I have it to suit me. . . .'

"'I see,' I said to him. 'Down to your last Rolls-Royce and yacht!'

"Hard times! They don't know what it means. I think it's a privilege to live through this depression. Something very fine should come from it. I've been poor. I've been broke. I've been so broke that I fainted into a bowl of tomato soup when it was placed before me by a kind old German café-owner in Chicago. That was forty years ago. I've been broke in New York, within the last ten years, and no one knew a thing about it. I didn't go around mouthing it to everyone.

Marie Speaks Her Mind

"THE trouble with the people to-day is that they have become accustomed to good things and don't want to part with them. During the War they made top wages and spent with both hands. Now, when they haven't got it to spend, they're yelling. They train themselves to put Screw No. 385 in the body of a motor car, or to operate a locomotive, and then when they can't get a job doing that, they don't know what to do. They won't change their occupations. They won't do anything else. Women are as bad. Every woman should be able to sew and cook and take care of babies, even if she never has to. In times like these she should turn her hands to other things, if necessary.

"Oh, actors are at fault, too. Once an actor, always an actor. They won't leave their profession to turn flapjacks behind a plate glass window even if they starve."

"How about yourself, Miss Dressler? Did you ever leave the show business when you couldn't find work in it? Did you ever practice what you preach?"

"Did I?" Dressler flashed a belligerent, albeit kindly, look at me. "I ran a peanut stand at Coney Island one time when I was so flat that a penny looked like a skyscraper to me."

Dressler was born in Coburg, Canada, on November 9, 1873. Her father was Alexander Rudolph Koerber, a musician and a German. Her mother was English; her name was Annie Henderson. Dressler was christened Leila Koerber. She took the name of a German aunt when she went on the stage. She is the younger of two sisters. The other, five years older, lives in England and is married to Richard Ganthony, author of "A Message from Mars." At thirteen she went to work in a dry goods store. She stayed there a day and a half. When she expressed a desire to join a circus and drive a chariot in a race, her family compromised and permitted her to join a stock company. At fourteen she was a leading woman getting eight dollars a week.

Not a beauty, she realized that she was not the fluffy, dashing star type. She read "The Mikado," saw that *Katisha* (the determined Amazon on the trail of the *Prince*) was for her and learned the part. The leading lady unexpectedly sprained her ankle, her understudy was unprepared, so Dressler stepped into the rôle. In "The Three Black Cloaks" she played *Queen*, pinch-hitting for the *King* when he was drunk. Old Fire Horse was earning her chevrons.

One Thanksgiving week, in Chicago, she sent all her money home to her family. That was when she fainted into the bowl of tomato soup. Another time, for political reasons, a stock company wanted to be rid of her. They faked a wire asking her to report to Philadelphia for costume fittings. She arrived, penniless, and no one met her. A policeman sent her to the highest-priced hotel in town—the Continental. She told the night clerk she was broke and he gave her a room, free of charge. In the morning, at the desk, were two dollars which he had left in an envelope for her. That's one reason why Dressler believes in Providence. One of her favorite epigrams, self-made, is "Unanimity is the watchword of success." She coins many in her conversation, and rather admires herself for doing it, I think.

Her mother, who was an invalid, was important to Dressler's life. Her only words of caution to her daughter, before she went on the road, were: "You've never had much education and you know nothing except the little things I have told you. . . . I want you to promise me that every morning of your life you will purchase the best newspaper in town and read at least the headlines. If you know what is going on in the world, you will never be caught napping, and, at least, you can't help having something to say."

What She Asked Charlie Curtis

DRESSLER has always had something to say, whether it is to Presidents (such as Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding); John Jacob Astor, Adolph Ochs (publisher of the New York *Times*), Vice-President Curtis or Dolly Gann (his sister). She thinks, incidentally, that Mussolini is the greatest man who has come out of the War. Her latest *bon mot* was to the Vice-President, seated at her side at a studio love-feast for the visiting executive: "What," she said, fixing her intent eyes upon him, "are you doing there in Washington? What are you all doing? That's what I want to know."

Marie has intense wrath at the government which is taxing small and fairly large incomes and allowing gigantic fortunes to go practically untouched. "Look at me. Last year, for the first time in years, I made a decent salary, and it's only about an eighth as big as most of the stars are getting. The government is taking half of it. I wouldn't mind if the money went for some good, but on every hand there is starving and suffering. What if I should break my leg and be incapacitated for the rest of my life? How would I support myself?"

Among her friends and intimates—and they dot the earth—Dressler is known as Lady Bountiful. Rumor has it that a number of crumbling ruins in England and on the Continent, inhabited by titled dwellers, would crumble more if a monthly allowance did not come from Dressler. She is a trusted confidante of a platoon of friends. She has been entrusted with the marital confidences of any number of women, from the late Lillian Russell (famous stage beauty of a generation ago) to Frances Marion (scenario writer and ex-wife of director George Hill). Her friends wear her to hair's-breadth patience with their cautions to take care of her health. And she loves it.

She started at eight dollars a week; eight years later she was getting eight hun-

(*Continued on page 104*)

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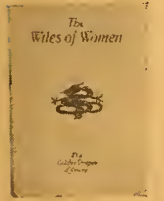
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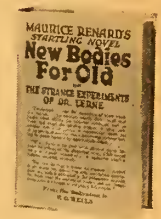
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Marie Dressler—Grand Old Fire Horse

(Continued from page 102)

dred; and fourteen years later, sixteen hundred. She has let a half-dozen fortunes slip through her fingers, now red-nailed. She has played in more musical comedies and operettas than one can name. Once she had forty operas in her repertoire. During this time she supported her invalid mother, her father, two elderly aunts and her sister. One company made life so unbearable for her that she would gladly have quit, but she needed the money. Her family would have been dispossessed from their house if she hadn't paid the rent.

When Marie first started in show business in New York, she sang two songs a night for ten dollars at the old Atlantic Gardens on the Bowery, and on Sunday nights at Koster & Bials'. She got fifteen dollars all told. She boarded in Brooklyn because it was cheaper, and walked back and forth to save carfare. "Hard cobblestones" . . . she remembers the feel of them in her sleep.

When her shoes were worn out and her feet sore, she landed a part in the revival of "1492." After that came her first success, "Lady Slavey." While she was rehearsing this, against all odds, including a leading man who ridiculed her, she owed two months' rent on her family's rented house. With her success she established the Koerbers on Long Island—finally at Bayside.

She went to Lake George for a rest (her mother insisted that she had been working too hard), happy with a new wardrobe; and when she got there, the blue bloods snubbed her. She was "theatre" and therefore notorious. It was only when a charming, soft-spoken, white-haired woman talked with her that the social embargo was lowered. The white-haired woman was Mrs. U. S. Grant. To this day, she doesn't get any pleasure from buying clothes for herself. Maimie Cox, her maid, whose offices transcend that title after nineteen years' service, has to insist that she buy clothes for herself.

In Denver she fell ill on tour with "Lady Slavey." Erlanger, the producer, thought she was feigning and barred her from Broadway for several years. She was as broke after her great success as she had been when she started. But being broke always cured Dressler of all ailments.

She went into vaudeville and did a skit called "Twenty Minutes in a Shirt Waist" to oblige a friend who was out of work. It was a tremendous success. Dressler was again in the money. It proved that old one about "bread cast upon the waters, et cetera." She took the successful "Higgledy-Piggledy" to England where it flopped. She returned to America, ill, in need of an operation, but first pawned all her jewels and borrowed five thousand dollars to pay everybody two weeks' salary. The money was never paid by the person to whom she had entrusted it. She was put into bankruptcy. She had an ulcerated throat. The doctor cut her tonsils. Blood poisoning set in. But Marie recovered. She conquered illness with the same indomitable spirit that she conquered adversity.

After this came "Tillie's Nightmare," her biggest success. She made her own costumes for it. She had always made her own street clothes and hats. And friends' dresses. In Los Angeles, convalescing from a too-strenuous "Tillie" tour, she had an offer to make it into a picture. She also made a film sequel, "Tillie Wakes Up."

In 1917–18 she toured the country at her own expense, selling Liberty Bonds. She made one hundred and forty-nine speeches in twenty-nine days and never spoke to less than five thousand people. She mixed into the Actors' Equity scrap of 1919 and, once again, came out broke. But she was being beaued by men like Moncure Robinson and O. H. P. Belmont. They never knew that good-natured, amusing Marie was broke.

In 1925 she made her picture comeback in "The Callahans and the Murphys" with Polly Moran. Since then this grand old survivor of the Gay Nineties has been battling ill health.

"I know what it is, too," she said, with her pugnacious jaw thrust forward. "It was that near-beer that I had to drink in 'The Callahans.' If it had been real beer, that would have been different. But all that near-beer was the beginning of my trouble and septic poisoning." Her fork plied the broiled swordfish, fringed with shoestring potatoes, before her. It was flanked by sliced cucumbers in sour cream which had been prefaced by a tomato juice cocktail with Worcestershire sauce. The fish was followed by chocolate ice cream and a small coffee. The Grand Old Fire Horse has been told to watch her diet. She is watching it—with round eyes.

"In your entire life, what are you most proud of?" I asked.

Without a pause her answer flashed back: "That I am a founder of the American Woman's Association with its hotel and accommodations for women in New York City. We founded it in 1922. Anne Morgan is the president. Just think, my dear, there are one hundred and forty-nine occupations in which women are engaged."

"But aren't you proud of your friendships with presidents and princes?"

Dressler, the Grand Old Fire Horse, smiled: "Yes, but not half as much as I am of that club. It's the women, my dear, who are going to have to set this world right."



The notables who applauded when Marie was called "Grand Old Fire Horse": front row, left to right, Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M executive; Mrs. Dolly Gann; Marie, herself; Vice President Curtis, who made the Academy awards; Lionel Barrymore, who won the trophy for men; Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, and Governor Rolph of California

The Amazing Life Stories of the Freaks!

(*Continued from page 100*)

for you!) He is fifty-nine years old, has been in show business all his life, and has accumulated a sizeable fortune. He has a wise and seasoned face, shrewd eyes and a quiet sense of humor. His favorite author is Rabindranath Tagore. He says that no physical handicap need matter if the mind is dominant.

Blind to Her Grotesqueness

EVEN where the mind is not dominant, even where there is no mind at all, happiness and peace can, and do, prevail. Koo-Koo, the Bird-Girl, whose real name is Minnie Woolsey, is the calmest and perhaps the most dreadful-looking of this Pitiful Parade. Her looks never bother her—for some ironic god, belatedly kind, made Koo-Koo blind. She was born in New Mexico, of normal parents, who are now dead. She is fifty-two years old and first went into sideshows billed as "The Blind Girl from Mars." She sits all day long on her little chair, her small guardian dog at her feet, rarely moving, rarely making any sound, staring into blank space, *a smile of contentment on her mouth*. Her manager tells me she is always like this.

Koo-Koo never displays any interest in anything, she never seems to try to ask for anything, she evinces neither pleasure nor displeasure, neither rage nor excitement. She seems to be almost totally without reactions. It was noticed that, as she sat amid the hubbub of the set, with the pinheads and other step-children of Nature playing about her, a slight quirk of a smile came on her face. That was all. *Could* it be that here is a misplaced visitor from Mars, mildly amused at the antics of the earth people?

These are the outstanding personalities among the Strange People, all of whom have prominent parts in "Freaks." Others of the sideshow folks you will notice, though their personalities will not impress you as these do, are: Pete Robinson, the Living Skeleton, who is full-grown, yet weighs only fifty-six pounds, and likes to argue about politics; Josephine Joseph, one side of whose body is that of a woman, while the other side is that of a man; the Snow Twins, Elvira and Jenny Lee, whose names might indicate to you that they were born in Georgia—and who, like Schlitze, are "pinheads," but less so; Elizabeth Guen, the Human Stork, so-called because she resembles one; and Martha Morris, another armless girl, who, like Frances O'Connor, uses feet in place of the hands she has never had—but has legs that are only eight inches long.

With the exception of Harry and Daisy Earles and the Siamese Twins, none of them ever went into the Metro commissary for luncheon. (Could you imagine having an appetite with Prince Randian at the table opposite?) They ate in a private room, fitted up especially for them, just off the set. They kept to themselves and, among them, were cliques and groups. Harry Earles and the Siamese Twins were friends, but did not mingle much with the others. They would have been friendly with Johnny Eck, if Johnny's sensitive shyness had made friendship possible. Harry pities the others. The Siamese Twins are compassionate and motherly toward Harry. They all want to stay in pictures. They all love Hollywood and the studio. They all worship Tod Browning, whose patience and fine understanding managed to make actors of them all.

This is the Pitiful Parade—pitiful only to the eye. They are Happy People to those who know them and have talked with them and watched them at-work and at play.

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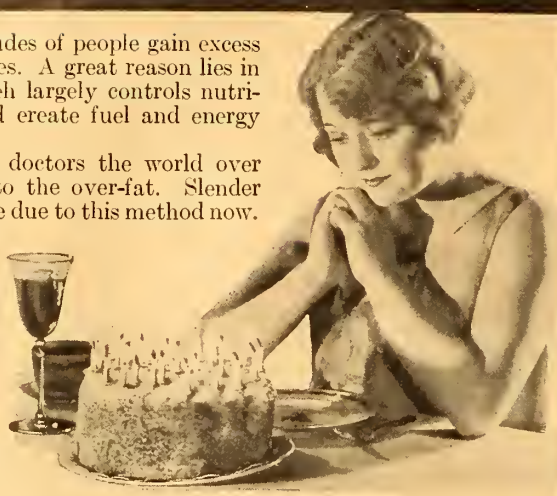
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Why President Hoover is the Gable of the Newsreel Stars!

(*Continued from page 80*)

Whenever the newsreel boys found that they needed footage, there was always the First Lady of the Land. They had her do everything from knitting socks to launching a ship. She used to make almost as many appearances as her famous husband—and was never afraid to smile for the camera. I'll wager she knows as much about camera technique now, as Gloria Swanson or Norma Shearer.

Aimee McPherson Hutton, though she is an evangelist, is as much a show-woman in her way as Roxy and Sid Grauman are showmen. Aimee plays to an audience, and knows the trick of winning it over completely to herself—even though the cynical may smile. Some day she may make a full-length picture, and then some of the Hollywood luminaries had better look to their laurels! Queen Marie of Roumania is a show-woman, too. She is probably the most fascinating of all newsreel subjects, with the exception of the colorful, but humble Mahatma Gandhi. Knowing the value of publicity and loving the limelight, the Balkan queen can always be depended upon for a spectacular appearance. Every once in a while she disappears from the public eye, and then comes back with a bang. She has made more comebacks as a newsreel star than Bessie Love has as a Hollywood personage.

Other women whose personalities are familiar because of the newsreels are Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, famous woman attorney and legal adviser to California grape interests; Mrs. Dolly Gann, Vice-President Curtis' sister; Ruth Nichols, aviatrix planning an ocean flight; and Sonja Henie, champion figure-skater of the world.

Hollywood's Newsreel Stars

SOMETIMES Hollywood figures break into the newsreels, themselves. You can doubtless remember seeing the funeral of the tragic Valentino. Charlie Chaplin's sensational reception in London last year was also chronicled in the newsreels. Several Hollywood openings have been caught for the talking newspapers, with views of the stars. Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, the Barrymores, John Gilbert, Jackie Cooper, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford would all be in the newsreels more, if they didn't want to avoid all accusations of seeking publicity—for they are all newsworthy figures.

On the other hand, there have also been a few instances of newsreel celebrities breaking into the Hollywood dramas. Jack Dempsey was one of them, but found that the roped ring was his forte. Gene Tunney was another, but Hollywood proved too lowbrow for him. And there was Babe Ruth, who promptly went back to being the King of Swat. And Red Grange, who went right back to football. More recently, Johnny Weissmuller, the swimmer, has been drafted by Hollywood for the title rôle of M-G-M's "Tarzan, the Ape Man"—and there's a chance that Johnny may stay.

Hollywood, melting pot of a hundred thousand personalities, can offer a double for almost every newsreel star of prominence. Don't you think that Edward Everett Horton could double for Mayor Walker? That Polly Moran could do an Aimee McPherson? That Snitz Edwards, with his head shaved and with a sheet draped about him, could be our American Gandhi? Isn't there a resemblance between Lindbergh and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a sameness of expression between Calvin Coolidge and Buster Keaton? And who can deny that Bull Montana looks like the Duce?

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Above—Actual tinted photograph of Santa Barbara Mission, California. *At Right*—A glimpse of the Pacific, through stately palms.

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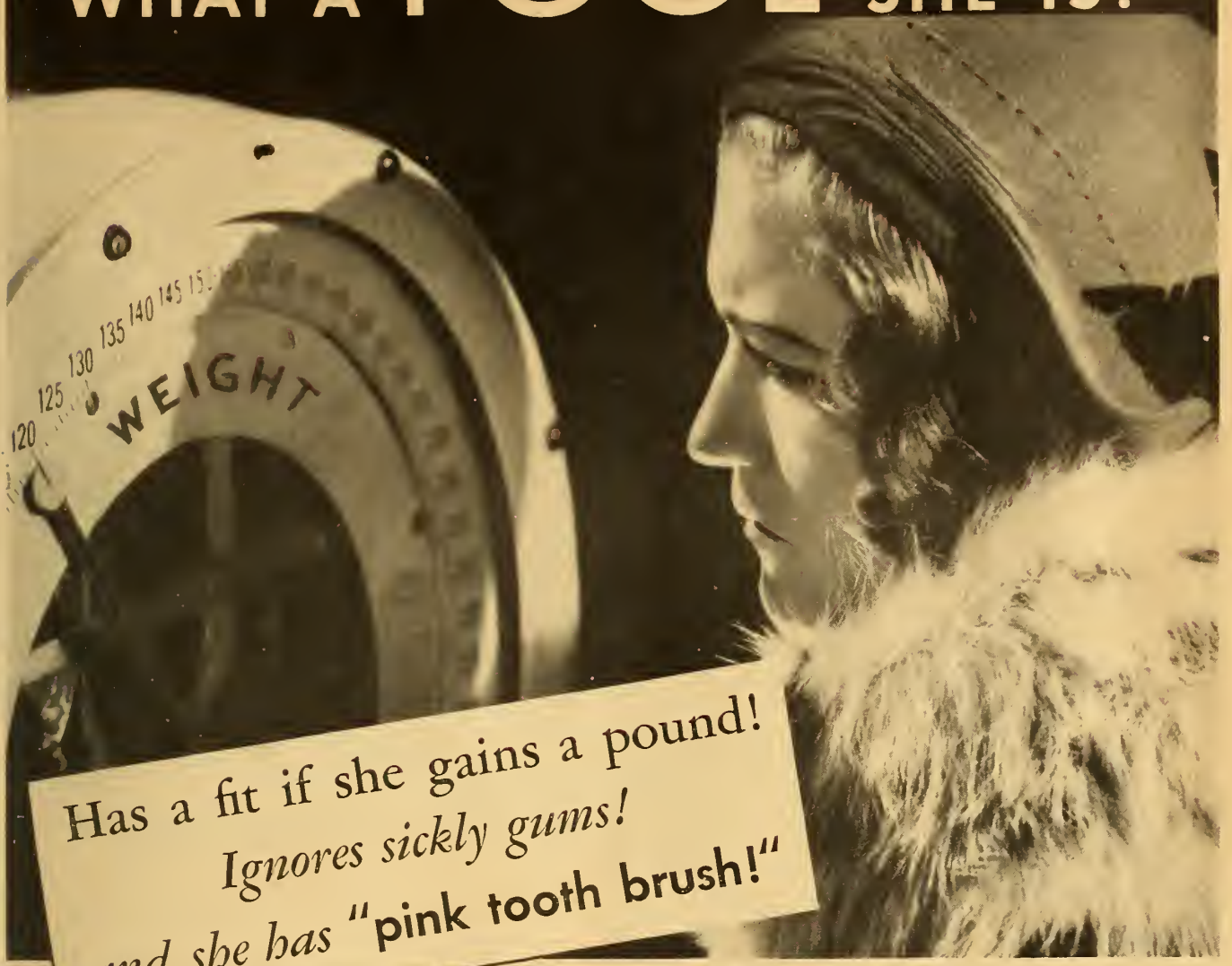
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But what about your *face?* What about your *smile?* You aren't going to have a beautiful, alluring smile for very long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound! And your teeth aren't going to stay white and sound unless you pay some attention to those soft, sickly gums of yours!

Practically every bit of food you eat is soft, cooked food—far too creamy to give your gums the stimulation they *must* have. Your gums have been getting lazier and weaker with every year. Now they tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" dulls the teeth. Moreover, it can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Do it today. First of all, it's a fine tooth paste. And when you clean your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and massage it right into your unhealthy gums.

The ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, with the daily massage, will firm your gums. It won't be long before your teeth are whiter and brighter, and your gums harder. You can forget "pink tooth brush." And you'll be able to smile and still be alluringly beautiful!

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Paramount Pictures

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Motion Picture

MAY
1932

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIII, No. 4



CHEASLEY ANALYZES JANET GAYNOR NEXT

IN this issue, Clifford W. Cheasley, famous Numerologist, tells what the science of numbers reveals about the unrevealing Garbo. You will know her as she knows herself!

In the June MOTION PICTURE, he will present the Numberscope of Janet Gaynor—who is, in her own quiet way, as mysterious a figure as Garbo, herself.

You will want to read these exclusive character analyses . . . you will want, too, a brief general Numberscope of your own when you see how easy it is to obtain one. Just turn to Page 42 in this issue.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS



John Boles, poking around in his flower garden at Malibu Beach, looks as if he's going back to nature. And plenty of moviegoers are writing that they wish producers would let him go back also to making love in song. He is opposite Joan Bennett in "Careless Lady"

$20.00 Letter
Horror Pictures

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If, as has often been stated that the producers are guided by the box-office receipts in their selection of themes for motion pictures, we must be on the high road to becoming a race of morons. Witness the success of the recent horror pictures.

Have the normal and natural things in life ceased to intrigue us? It seems we must have more and newer thrills—gruesome ones—to satiate our animal instincts. No longer do we thrill to a beautiful story of life, romance or even a true-to-life tragedy.

We must have pictures which are horrible and utterly impossible—it seems that the more horrible they are, the better we like them. Some movie fans will say that this is not so. True, we never asked for them, but what other alternative did the producers have? They were hounded with the constant demand for a change in film-fare—"something different." What else could they have given us? Isn't love in all its countless phases the only and always interesting story, the one they were giving us before this "reign of terror"?

I am no pessimist, but it is my opinion that we are fast approaching the time when nothing but that which is of a sadistic tendency will satisfy our warped emotions.

In plain words, we are harking back to the dark ages, and the producers are serving us along those lines. At least, that's the way it looks to me.

T. M. W.

$10.00 Letter
Depression and the Movies

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—In these days of unemployment thousands will agree with me that people actually do not appreciate a picture show until they really cannot afford to go, until they turn pockets inside out and by putting the little change together find, that by doing without some food, they can go to a picture. Thus, they are but following the old injunction, "If you have but two loaves of bread, sell one and buy hyacinths for your soul." The show becomes the hyacinths; it flashes in a touch of beauty and excitement and interest to lives made drab and out-of-heart.

In our town, with a clipped coupon from a newspaper and twenty-five cents, two persons may see the regular show at a certain theatre if they arrive by six o'clock. During the weary time that my husband has been out of work we have squeezed an occasional quarter from our slender store and gone to this theatre. We live the show in anticipation, in actuality, and in retrospect. We laugh hilariously over the comedy. No fine nuance of acting is lost on us in the feature picture. We frown at the woman near us who is so profane as to talk even a little during the picture. If there is a theme song we hum it on the long walk home. That night we recall little bits of gossip about the actors. My husband tells me that my voice is much softer and lovelier than the star's. I tell him that he would look much nicer in those Bond Street clothes than the leading man did. We feel buoyed up and pleased with ourselves.

"It won't be long now. We are bound to get a break soon."

B. D. Claire.

$5.00 Letter
It Happens Only in the Movies

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., CAN.—Several letters have appeared in your magazine concerning gangster pictures as detrimental to the morals of youth, and while there is something for and against such pictures, there is another type of picture which I feel sure is doing more harm. I refer to certain sex pictures as affecting the girlhood of to-day, and which not only teach the breaking of the laws of man but the laws of God.

In "A Free Soul," Norma Shearer leaves her lover and goes on the loose for a few months with a gangster. When she is cast over she returns to find her lover patiently waiting with open arms ready to forgive and forget. Connie Bennett and Joan Crawford have similar experiences in several of their pictures. These are the lessons Hollywood teaches the young girls of the world, to go wrong, how and when you wish, your Prince Charming is waiting just around the corner ready to forgive and forget—Bunk!

In "An American Tragedy" Theodore Dreiser teaches a different lesson, true to life, and Hollywood would be well advised to take a tip from this noted writer and cut out the "smut." Farrell and Gaynor, Dressler, Howard, Harding, Jackie Cooper, etc. don't require sexy matter to cover a weak story, and they can all draw the crowd. So let us have pictures we can send our girls to see without first having to find out what they are all about. *G. Law.*

$5.00 Letter
Hollywood's Own Physical Specimens

OMAHA, NEB.—This is only one man's opinion. You readers are the ultimate judges, of course, so please put up with me:

Johnny Weissmuller, swim champ, personable, no great facial beauty—but good-looking. Suddenly, almost electrically he is the latest edition of "TARZAN"! Chosen, friends, because he is the super-athlete of these vast, well-peopled United States!

Why didn't they just say he was exceptionally well-built? But then—they are press-agents and therefore given to out-of-turn blatancy! The man who selected Johnny said he had

(*Continued on page 91*)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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FARRELL
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Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

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Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albright, Hardie—playing in *A Successful Calamity* Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—playing in *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—recently completed *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Asther, Nils—playing in *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—recently completed *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bakewell, William—recently completed *Cheaters at Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bancroft, George—playing in *The World and the Flesh*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bannister, Harry—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, Lionel—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Man About Town*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—in *Free Lady*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Birell, Tala—playing in *Mountains in Flame*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *Miss Pinkerton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bond, Lilian—playing in *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, George—playing in *Miss Pinkerton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brian, Mary—recently completed *It's Tough To Be Famous*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brook, Clive—latest release *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—playing in *The Tenderfoot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, Tom—playing in *The Information Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bruce, Virginia—playing in *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *Winners Take All*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—latest release *Wayward*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *The Rich Are Always With Us*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cody, Lew—playing in *The Tenderfoot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Sensation*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Colman, Ronald—latest release *Arrowsmith*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Compton, Juliette—recently completed *Strangers In Love*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cook, Donald—playing in *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Cooper, Jackie—playing in *Limpy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Tinsel Lady*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Davis, Bette—playing in *The Jewel Robbery*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Dee, Frances—playing in *Clara Deane*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—latest release *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Douglas, Melvyn—playing in *Sensation*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Dove, Billie—latest release *Cock o' the air*—United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Duncan, Mary—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunn, James—playing in *Little Teacher*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *After the Rain*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Evans, Madge—playing in *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Erwin, Stuart—playing in *Sensation*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

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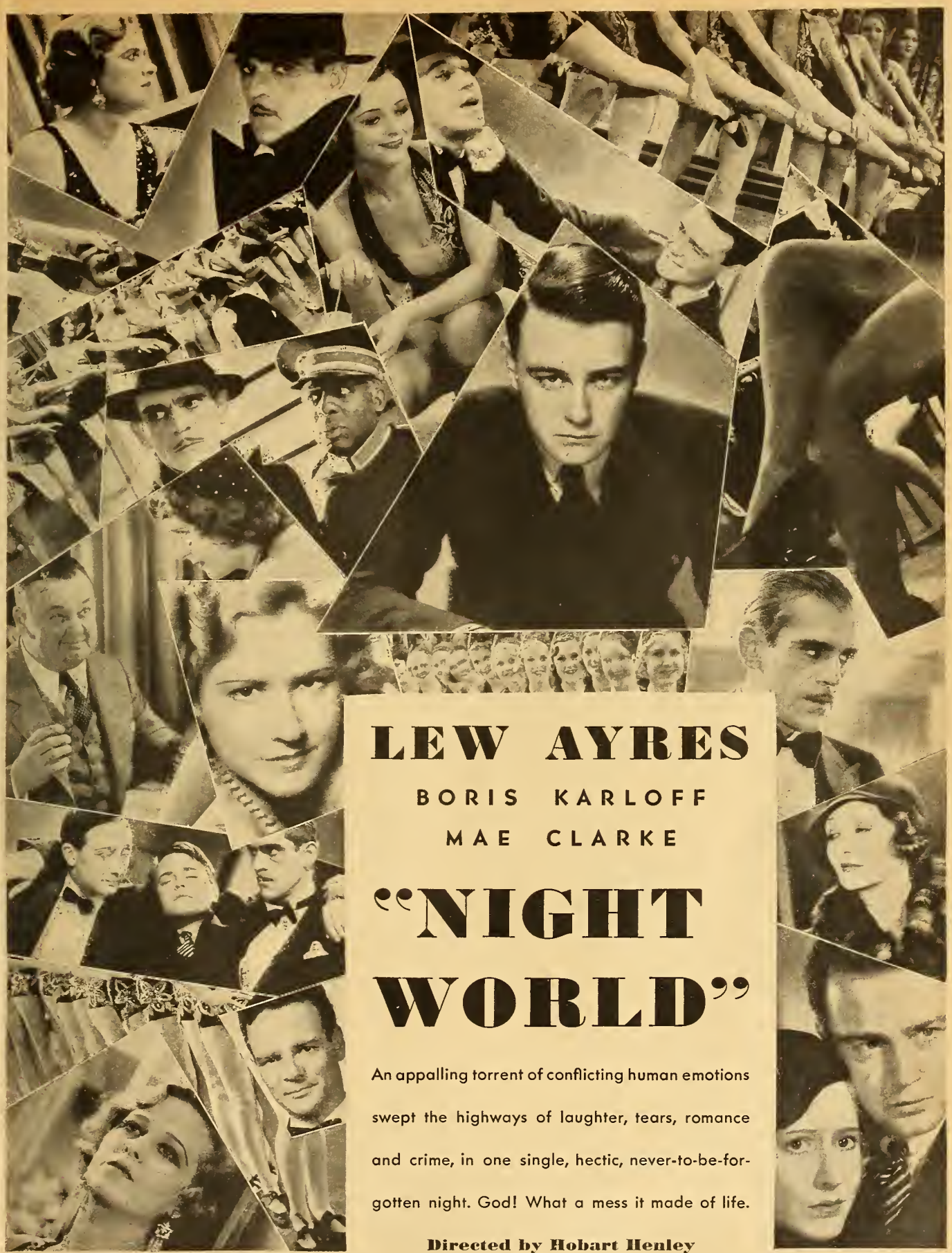
Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Love Is a Racket*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fenton, Leslie—playing in *Tinsel Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Ford, Wallace—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Miss Pinkerton*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Fox, Sidney—recently completed *The Mouthpiece*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Francis, Kay—recently completed *A Dangerous Brunette*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Garbo, Greta—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 10*)

LETTERS TO YOUR FAVORITES MAY BE SENT TO THE STUDIO ADDRESSES GIVEN HERE



LEW AYRES

BORIS KARLOFF

MAE CLARKE

"NIGHT WORLD"

An appalling torrent of conflicting human emotions swept the highways of laughter, tears, romance and crime, in one single, hectic, never-to-be-forgotten night. God! What a mess it made of life.

Directed by Hobart Henley

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Universal City, California

Carl Laemmle
President

730 Fifth Avenue, New York



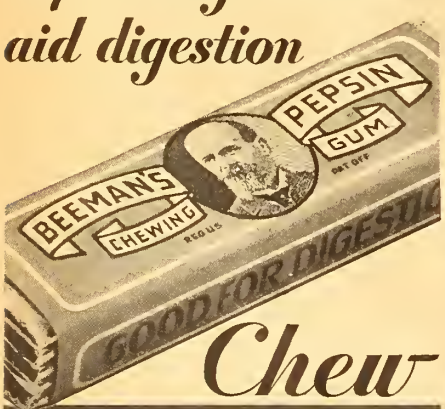
Pathetic little Alice

chosen Queen!

THEY called her names, they teased her and left her out of their games and class plays. "She is such an unattractive child" the teacher said . . . And then Alice's mother found a way to end the child's indigestion.

The difference is great between a smiling, healthy person and one who is handicapped by indigestion, but the cause may be slight. Often Beeman's Pepsin Gum will relieve the condition. Dr. Beeman had a great idea in putting pepsin in this gum. Chew it every day. The flavor is delicious.

Especially made to aid digestion



Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Gibson, Wynne—playing in *Clara Deane*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Haines, William—recently completed *Are You Listening?*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hamilton, Nell—playing in *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *Westward Passage*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Harlow, Jean—latest release *The Beast of the City*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—playing in *Night Court*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Holt, Jack—recently completed *Behind the Mask*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hopkins, Miriam—playing in *The World and the Flesh*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—latest release *Freaks*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—recently completed *South of the Rio Grande*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Limpy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Keaton, Buster — playing in *Footlights* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Keene, Tom—recently completed *Ghost Valley*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kennedy, Merna—recently completed *Ghost Valley* — Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Kirkwood, James—recently completed *Careless Lady* — Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—in *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *Sinners in the Sun*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Sensation*—Paramount Studios, 5451, Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Loy, Myrna—playing in *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—recently completed *The Big Timer*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Mackaill, Dorothy—recently completed *Love Affair*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Jerry and Joan*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Marsh, Marian—playing in *Street of Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Meighan, Thomas—recently completed *Cheaters at Play*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
McCrea, Joel—playing in *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
McLaglen, Victor—recently completed *The Devil's Lottery*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Menjou, Adolphe—latest release *Prestige*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Miljan, John—playing in *The Wet Parade*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Mix, Tom—recently completed *Destry Rides Again*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Sinners in the Sun*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Negri, Pola—latest release *A Woman Commands*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Nissen, Greta—latest release *The Silent Witness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *Little Teacher*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Jerry and Joan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, George—playing in *The Killer*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Clara Deane*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Oliver, Edna May—playing in *Hold 'Em Jail*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Olivier, Laurence—playing in *Westward Passage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *The Information Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Night Court*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Peterson, Dorothy—playing in *Limpy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Jewel Robbery*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Quillan, Eddie—recently completed *Girl Crazy*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Rathbone, Basil—latest release *A Woman Commands* — Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Two Seconds*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Down to Earth* — Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Roland, Gilbert—playing in *The Woman in Room 13* — Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy — playing in *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Jerry and Joan*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—recently completed *So Big*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Swanson, Gloria—latest release *Tonight or Never*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Tashman, Lilyan—recently completed *The Wiser Sex*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Tibbett, Lawrence—latest release *The Cuban Love Song*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Tracy, Lee—playing in *Tinsel Girl*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Tracy, Spencer—playing in *After the Rain*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Toomey, Regis—playing in *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—recently completed *The Broken Wing*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Von Stroheim, Erich—recently completed *The Lost Squadron*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Warner, H. B.—recently completed *The Menace*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Hold 'Em Jail*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
William, Warren—playing in *The Dark Horse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Woolsey, Robert—playing in *Hold 'Em Jail*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *Stowaway*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—recently completed *Play Girls*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

CONSULT THIS HANDY LIST WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT A PLAYER IS DOING



The magic symbol of great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE
1928 BEN HUR
1929 The BROADWAY MELODY
1930 The BIG HOUSE
1931 TRADER HORN

And in 1932

the eyes of the world are again on

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

FOR THE SUPREME THRILL OF THE MOTION PICTURE SCREEN

THE WET PARADE

***A giant romance of our times based on the* SENSATIONAL NOVEL *by* UPTON SINCLAIR**



He dared to tell the truth—sensationally, dramatically—in one of the greatest stories ever written for the American Screen.

with **Walter HUSTON**

Dorothy JORDAN • Lewis STONE

Neil HAMILTON • Myrna LOY • Wallace FORD

John MILJAN • Virginia BRUCE

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play



Wide World

Charles Farrell and his wife, Virginia Valli, ducked down to the El Mirador Hotel at Palm Springs, the desert resort—and even there they couldn't get away from cameras. Here they are, waiting to go for a morning canter. Finishing "After Tomorrow," Charlie needed a rest before starting "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (with Janet Gaynor)

The Movie Circus

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

A MURMUR of gratitude this month, Column-bines, to Miss Estelle Taylor. During her four-week sojourn in the hospital, convalescing from a fractured neck vertebra, local florists were able to pay all outstanding debts. Hollywood's beaux, as usual, showered Miss Estelle with plenty of petals.

INCIDENTALLY, a new phrase has been coined, and a florist (Chester Greetham who operates a popular blossom shop under the title of Halchester's) is responsible.

NOWADAYS when a lady is the recipient of orchids from her gentleman, Hollywood says he is *halchestering* her. Old-fashioned George O'Brien, however, continues to call it *queening* her. You should know, further, that George's favorite object of *queening* is Marguerite Churchill, which makes Also-admirer Russell Gleason want to crown him. That is, when Russell is not squiring Mary (Popular) Brian to the polo meet.

FOR your further information, the floral Mr. Greetham knows more about the colony's tiffs, spats and heart affiliations than a certain Walter Winchell. But he doesn't broadcast it. Being a good business man, he prefers to let the gentlemen say it . . . with flowers.

IN awarding the Rosettes this month, one goes to whoever was responsible for the line "Iss it your eyess?" in the hospital scene of "Mata Hari," Garbo-Novarro's latest tussle with the Muses.

Bandaged from pate to nostrils after a plane crash, Novarro is visited by Glorious Garbo who, after a moment's conversation with her muffled lover, remarks: "Iss it your eyess?"

The impulse of any other man would be to answer, despite continuity: "No, dearie. Just a little sinus trouble." But Novarro is a gentleman. Novarro is also an artist. He proved that by graciously submerging himself in a minor rôle to play opposite the Glamourous Greta.

ANOTHER choice line is that one in W. S. Van Dyke's "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (no relation, incidentally, to the prowling Hollywood marauder who crashed news headlines some months ago). In this tasty jungle piece Heroine Maureen O'Sullivan, Poppa C. Aubrey Smith and Otherman Neil Hamilton are captured by a tribe of tiny African savages whose average height reaches to Maureen's shapely (and have you noticed too?) waist.

It is, as the party is surrounded by a sea of tiny blacks, that Maureen speaks her immortal line: "Are these Pygmies?"

IN justice to Director Van Dyke, who has been harassed enough with queries about the authenticity of certain scenes of his "Trader Horn," we must quote his response to this department's chiding: "Did you," he said in reproof, "listen for Hamilton's answer? He said 'No, they are dwarfs.'"

This is probably what is known as "educational dialogue" by those in the "know."

THIS department is still a little con-fused about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's abnormal output this season. "Freaks," a story of sideshow monstrosities, is playing downtown; at Mister Sidney Patrick Grauman's Chinese Theatre the strange tale of a nymph-like lady known as "Mata Hari" is being unwound; and now "Tarzan," who learned about life from gorillas, is about to be unspun.

Small wonder that Mr. Pissh, our confidential sleuth, got all boggled the other night, picked up his hat and rushed out shrieking that he was going down to see that new ape picture, "Matted Hairi."

Applause Note

ACTING honors of "Tarzan" are divided between a champ and a chimp. What's a vowel between artists? The champ is Johnny (What-a-body!) Weissmuller, swimming champion, and the chimp is Emma Simia-Satyrus of the Equatorial Simians. In short, a chimpanzee. Both perform with exceeding naturalness and a direct simplicity hard to duplicate in the better Hollywood acting circles.

IN fact, this department knows a couple of ingénues that could take a few lessons, well-needed, from Miss Emma.

CONSIDERING Weissmuller as a po-tential idol, Congressman Clark Gable's loyal constituencies need not fret. Johnny, according to our sly sleuth, will never be a Heart-Throbber like Gable, Valentino or Wally Reid, for the reason that, dressed, he looks like the Average Man. Which the Average Woman sees all the time and with whom, therefore, she is dreadfully bored.

Undressed as *Tarzan*, Johnny looks *too* di-*vine*, as Tallulah Bankhead might say. Gable, contrarily, lost the *Tarzan* assignment because he looked too much like the Average Man when they tested him in Gandhi-wear.

(*Continued on page 72*)

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

By J. E. R.

Alias the Doctor—If you can believe that a man could live a false and tortured life to save another man from ruin, you will call this latest Richard Barthelmess picture good drama (F. N.).

Almost Married—The sexy title hides an exciting melodrama about a young couple who risk their lives—and save them—by posing as man and wife. Well acted by Violet Heming and Alexander Kirkland (Fox).

Arsene Lupin—With neither "stealing" the picture from the other, John and Lionel Barrymore treat you to an amusing melodrama—with John playing a smooth crook and Lionel a smooth detective (M-G-M).

The Beast of the City—As the title tells you, he's a gangster (Jean Hersholt), and he and the Beast of the City, Walter Huston, have a battle to the death. A sermon in pictures (M-G-M).

Behind the Mask—The title sounds like a title for a serial, and the plot follows serial lines—being about dope smugglers and narcotic agents, with Jack Holt and Boris Karloff as good as they should be (Col.).

The Blonde Captive—The melodramatic tag hardly tells you that this is an easygoing photographic record of an expedition in search of living types of prehistoric man. For natural history students (W. M. Pizor).

Broken Lullaby—Formerly "The Man I Killed," this is one of the best anti-war pictures yet produced—and would have been better if Phillips Holmes had been less wooden as the remorseful French soldier. Lionel Barrymore, as the German father, steals the picture (Par.).

Business and Pleasure—A disappointing screen version of Tarkington's "The Plutocrat," with Will Rogers a Yankee razor-blade magnate among the unshaved sheiks of Turkey. It could have been much funnier (Fox).

Cheaters at Play—After the fashion of "Transatlantic," this is another crook melodrama—and a good one—laid aboard a steamship. Thomas Meighan, James Kirkwood and William Bakewell are involved (Fox).

Cock of the Air—The title refers to Chester Morris, a cocky young American aviator, who proves to Billie Dove that all's fair in love and war. Nonsense—but first-class nonsense (U. A.).

Dance Team—From beginning to end, this amusing, true-to-life saga of a small-time hoofer and his mate has everything it should have—including James Dunn and Sally Eilers (Fox).

The Expert—Chic Sale goes to the big city to live with his daughter and son-in-law—and gives you a great characterization of an old man who is "expert" at doing unappreciated things (W. B.).

The Final Edition—After editor Pat O'Brien fires reporter Mae Clarke, she goes out and solves a gangland murder—and shows him his mistake. First-rate newspaper melodrama, with the action fast (Col.).

Fireman, Save My Child—Joe E. Brown is kept busy in this—playing not only a fireman, but an inventor and a baseball pitcher. One of his funniest efforts to date (F. N.).

Freaks—The king of all the shudder pictures—a morbid, exaggerated story about the misshapen beings of a circus sideshow, and the revenge they take against the strong man and the trapeze artiste (M-G-M).

The Greeks Had a Word for Them—If you want to singe your Aunt Nellie's ears, take her to see Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell as three amusing and incurable gold-diggers. It was even funnier before the censors did their worst (U. A.).

Hell's House—Junior Durkin gets sent to reform school for chumming with a bootlegger (Pat O'Brien), and if you believe what you see, you'll take a bitter dislike to reform schools. Strong stuff (B. F. Ziedman).



Joe E. Brown, a threefold hero in "Fireman, Save My Child," is teased by both Lilian Bond and Evalyn Knapp



Victor McLaglen sees eye-to-eye with Helen Mack in making the shadows exciting in "While Paris Sleeps"

Hotel Continental—Like "Grand Hotel," this is a vivid cross-section of life, except that the setting is American and the characters are more normal. Peggy Shannon is prominent in the proceedings (Tiffany).

The Impatient Maiden—Mae Clarke wants to marry Lew Ayres, who's a young hospital interne, but almost lets her love for him cheat both of them of happiness. A gripping, well-told love story (Univ.).

Ladies of the Jury—Imagine Edna May Oliver (and her sniff!) serving on a jury, and you can imagine what happens in this comedy, which is whimsical and different (RKO).

Law and Order—This details—without any bothersome love interest—the shoot-'em-up exploits of one "Saint" Johnson (Walter Huston), who cleans up the toughest town in the West. A rip-roarin' Western (Univ.).

Lovers Courageous—Thanks to their sense of humor, Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans manage to make their marriage a success, despite hard luck and hard parents. This picture has that rare thing, charm (M-G-M).

The Man Who Played God—One of the year's best performances is turned in by George Arliss, as a famous musician who goes deaf and turns against God, until he starts "playing God," himself (W. B.).

The Menace—One of the late Edgar Wallace's many thrillers, about a "dead" man who comes back, made into a fairly creepy movie with H. B. Warner and Walter Byron (Col.).

Murders in the Rue Morgue—You'll find little of Edgar Allen Poe's original horror classic in this picture, but it still may give you a gasp or two. Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox are prominent in it (Univ.).

No One Man—Another story about a playgirl (Carole Lombard) who can't decide which suitor she prefers—given a better production than it deserves. It also boasts one of the longest kisses on record (Par.).

Panama Flo—This might have been called, "A Hard-Boiled Innocent," for Helen Twelvetrees leads a life of misadventures, yet remains as pure as the driven snow. Exciting, but seldom convincing (RKO-Pathé).

The Passionate Plumber—Hiring out as a gigolo to Irene Purcell, plumber Buster Keaton proceeds to fall in love and make countless other comical mistakes. In this Gilbert Roland returns to the screen (M-G-M).

Polly of the Circus—A talkie revival, with Marion Davies and Clark Gable, of the story about the circus star and the young minister who fell in love, almost ruining his career. Always interesting (M-G-M).

The Scar—Once known as "Scarface" and "The Shame of a Nation," this tells you all you need to know about the character of a gang leader, played to a turn by Paul Muni. It carries a real punch (U. A.).

Service for Ladies—If you have missed Leslie Howard from the screen (and who hasn't ?), you'll be glad to know that he's the star of this English-made film, playing a head waiter who's an amusing *Don Juan* (Par.).

The Silent Witness—An unusual story, in which you think you know the murderer, see another man (Lionel Atwill) taking the blame, and get a surprise in the last few feet. You'll like newcomer Atwill (Fox).

Sky Devils—Bill Boyd and Spencer Tracy, tired of being nursemaids to artillery mules, bluff their way into the air corps. Rough, but funny war comedy, with some spectacular aviation (U. A.).

The Struggle—What can drink do to a poor working-man (like Hal Skelly) ? D. W. Griffith, turning reformer, proceeds to show you—but overdoes it (U. A.).

Taxi!—A swell little picture, with James Cagney being belligerently Irish as a cab driver who breaks up a taxi racket with his flying fists and a barrage of telling wisecracks (W. B.).

The Texas Gun-Fighter—Ken Maynard, who used to be a bandit, is elected sheriff of Silver City, and then the silver disappears. He clears himself with a good hand-to-hand fight. Grade A Western (Tiffany).

Tomorrow and Tomorrow—The narrow-minded won't approve of the way Ruth Chatterton deceives her husband (the late Robert Ames), with Paul Lukas, but others will find this a poignant story, well acted (Par.).

Union Depot—A kaleidoscope of life, with the setting a big and exciting railroad terminal. The chief characters are a young tramp (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) and a stranded chorus girl (Joan Blondell) (F. N.).

Wayward—As in "The Devil's Holiday," Nancy Carroll marries a man whose family tries to wreck the marriage—but things drag this time. This, however, is not the fault of Nancy or Richard Arlen (Par.).

While Paris Sleeps—It's about time we had another melodrama about the underworld of Paris, and here is a good one—with Victor McLaglen and a promising newcomer named Helen Mack (Fox).

The Wiser Sex—To save her lover (Melvyn Douglas) from the electric chair, Claudette Colbert trails that smooth pair, Lilyan Tasbman and William Boyd. Good crook melodrama (Par.).

That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

IF you're coming to Hollywood, you ought to know that the white-haired gent in white riding togs, prancing on a white horse along Sunset Boulevard bridle path, is Hobart Bosworth. And the girl with the Scotty on the leash may be Joan Crawford.

The handsome fellow driving a touring car, wearing a blue beret, is Nils Asther. The blonde with the monocle will be the English actress, Heather Thatcher. The lady sometimes heard to sniff—that's Edna May Oliver.

And the girl in mannish pajamas may be Tallulah Bankhead. She wears 'em. A mischievous and elusive smile characterizes Tala Birell, the new find of the Garbo school, and Lewis Stone often wears white spats.

WITTY remark of the month is authored by Bob Montgomery. A bunch of reporters asked him why he didn't speak out more frankly. "Jackie Cooper does," one of them added. "So would I," Bob replied, "—if my position were as sure as Jackie Cooper's!"

EVERYBODY, by the way, has been looking high and low for a little leading lady to play opposite the Cooper kid. "When they're pretty, they're too dumb," says Jackie, explaining the situation. "And when they're bright, they look awful!"

SPEAKING of dumbness brings us to the latest foreign actor to arrive in Hollywood. He is Luis Trenker, the skiing champion you will see in "Mountains in Flame." Pale and perspiring studio experts hovered around the set where the picture was shooting. All was evidently not going well. "These dumb——foreigners," somebody muttered within our hearing.

Then we got the story from Tala Birell, who plays the lead. Trenker didn't know a word of English, apparently, when he arrived in this country. He was put to work at once, however, and had some slight difficulty in understanding English directions. "Now he's doing better, he understands very well," Tala told us, and that was after he'd been in Hollywood a week.

If *that's* dumb, we don't know what dumb means, and we'd like to see a few studio executives stranded in Vienna, trying to teach the natives to be yes-men!

ANOTHER light on the persistence and aptitude of these foreigners is supplied by Nora Gregor, whom you will see in "The Truth Game." She used to play in foreign versions at M-G-M. Then several foreign versions went out, and also many players.

Instead of retreating Europe-wards, Nora stayed on and learned English. She played on the stage just to show what she could do, and now Nora Gregor has a contract with M-G-M again, this time for English pictures.



Wide World

Dorothy Mackaill has skated on thin ice in many a picture, but this is probably the first time you ever saw her using ice skates. Dot, who does know how to use them, has been mascot of a Hollywood hockey team

by MARK DOWLING & LYNN NORRIS

STATISTICAL note: the Fox sound library has 1500 different sounds recorded, not counting musical instruments. During the recent freak snowfall over Hollywood, they got out the sound machines and took pictures—or whatever you call it—of the crunch made by footfalls in the snow. A chance like that comes once in a lifetime—about once in fifty-four years.

THE weather was not appreciated at RKO, however, where they wanted to film Helen Twelvetrees sitting on a sunny beach. Day after day it rained. Finally they constructed an artificial beach inside the studio, and as the fake sunlight poured brightly down, all our weather-boosters were seen to drop big tears.

PROBABLY the most puzzled fellow in town is Donald Fairchild, the writer. A pet play of his was turned down by several studios as too censorable—a young boy fell in love with an older woman.

Then he went downtown and saw "Freaks," in which a midget marries a full-grown woman, and has been asking embarrassing questions of the Hays office ever since.

MORE superlatives have been used about that super-super, "Grand Hotel," than ever before in the history of this sometimes grandiloquent industry. One shot of 750 feet was made with John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Lewis Stone, and Jean Hersholt all represented.

First they rehearsed these six players many times. Then they brought in the several bit players who figured in the scene, and rehearsed again. *Then* they added the hundred and fifty extras who had to walk back and forth in the background, and after more rehearsing they filmed it—eighteen times.

HEART-THROBS: Johnny Weissmuller got lots of notes from lovelorn ladies who saw him in the preview of "Tarzan." We sat in front of a girl who'd never heard of the world's swimming champion, and who had never read any of the *Tarzan* books. Her escort had a pretty tough time telling her what it was all about.

GRETA NISSEN has just eloped with Weldon Heyburn, the boy who looks so much like Clark Gable that Charlie Farrell brought him to a party, introduced him as Clark, and even Clark's best friends were tricked by the impersonation.

VISITORS to Caliente, the gambling resort, were rather disillusioned when they saw the big shots of the movies, Doug and Mary and Harold Lloyd, gambling excitedly over mere fifty-cent pieces. It was several actors whose names were only dimly familiar who were throwing around the $100 bills.

And one fan felt that his Big Moment had come when a little fellow, who had lost his ready cash and succumbed to the general excitement of the moment, rushed up to borrow two dollars from a complete stranger. The little fellow was Bert Wheeler.

DO you know that Tom Mix paid $12.50 for Tony? And he's named after the old Italian from whom Tom bought him? That Irene Dunne won't have pictures in her dressing-room—thinks they are bad luck? That Mae Clarke has made

(*Continued on page 83*)

ISN'T IT A SHAME?

Isn't it a shame that a girl so attractive, so charming, so intelligent, should miss the better things of life—romance, marriage, the companionship of others? And all because of one little fault. One little fault she doesn't realize. One little fault which looms big—and unforgivable—to others. And isn't it a shame that there are thousands—nay, tens of thousands—who put themselves in her class by the same unpardonable oversight . . . ?

There are two social faults which no one forgives.

The most common is halitosis (unpleasant breath). Less frequent is perspiration odor.

Of both the victim is unaware. Both yield readily to Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic, the *sure* deodorant.

Every morning and every night, use Listerine as a gargle. It gets rid of halitosis. Ninety percent of all breath odors are caused by bits of fermenting food in the mouth. Listerine immediately halts fermentation and then gets rid of the odors themselves. Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 4 days.

Perspiration odor is the result of a complex chemical action. No mere soap and water will remove it. After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. The same deodorant properties that established its success against halitosis, render it effective against this condition.

Isn't it foolish to risk social disfavor when you have a safe, pleasant, and effective preventive in Listerine?

Send for our FREE book of Etiquette—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. T. R. 5, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



FOR HALITOSIS AND BODY ODORS

Your Skin needs only 4 things to be lovely



CLEANSING • LUBRICATING • STIMULATING • PROTECTING

You can make your skin more lovely by the same inexpensive care famous society women use

"WHAT needless extravagance to clutter one's dressing table with complicated beauty preparations! Pond's simple, wholesome Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in much less time, at much less cost."

So Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, and countless other women of wealth and leisure have come to know that the skin needs just four things to make and keep it lovely: Cleansing . . . Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting.



Mrs. Morgan Belmont

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream tells you why it is the favorite cleansing cream —it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the tiny pores and float out dust and grime . . . To remove the cream and all the dirt, Pond's have made Cleansing Tissues which are *softer*, more absorbent .. Together, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Cleansing Tissues give your skin the first necessity for loveliness—utter cleanliness.

For lubricating, again Pond's Cold Cream! Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic . . . Stimulating is the job of Pond's Skin Freshener. It tightens the pores and tones the skin by quickening circulation . . . To give ideal protection is the business of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is "essential," Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says.



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

FOLLOW Pond's Method to keep your skin radiantly fresh and clear:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent . . . half again as many Tissues in the big new 25¢ box.

2. Pat briskly with the stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep the contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises blemishes and gives a velvety finish. Use Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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Otto Dyar

CAROLE LOMBARD

A woman of stone? Well, hardly! Carole's beauty may be the kind that sculptors dream about, but beyond those classical lines there's a heart working overtime—because its owner is one bathing girl who rose to stardom, instead of vanishing (see page 30). She'll be anything but marble in "Sinners in the Sun," her second starring picture, in which Chester Morris is The One Man



Ernest A. Bachrach

KITTY KELLY

Has everybody here seen Kelly—the one whose first name rhymes with pretty? If not, you can see what you've missed. And you can also see that Mrs. Kelly's daughter isn't a harmless, freckled colleen—but a dangerous, exotic creature. And on top of all this, she's a former Ziegfeld lass—not just a chorus girl, but a featured attraction. You'll learn why in "Girl Crazy"—and ask for more



LEW AYRES

Every time Lew has his picture taken lately, he's smiling. What's the explanation? Are Buddy Rogers' admirers now writing to Lew, since Buddy has stopped portraying Young America for the screen? Is he showing the world how happy he is to be married to Lola Lane? Or is he rehearsing the title rôle of "Laughing Boy," in which he will play a young Navajo Indian, very much in love?



Ernest A. Bachrach

DOLORES DEL RIO

We ask you, men—would it be safe to go to Hawaii, if there were many native maidens like Dolores? It might not be safe, but how alluring! Dolores' strong point is playing native girls, yet here is a new, even more colorful Del Rio—as the dark-skinned heroine of "The Bird of Paradise," who falls hopelessly in love with an American. She's making a comeback you will remember!



Earl Crowley

LILY DAMITA

She's the one and only screen star who doesn't care how her hair looks—which only proves how shrewd the French girl is. For maybe you'll think she's as wild as that same hair, when she isn't at all, except in pictures. Nary a sensational romance has she had—to date (we hasten to add). But imagine what effect she has on Charlie Ruggles when she looks like this in "This Is the Night"!



Hurrell

JOAN CRAWFORD

"Which is the real Joan Crawford—the dancing Lucille Le Sueur, or the poised and proper Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.?" That question is asked in the story on page 44, and the author's startling answer is, "Neither." There's more behind Joan's serious eyes than you guess. She will next turn them upon you in "Letty Lynton," in which Robert Montgomery, no less, will be her co-star



Hal Phyfe

JAMES DUNN

This newest portrait of sunny Jim was made in New York, just after Mrs. Rumor told the folks that his health was failing him, because of overwork. You don't need anything more than this picture to tell you the report was false. Besides, he is now making "Little Teacher," with Marian Nixon, and immediately afterward is to do "Society Girl," with Peggy Shannon. Healthy signs!

MOTION PICTURE Presents the Coming





George Brent was born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15, 1904—and in his case the rocky, rocky road led away from Dublin, not to it. He has been acting for ten years, working his way up, inch by inch, until now he's only about a half-inch away from screen stardom. Watch George!

Tala Birell was born in Roumania twenty-three years ago, and doesn't mention the fact that her mother was a famous Polish baroness. When likened to Garbo, Tala—who's famous in her own right abroad—objects. She doesn't want to do the Garbo type of rôle. She'll surprise you!

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

We Nominate for Stardom

As the leading magazine of the motion picture industry, we are here not only to write of stars already established—*but to help to build the stars of tomorrow.* We have been giving you advance information on promising newcomers for twenty-one years. Heretofore, however, this information has been somewhat scattered. With this issue, we are starting a monthly department to answer that always-intriguing question: "Who will be the stars of tomorrow?"

From our inside knowledge of what goes on at the studios, we know what producers honestly think of newcomers, what they are planning for them, and which ones are showing great promise in their first parts. Each month we shall tell you about them, show you pictures of them—invest space in our magazine in them. But we want your help in our "star-making." We want you to go to see their first pictures, yourself, and write us what you think of our candidates for stardom.—*Editor.*

TALA BIRELL—UNIVERSAL

Tala, is a mystery girl. Universal has had her under contract for almost a year, and yet you have never seen her on the screen. But you soon will. She is working now on her first picture, "Mountains in Flame," in which she plays a peasant girl. After that she will play a sophisticated rôle in "Nana," by Zola.

She was born in Bucharest, Roumania, and christened Natalie Bierl; her mother was the former Baroness Sahaydahowska of Poland. Tala speaks seven languages as though they were her own. Her beauty is unlike that of any other screen star, though, like most foreign newcomers, she has been compared to Garbo. Blonde, with blue eyes, Tala has the cameo-cut features of an aristocrat. She is at once direct and dignified, simple and strange.

Carl Laemmle has great plans for Tala. That is why you have not seen her yet. A pupil of Max Reinhardt in Berlin and Vienna, she was a Continental favorite at twenty. Now, at twenty-three, she bids fair to become a great American favorite as well. She was brought to Universal City for the German version of "The Boudoir Diplomat." Completing that, she was assigned a supporting part in an American picture; on the second day, she was taken out of the cast. Already studio prophets sensed that here they had something rare and different. They decided that Tala Birell should be kept for only the most important things, and not wasted on unworthy parts and small pictures. Her long wait over, she is now on her way at last.



We Believe in Her

Because she is beautiful and gay and Viennese. *Because* she is a new type of beauty and the screen needs change. *Because* she has proved herself a great actress abroad. *Because* she has a contract with yearly renewal clauses, instead of six-month renewals. *Because* Universal is prepared to back her with all its resources.

We shall soon give you her surprising story. Watch for "Mountains in Flame" and "Nana"—and Tala Birell.

GEORGE BRENT—WARNER BROTHERS

They call George Brent "another Gable," but we don't know why unless it is because he has been in Hollywood for a long while without getting a real break, and now suddenly he gets two breaks at once! Imagine an unknown actor cast as leading man to two such stars as Barbara Stanwyck and Ruth Chatterton at one and the same time! George is making love to Barbara in evening clothes one day, and to Ruth in riding clothes the next. And yet, until Warner Brothers "discovered" him, he had had only minor parts in a succession of eight pictures, beginning with "The Big Trail."



He is Irish, twenty-seven, six feet one, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He carries himself like a soldier, which is natural enough, since he comes from a family of soldiers. In his ten years as an actor, he has played more than three hundred rôles, and has owned six stock companies. But he came to Hollywood without ballyhoo or a contract. A test picture won him his contract. His personality has won everyone who has met him, and his talent as an actor—well, listen to Ruth Chatterton when she says, "I have never had a leading man whose work pleased me more!"

We have seen George, and have felt his magnetism and charm. We have talked to Warner executives and have heard their amazing plans for their new find.

We Believe in Him

Because he looks you straight in the eye and doesn't drop his gaze even when you drop yours. *Because* he has had education—at the National University in Dublin—and is a finished actor. *Because* he has been elevated from nothing to the post of leading man to two of the most particular and hard-to-suit stars in the movies—and he is suiting them.

Watch for George in "So Big" and "The Rich Are Always with Us." You will see him often in our pages in the future.

The Romance That Hollywood Couldn't Destroy

Have you believed any of the rumors from Hollywood that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are near the parting of the ways? This story should end such rumors, for good and all. Here, for the first time, is the inspiring inside story of the world's most famous romance —as it stands to-day!

WHEN headlines recently told the world that Jack Pickford and Mary Mulhern, his third wife, had parted and that she was suing for divorce—did you wonder about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks? Did you wonder if there could be any truth in the rumors that their famous romance is also falling apart —going the way of so many Hollywood marriages?

It is time to put an end to such rumors and such wonderings. For here, as solid as bedrock, is one romance that Hollywood could not—and cannot—destroy. Let me tell you what happened one evening just before Douglas Fairbanks recently sailed for the South Seas to film his new travelogue:

Shortly after dinner, at six-thirty to be exact, Mary Pickford left their newly-remodeled house, Pickfair. Doug had not dined at home—in fact, he was not expected to return from the studio until sometime around ten. His business, however, was finished earlier, and he 'phoned to say that he was coming home immediately. Mrs. Fairbanks, the butler informed him, was out. No, sir, there was no message. She had not said where she was going.

At nine-twenty, Mary returned. She found the house in an uproar. Doug had come in at eight and, believing Mary might have gone to visit her brother, had called Jack. But Jack had not seen his sister all day, so Doug 'phoned a cousin. Mary wasn't there, either. Nor was she at Doug, Junior's place.



Ewing Galloway

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, as you would see them if you went up to Pickfair—a happy couple who "don't mind" what Hollywood says. This photograph was taken by Burton Holmes, world-famous traveler

Doug's Bad Scare

IN rapid succession, Doug talked to a dozen intimate friends upon whom Mary might presumably have been calling. No one had any idea where she might be. The search, begun with no serious intent, suddenly became intensely serious. Doug paced the white carpet of Pickfair's drawing-room. Suppose she had met with an automobile accident! Suppose she had been kidnaped! For years they have been receiving kidnap threats and ignoring them—

The anxious husband had reached a fever pitch of imagining and was on the point of phoning all the hospitals, when Mary appeared. Totally unaware of the havoc her absence had wrought, she had been visiting a girl-friend, the only really intimate friend with whom Doug had failed to communicate. She had been gone a scant three hours of the early evening, but unless the militia had been called out, there could hardly have been a greater furore made over her disappearance.

And this is the Hollywood couple that rumor has had on the verge of separation!

For many months, reports that all was not well in the Pickford-Fairbanks ménage have constituted a gossipers' holiday. What started these reports is just one of those inexplicable things—that is, inexplicable even in Hollywood where rumors grow on every bush and eucalyptus tree. So generally accepted was the theory that a divorce impended, that soon Hollywood would believe nothing else. Certainly the film gossipers did everything in their power to help their predictions find fulfilment. There seemed to be a concerted drive to *force* a separation.

How Gossips Watched Them

THE avidity with which Mary and Doug's little private hilltop has been kept under surveillance is nothing short of amazing. Everyone going or coming has been observed and reported upon. The royal guests of Pickfair have always been subject to comment. Hollywood resents the fact that Mary and Doug entertain nobility and do not use their guests to obtain a fanfare of publicity. This seems, to the Hollywood-trained mind, a scandalous waste of good newspaper space.

The Fairbankses' home was watched for fellow actors and actresses into whose visits a secret romance might be read. Hollywood, you know, has never graduated from Main Street. It still peeks from half-closed blinds and no one dares to have a party-line telephone.

Unfortunately or fortunately—depending upon how you look at it, there were enough nice young chaps and equally nice young

By
JACK GRANT

ladies among the Fairbankses' immediate circle of friends to afford the scandal-mongers with plenty of material for gossip. Rumors were current that linked Mary's name with Buddy Rogers, Johnny Mack Brown and a number of others. Doug was said to be interested in Lupe Velez, a Hawaiian princess, a British peeress. Totally erroneous, these rumors all added, nevertheless, to the festive spirit of the gossipers' holiday.

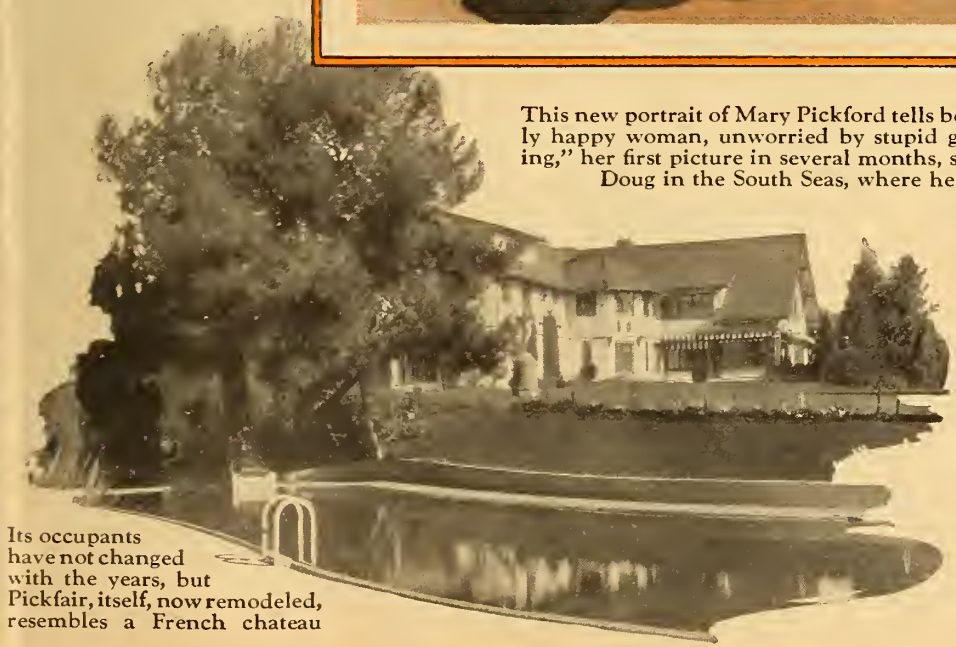
Even some of the recognized magazine writers entered the game. Mary was interviewed by scores of people who hoped to scoop the world by being the first to print a story of her marital woes. What they obtained totaled nothing, but their imaginations ran riot.

They imagined that a stark, bitter tragedy lay just beneath the surface of her brave exterior. And if you want to get a writer excited, just suggest an unwritten tragedy! Writers searched deeply for "the secret Mary was trying to hide behind a wan smile."



Russell Ball

This new portrait of Mary Pickford tells better than words that she is a serenely happy woman, unworried by stupid gossip. Now making "Happy Ending," her first picture in several months, she hopes to finish it in time to join Doug in the South Seas, where he is filming a new travelogue



Its occupants have not changed with the years, but Pickfair, itself, now remodeled, resembles a French chateau

"You could plainly see," they said, "that she did not tell ALL. She talked bravely enough, but underneath lurked her true unhappiness. Her lips smiled, but her eyes were sad. How tragic to have so much and yet be so unhappy!" (You know how sob-sisters can sob. There is no need for us to go further.)

Mary and Doug have done a splendid job of ignoring the whole situation. They have never once given any rumor dignity by denying

(*Continued on page 84*)



Talk about Jean Harlow!—did you ever see Marie Prevost as a Sennett girl? She is one of the few who has found real fame



©Mack Sennett Comedies

Some of the typical beauties of the old Sennett Chamber—girls who have now vanished. When this picture was taken, they were the most daring creatures on the screen. And how their photos sold!



©Mack Sennett Comedies

Betty Boyd, below, is typical of the new Sennett beauties. She has all the finesse of a Park Avenue deb



What has become of Harriett Hammond, at the right, whom Elinor Glyn once chose as a prize screen beauty?



Besides being bathing girls, the Sennett beauties had to be harem damsels—like Anita Barnes, above



Phyllis Haver, who wore chiffon bathing suits, is one of the three Sennettors who have wed millionaires



Ball

Ruth Hiatt—a recent Sennett girl—is now Ken Maynard's leading lady. The hat and boots are his

What has become of the Famous Sennett Beauties?

What the Follies girls are to Broadway, the Sennett bathing beauties once were to Hollywood. A few—like Gloria Swanson—have risen to stardom. But most of them, though just as pretty and just as talented, have vanished completely. What has happened to them? Louise Fazenda, who was one of them, clears up Hollywood's most baffling mystery!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

WHAT has become of the famous Sennett bathing girls—the beauties who gave sex appeal to the screen long before anyone heard of Clara Bow? You have seen a few of them make the difficult journey from the comedy lots to dramatic fame—like Gloria Swanson, Carole Lombard, Bebe Daniels, Marian Nixon, Louise Fazenda, Sally Eilers, Marie Prevost, Carmelita Geraghty, Vera Reynolds and Phyllis Haver. But what of the score of other Sennett beauties—just as beautiful and just as talented? Have they married wealthy husbands, after the manner of Follies girls? Are some of them still in Hollywood, still in pictures? What has become of them?

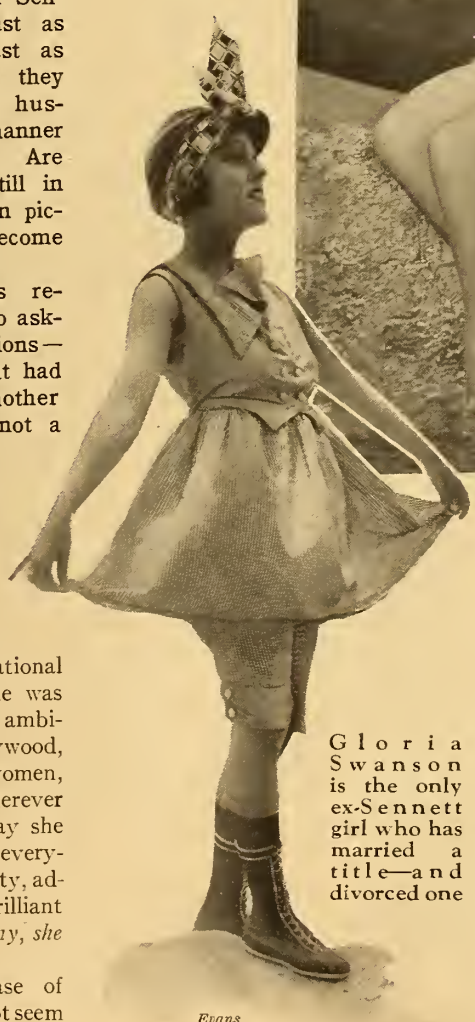
Hollywood was recently startled into asking these questions—after reading what had happened to another comedy beauty (not a Sennett girl).

In 1926, this lovely blonde—let us call her Evelyn Innes—was a star in short comedies. She had been the winner of a national beauty contest; she was young, talented, ambitious; even in Hollywood, city of gorgeous women, she caused a stir wherever she went. One day she seemed to have everything—youth, beauty, admiration, and a brilliant future. *The next day, she had disappeared.*

The strange case of Evelyn Innes did not seem strange to Hollywood. In this town of skyrocket fame and overnight oblivion, even the most famous are soon forgotten. It is a city of To-day, where everyone lives feverishly in the moment. If a player is no longer seen on the Boulevard or in the Embassy, that player no longer exists. But all the same, Hollywood recalled Evelyn Innes when a brief newspaper item solved the five-year-old mystery of her disappearance. Under another name, the item ran, the former film beauty was a patient in a State Hospital for the Insane. A nervous breakdown from the strain of her screen work had struck her down at the threshold of her career.



This is how Carole Lombard dazzled the bald-headed row, back in her Sennett days. Compare with the portrait on page 19!



Gloria Swanson is the only ex-Sennett girl who has married a title—and divorced one

Evans

If Garbo Could Vanish—

IN a town where even the great Garbo can be lost to sight for a month, only to be discovered by accident in a city three thousand miles away, living under an assumed name, is it so strange that lesser stars can vanish overnight? Is it so strange that so many beauties who, like Evelyn Innes, once were queens of the comedy lots, are now Lost Ladies of Laughter? Once their charms in bathing-suits and lingerie were known to millions of moviegoers who bought their photographs on postal cards, laughed uproariously at their pursuit by the cross-eyed comedian, gaped at their opulent undress—and promptly forgot them. The Follies beauties have become a part of Broadway history, but the Mack Sennett bathing beauties—where have they gone?

Some of today's bright stars and featured players, who began their careers as Sennett bathing beauties, choose to forget those days. Even Mack Sennett, himself, prefers not to look back on

them, they say. But Louise Fazenda is not like the rest of Hollywood. Wise, tolerant, getting a laugh out of life, Louise has kept her memories of that mad, cluttered, Sennett lot with its bare shanty stages, its red-nosed tramps, and silk-hat dudes, its trained cats and lions and its white-limbed, silken-haired beauties; she has preserved among her most precious possessions faded pictures of chases, and funny falls, and pie-throwing and other antics of her days as a Sennett bathing girl.

"Most of the girls were real beauties," says Louise, gazing at a photograph of a buxom, golden-curled blonde, all luscious curves under the voluminous striped bathing-suit and coquettish parasol. "Not one of us who still survive in pictures was considered the prize of the lot in those days. There was Harriett Hammond, for instance—the prettiest girl I have ever seen on the screen; and Mary Thurman, who was a great star then; and little Marvel Rey. They were girls with perfect figures and lovely legs and wonderful hair and eyes. If they had been in the Follies, they would have married millionaires.

Why Most Vanished

"BUT being in Hollywood, a good many of them had fifty-dollar-a-week husbands already when they came to work on the lot. That's why they were working in comedies—to add to their husbands' salaries, and buy things for a little bungalow. Most of them didn't have any ambition beyond this week's pay-check. There wasn't much use being ambitious, anyway, if you were in comedies. The distance between the Sennett lot and the Famous Players lot was only about a block geographically, but they might have been in a different world.

"Once a comedy girl, always a comedy girl—that was the unwritten law. It took years of heartbreaks and rebuffs and unbelievable struggle for the few of us who made the trip from slapstick to drama. Others tried it—and failed. Most of the Sennett Girls didn't even try. And they could be bathing beauties only a limited number of years.

"It does seem strange, though, that so many really beautiful girls should have disappeared from sight without a trace. I run across one of them now and then, doing bits or extra work in pictures. Some of them have died; practically all of them have been divorced once or twice. A few got into newspaper headlines. Five or six are married to directors or producers.

"One of the girls who was a bathing beauty fourteen years ago changed her name and recently came back into the movies as a newcomer. She has just signed up with one of the bigger companies to do featured parts, and she looks almost as young as she says she is! She needn't worry, I'll keep her dark secret!



Evans

Catch the come-hither look of Louise Fazenda, who liked her legs covered in *her* Sennett days!

Patsy O'Leary is one of the newer Sennett girls, as the backless bathing suit tells you

Geo. F. Cannons

What has become of Alma Bennett, above, once a budding Estelle Taylor?



Mildred June married a Hollywood dentist and still plays in independent pictures

Three Married Millionaires

"GLORIA SWANSON is the only bathing girl to marry a title, but Phyllis Haver and Marian Nixon and Ruth Taylor have married millionaires—now being Mrs. William Seeman, Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr. and Mrs. Paul Zuckerman, respectively. Katherine McGuire is now the wife of George Landi, an executive at Columbia. Roxanna McGowan married John Stahl, the director. Sally Eilers is Mrs. Hoot Gibson, and Carole Lombard is Mrs. William Powell. Virginia Fox became the wife of Darryl Zanuck, the Warner Brothers executive and has a new baby daughter, Darrylin. Ethel Teare, one of the prettiest of the bathing girls, married a banker and has twins, and Sybel Travilla is married to a scenario writer and her name is Furthman. Peggy Pierce's husband was a famous automobile racer, and now manages the transportation department at Warners'. Vera Reynolds, who was the fattest little ingénue imaginable in those days, is now Mrs. Robert Ellis and still plays in pictures.

"But these were the fortunate ones. There were so many others . . ."

She takes another picture from the pile, a girl with glorious ash-blonde hair, and young ripe curves in a foolish bathing suit of black chiffon and ostrich plumes. "Elinor Glyn chose Harriett Hammond as the girl with the most beautiful hands and feet in Hollywood. She took her over to Metro for a picture, but they said she was too tall—and they let her go. I see her sometimes around town. She's married, I think, and still beautiful—"

The next photograph is that of a mischievous girl in a bathtub—a girl with big dark eyes and beautiful shoulders.

More Promising Than Swanson

"CLAIRE ANDERSON left the Sennett lot at the same time as Gloria Swanson," says Louise, "and people expected *her* to succeed, rather than Gloria. Triangle starred her in one or two pictures, then she dropped from

(*Continued on page 88*)



THEY CALL IT MEX APPEAL

Some gay caballero has lost his sombrero; the gay Señorita—she turned on the heat-a. All of which should tell you that Lupe Velez not only has Mex appeal, but is Mexicoquettish in "The Broken Wing." Wonder if Lupe—who denies any romance with either John Gilbert or Randolph Scott—will give Gary Cooper a smile like this when he returns to Hollywood?

Why White Women Are Unsafe in Honolulu

Dorothy Manners, Motion Picture staff writer, has interviewed several of the movie stars who have made Hawaii their favorite playground—getting their versions of the recent "crime of passion" in Honolulu. How do they explain it? Would Dorothy Mackaill and Janet Gaynor, for example, be afraid to go there again? Here are their answers, in their own words!

If Honolulu has become unsafe for white women—as sensational newspapers have tried to make you believe, since the recent criminal attack on the wife of a United States naval lieutenant by five half-breeds, and the subsequent murder of one of the accused—screen stars should be able to tell you why. They know Hawaii more intimately, perhaps, than any other American visitors; they have seen the natives when most natural—that is, at play. These stars should be able to give you the inside story about conditions in Honolulu. Moreover, they do—as you are about to discover.—*Editor.*



Acme

Whenever there's a holiday in Honolulu (and that's fairly often), there's a general rush to the sunny strand of Waikiki Beach, where white tourists used to mingle freely with native Hawaiians—and think nothing of it

FOR years, Honolulu has been the favorite vacation and honeymoon center of the Hollywood movie folk. They have gone there to forget the hurry and worry of studio life in the languid life of the tropics. They have filmed tropical pictures there. They have returned, one and all, with extravagant praise for "the Paradise of the Pacific," telling of the hospitality of the natives, the moonlit beach of Waikiki, the strumming ukuleles, the gardenia-strung *leis* and, above all, the haunting loveliness of *Aloha*, the song of greeting and farewell. But what do they think now—Janet Gaynor, Dorothy Mackaill and Richard Arlen, among others?

With the eyes of a shocked world focused on Hawaii since the Massie-Fortescue tragedy, do these screen stars stand ready to defend the Islands? Do they believe that Honolulu has become a dangerous playground—unsafe for white women, of whom the feminine stars, themselves, are the world's most famous examples? Do they think that if there is any danger in Hawaii, any reign of terror there, it exists solely because of a certain type of woman?



Janet Gaynor, who knows her Hawaii, says that Honolulu isn't unsafe for whites —"unless they want to play with fire"



Publishers Photo Service

Left, one of the "young bronze gods" who teach tourists the art of riding the surf at Waikiki. Director William K. Howard believes half-breeds resent the attention paid these native boys

Several of Hollywood's best-known visitors in Hawaii have gladly given me their frank reactions to the recent sensational occurrences in "Honeymoon Land." What they have to say, however, has no bearing on either the plaintiffs or the defendants in the startling case now being headlined throughout the world. They are merely telling you of Hawaii

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS



At the left, you get an excellent idea of the enchantment that is Hawaii—particularly at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu. You can almost feel the spell of the moonlight. It was in such a setting as this that Dorothy Mackaill (below) found romance. She believes that any dangers for women that may exist there have been brought about by careless indiscretions

Ewing Galloway

as they have found it—and explaining why Honolulu may be packed with dynamite, so far as white women are concerned.

Dorothy Ready to Go Back

THE star most famous for her visits to Hawaii, and the star who has been there most frequently, is Dorothy Mackaill—who found romance there last year in the person of Neil Miller, then a young American planter, and now not only her husband, but an increasingly better-known

(*Continued on page 95*)



FROM STARS WHO KNOW HAWAII

"If there are any dangers for women in Honolulu, more than any other vacation playground, might not the fault lie with women who would encourage such risks?"—Dorothy Mackaill

"There are many half-breed beach boys in Honolulu, and there may be some truth in the story that white women have spoiled them with too careless familiarity."—Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers

"We know of a woman who became infatuated with a native boy, bought him a charming beach house and automobile, and paid all his bills."—Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen

"I'm afraid I can't contribute anything to the possibility of Honolulu's being unsafe for women—unless, of course, they want to play with fire!"—Janet Gaynor

"The root of all this talk . . . might lie in the fact that the half-breed beach boys have become jealous of the attention shown the true native boys by white women."—Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue

"Honolulu might be unsafe for white women—but, then, remember that women do not have to seek out the dangerous element!"—Director William K. Howard

News and Gossip of the

HOLLYWOOD won't see Betty Compson for a long while. She is just starting out on a vaudeville tour for forty-two weeks. And a most remarkable contract she has, too—one really unique in theatrical annals. If Betty fulfils it to the last day and hour, she will get forty thousand dollars in a lump sum at the end of the tour. If she doesn't fulfil it, she gets nothing at all except her expenses during the tour! They are gambling that she doesn't fall in love and run away, break an ankle or develop temperament like some movie stars who have tried vaudeville lately. By the time the frost is on the pumpkin, we should know whether Betty wins the forty thousand smackers or is just smacked down with an expense account.



Hurrell

Meet Hollywood's newest polo player — Robert Montgomery, who's a member of the same team as Ralph Forbes, Guinn Williams and Snowy Baker

Colleen Moore said a year ago that she was never coming back to the screen—and her recent marriage to Al P. Scott, young New York broker, just about proves it. You see them below on their honeymoon at Miami, Fla. Colleen is now playing on the stage



Acme

OUR spies tell us that Billie Dove is a perfect sensation wherever she goes throughout these United States. Even the Mayor of our greatest city was often seen in her company. And she's "knocking 'em dead" in Palm Beach, too. Among her new admirers are the old ones—Howard Hughes, her boss, and Irvin Willat, her former husband. A friend of Billie's said the other day that she still writes Irvin for advice, and hints that some day there might be a reconciliation between them.

HOLLYWOOD is chuckling over this tale—possibly only a tale—but it has the hallmarks of truth. It seems that during the making of "Susan Lenox" Garbo admired the turtle-necked sweaters that Clark Gable affects and the next day a package containing two of them, with his card, was sent to her dressing-room. Meeting Clark later, Garbo thanked him for them. "Not at all," said he (so the story runs). "But you can do something for me if you like!"—"What?" asked Garbo. "Give me a signed photograph of yourself!" "Come back to my dressing room with me," said Greta, and led the way while he followed, no doubt feeling triumphantly that he was to be the first to be honored with an autographed photo of the great Mystery. Arriving at the dressing-room, Greta picked up the package of sweaters and handed it back to him. "I take no presents," said she superbly, "that have a string to them!"

RAMON NOVARRO has stories to add to the Garbo legend. It seems that when her presence was discovered at the Hotel St. Moritz during her late visit to New York, Greta fled to another hotel, which remained a mystery during the rest of her visit. She did not even tell Ramon where she was going when she left him after an evening at the theatre or restaurant, and made mysterious appointments over the 'phone to meet him in places off the beaten path—places where roving eyes behaved and where Garbo did not have to shout her battle-cry, "Leef me alone."

Ray Jones



Nedra Norris was a star athlete at Wellesley College. Now she's showing her heels to the other girls in "The Great Air Mail Mystery," a Universal serial

Studios

SHE had a scene in "Grand Hotel" in which she had to flee through the hotel pursued by a crowd of extras. Director Edmund Goulding said, "Miss Garbo, we will rehearse it now." She answered, "I don't need to rehearse that scene—not after New York."

WE hear that Ruth Chatterton is sleeping in her dressing-room at First National Studios these days. The trip to and from Beverly Hills is a bit strenuous after a hard day, and so Ruth asked the studio for a bedroom suite to be moved into her dressing-rooms. Digging through the prop room, the studio officials found only one grand enough for a star. It was used in "Alexander Hamilton," so that was given her. She goes home week-ends, though—the distance is all of nine miles from Burbank to Beverly Hills.



Acme

Tom Mix springs another surprise—marrying Mabel Ward, pretty circus star. With them is Thomasina, his daughter by his former wife (who also wed again)

NOW that the many rumors of Norma Talmadge's divorce plans have been confirmed at last, Hollywood is wondering if she and Gilbert Roland, who has been so devoted to Norma, will eventually get married. Gilbert is doing well in pictures and gossip has never connected his name with any other girl. Few women get a divorce from a more complimentary husband than Norma. "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever known," says Joseph Schenck. All through the five years of their separation, he has kept a portrait of Norma on the wall of his office and a framed picture of her on his desk. All through these years Norma has had her husband's portrait on the walls of her drawing-room.



Fryer

Can't you hear Adrienne Dore springing that old alibi, "No, I can't go—I haven't a thing to wear"? She won the Atlantic City Beauty Contest in 1930—and will win you, no doubt, in "The Rich Are Always with Us"

Fred Henderson



TRAPEZE wires and swinging rings, rigged up in the backyard of his Beverly Hills home, revealed that Tom Mix and his new wife, the former Mabel Ward (trapeze artist in the Sells-Floto Circus with which Tom traveled last year) were now "at home" to friends. Tom's wedding followed closely on the heels of that of Vic-

There hasn't been a romance rumor about Joel McCrea for weeks. He has been too busy going air-minded as the stunt flier of "The Lost Squadron"



Fryer

"If you're looking for a fight," mutters James Cagney—who usually is (in his pictures), "watch for 'The Main Event.'" In this new picture, the inevitable happens—and red-headed Jimmy becomes a prize-fightin' Irishman

toria Mix, his second wife, who married Don Manuel A. De Olazabal, military attaché to the Argentine Embassy at Washington, a week after her divorce from Tom was made final. Tom, incidentally, seems fully recovered from his knock-down-and-drag-out fight with peritonitis. It would take a tougher *hombre* than a rough-looking germ to rub out the cowboy star. A burst of applause greeted him at a première the other night.



If you were in Josephine Dunn's boots, sitting pretty would be part of the day's work. She's now being one of the thrills in Big Four's "Murder at Dawn"

MARLENE DIETRICH has renewed the lease on her Beverly Hills house, so it seems she will be with us for some time yet, in spite of her threats to leave us. These threats from the foreigners never go through. Ah there, Garbo! Those who see only the Marlene of the screen, heavy-eyed, with a face like a Benda mask, inscrutable, strange, should see her eating lunch in the studio commissary, giggling like a schoolgirl and eating like a healthy child.

NOW it's Ricardo Cortez and Lila Lee who are seen together. However, though Lila says readily enough that she and Johnny Farrow are through, she hears from him by cable and trans-ocean telephone frequently. It must have been just one of those tales that Johnny was exiled from England because of trouble in the navy. He is in London now.

IRVING PICHEL must be proud of his name, difficult as it is to pronounce, for he was telling us the other day that he had named one of his sons "Pichel Pichel." Most people call him either "Pea-shell" or "Puh-chell," with the accent on the "ell." He pronounces it "Pitch-ell," with the accent on the "Pitch." Irving hails from Pittsburgh—and hates publicity.

WHEN Charlie Farrell went down—alone—to Palm Springs and spent almost a month on the desert without his wife, Virginia Valli, naturally the divorce-rumor hounds began their work. And now that Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck are back in town from their long trip abroad, the rumors will continue—and nothing any of them say will make any difference. The picture on page 12 proves Virginia joined Charlie at Palm Springs, and that they seemed happy enough.

WILLIAM HAINES says that he was the biggest baby ever born in the state of Virginia. Old Dominion papers please copy. Speaking of babies, Bessie Love—who is Mrs. William B. Hawks in private life—is the new and proud mother of a seven-and-a-quarter-pound daughter.

AND speaking of Virginia, that's where the new Paramount find, the tall Randolph Scott, hails from. Randie, who is trying conscientiously to shed his Southern accent and "sound cosmopolitan," tells this one. "Mah fathah doesn't take this ancestral stuff quite so seriously as mah mothah," says Randie. "The othah day he said to her, 'Ah wish yo' wouldn't always ask people where they wa bo'n. Because if they wunt bo'n in Virginia, it emba'sses them, and if they wa, they'll tell yo' anyway in a minute!'"



Sherman Clark

Are hospital internes hard-berled? Here's Lew Ayres, playing one in "The Impatient Maiden," using an operating table for a lunch counter!

WHEN Harry Hervey wrote "Shanghai Express" for Paramount, he made the cleverest guess on record. The picture was released just as Japan was rushing troops into Shanghai and shells were dropping. Now the industry credits him with second sight and is begging him for options on all his work. Paramount is looking forward to moviegoers' shelling the box-office with U. S. currency.

WEDDING bells rang at last for Carman Pantages and John Considine, Jr., after a long and strange romance. And now Joan Bennett, once reported engaged to Considine, is to marry Gene Markey, once reported engaged to Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire. And Gloria is married to Michael Farmer, once reported engaged to Marilyn Miller and—no wonder Hollywood writers get gray early! Gloria, by the way, cheerfully confirms the rumor that she is to have another baby.

NOW that Gary Cooper is returning soon, after bagging big game in Africa, Hollywood is wondering if Lupe and he will take up romance where they laid it down some six months ago. Some, who claim to have inside facts, say each is still cuh-razy over the other. It won't be long now before Hollywood discovers which way the romantic winds are blowing. Lupe and John Gilbert still have long telephone conversations. Lupe, say her friends, recently turned down a man who has eight millions, because she could not marry anyone with whom she was not in "lof."

LYING on her hospital cot, Estelle Taylor related her experience in the operating room when they took her there with some fractured vertebrae. "They tried to make me put on the hospital costume of coarse cotton gown and huge woolen stockings they use in operations," she related. "There were fifty or sixty people there—nurses, doctors, internes. I asked them why they didn't sell tickets—and I wasn't going to have them hang me up on a pulley before all those people in that costume! 'It's my neck and my hanging,' I told them, 'and I'll do it my way.'" So she finally submitted to the ordeal, clad becomingly in a pale pink chiffon nightgown and lace negligée!



Whatever became of Mary Brian? She's Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s sweetheart in "It's Tough to Be Famous"—while denying she's about to marry Ken Murray in real life



Richee

"This is straight from the shoulder," Roland Young might be telling Lily Damita—for he's an expert at giving amorous advice. He's at it again in "This Is the Night"

Patsy Bellamy, a boot-i-ful buccaneer, looks ready to make a cutting remark—but that isn't at all like Patsy. She has just dropped anchor in Educational's Torchy comedies

SO the engagement between Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch is broken! Before Ona went to New

(*Continued on page 74*)

Norma Talmadge's Marriage to End in Unusual Divorce

When Norma and her famous producer-husband, Joseph Schenck, separated five years ago (after ten years of marriage), there wasn't a thought of divorce. Just as when they had struggled for fame and fortune together, their interests were inseparable. Why, then, are they divorcing now? Not for emotional reasons, but very cool-headed ones! Here is the whole inside story

Last month, MOTION PICTURE told you of the unusual—and intelligent—attitude that characterized the divorce of Lawrence Tibbett and his wife, after twelve years of marriage. This inside story of the friendly parting of Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, after sixteen years of marriage and mutual struggle for fame and fortune, is no less remarkable. Don't miss it!—Editor.



Norma Talmadge has always said: "There is an understanding between Joe and myself that goes deeper than any mere display of affection"

NORMA TALMADGE and Joseph Schenck, president of United Artists (Norma's studio), are getting a divorce. After five years of separation and nearly sixteen years of marriage, they have reached the crossroads that lead to the courts. **They have decided to let the law formally sever their marital union. Why?**

For five years both emphatically denied that their separation would ever culminate in divorce. Then, suddenly, Norma announced that she would seek freedom through the Paris courts. What is their reason for having waited so long? Was the final decision prompted by a rupture in their financial interests, which were so strongly allied? (The Talmadge-Schenck fortune is reputed to have run into many millions.)

What is Norma going to do? Will she leave the screen? Will she marry Gilbert Roland? And is he by any chance the cause of the disunion? Or was it due ultimately to the difference in ages between Norma and Mr. Schenck?

Time and again Norma has said to me:

"The thought of divorce does not enter into our separation. 'Daddy' and I are happy when we are together. I talk to him or see him every day, when we are both on the Coast. I never make a move without consulting him. He is the dearest, kindest man in all the world. He does for others constantly. Nobody can know it better than I.

Feel More Than Affection

"SOMETIMES we sit together for hours without saying a word. That is because we enjoy each other's companionship. There is an understanding between Joe and myself that goes deeper than any mere display of affection."

Invariably, her deep brown-black eyes became misty when she was moved by this sentimental



Wherever you found Norma, there you would also find Gilbert Roland. Norma says, "He has been such a wonderful companion ... so attentive"

mood, or by the mood that brought back nine years of her married life that were so happy, so enthralling with the intense excitement of work, and the achievement of fame.

Those were the great years of her life and career. Joseph Schenck was as important a part of them as she was herself. In those years, their two destinies were welded into one. The sensitive, artistic fingers of Norma were clasped protectively in the strong guiding hand of financial wizardry that was Joe Schenck's. Together they found the high road of fame and fortune.



Joseph Schenck says: "I hold the tenderest feeling in my heart for Norma. I shall always be at her call"



Gilbert Roland, gossip has it, will be Norma's next husband. But she says she does not intend to marry again

It has often been said that Norma married Joseph Schenck because of his money—because he was a good catch. He has been habitually rated as being worth thirty million dollars. But that was not true on October 22, 1916, when he and Norma were married. He was then making three hundred dollars a week. But he was destined to build a huge fortune. He always possessed in high degree the gambling instinct. He played for big stakes—and seldom lost.

"Let this fact be clear," Norma once said. "I married Mr. Schenck because I loved him. Joe and I grew up together financially. When we filmed 'Panthea,' it was the big chance to win or lose. We won, and our success was continuous for many years. We were team-mates."

She Has Become Restless

NORMA hasn't entertained much in the past five years. She used to give lavish parties years ago in New York (where she started in pictures as a schoolgirl, acting after school hours) and also in Hollywood, when she lived in the big white mansion with the beautiful garden on Hollywood Boulevard. She used to rival Marion Davies as a party-giver.

Lately she has lived very quietly. She has been avid for excitement, which Hollywood at best can offer only in limited measure, and she has traveled feverishly during this period. Norma has been a very busy woman all of her life. Since the talkies came in, she has made few pictures. The result has been a devastating restlessness, which would not let her stay in one place long.

The last time I was at one of Norma's parties was at her beach home, on a Sunday. The occasion was Buster Keaton's birthday. (Buster, you remember, married Norma's sister, Natalie.) A party was in progress to observe the event and also to serve as a homecoming celebration for Constance Talmadge, who was returning from her European trip with her husband, Townsend Netcher.

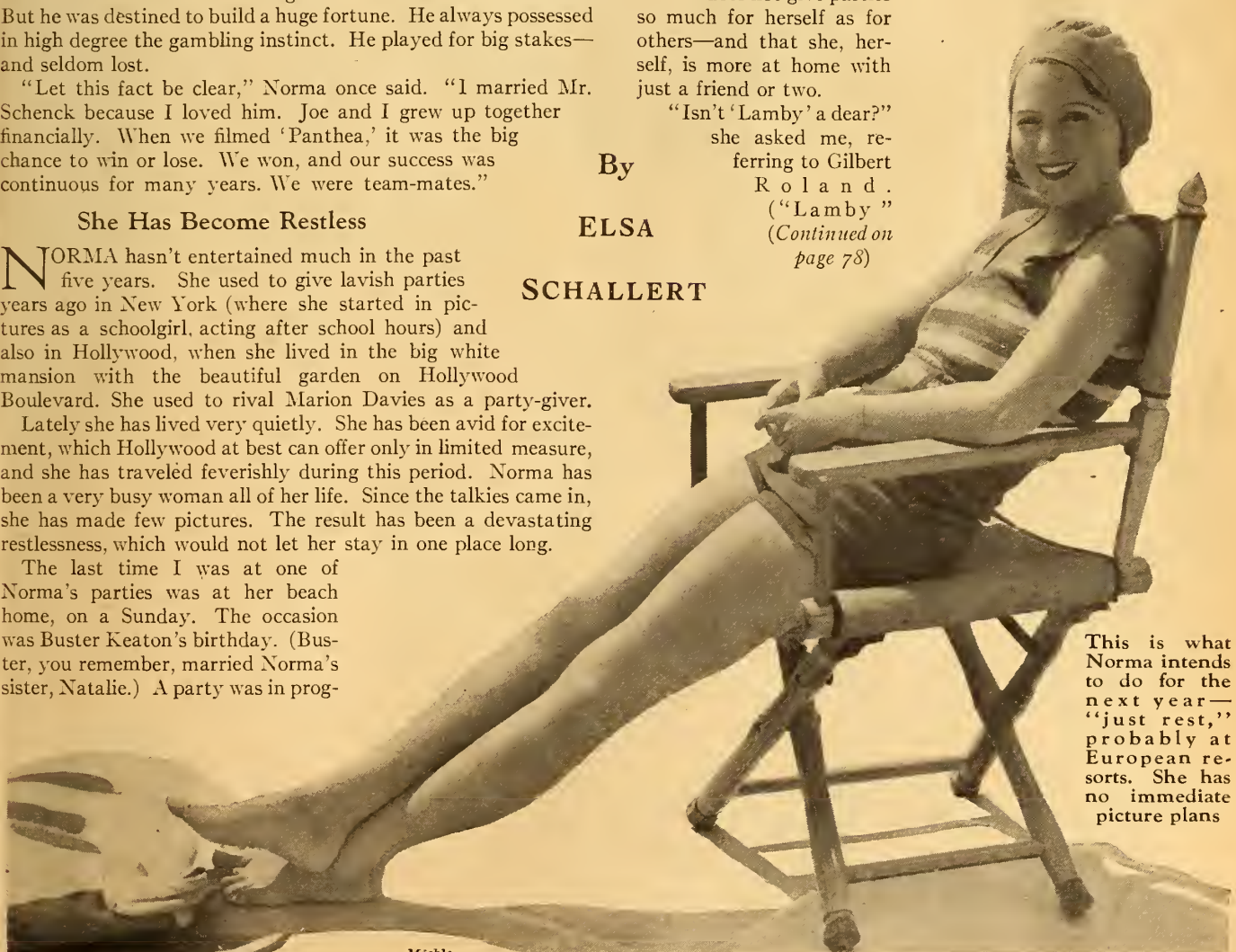
There were many old friends in the house on that sunny day, among them Lionel Barrymore and his wife, Irene Fenwick, to whom Norma is particularly devoted. Incidentally, Lionel brought Norma one of his etchings. Probably something he promised her a long time ago. Barrymore has fine talent as an etcher. Gilbert Roland was there, of course—thoughtful and considerate of every one's comfort, as usual. Mr. Schenck was not present.

In the midst of any party Norma can always break away for an intimate chat. There are few women her equal in this respect in the film colony. This might give some the impression that Norma does not give parties so much for herself as for others—and that she, herself, is more at home with just a friend or two.

"Isn't 'Lamby' a dear?" she asked me, referring to Gilbert Roland. ("Lamby"

(*Continued on page 78*)

By ELSA SCHALLERT



Miehle

This is what Norma intends to do for the next year—"just rest," probably at European resorts. She has no immediate picture plans

Garbo Will Not Marry, Her Numberscope Says

Next year, she may be tempted to leave the screen—but not for matrimonial reasons; and if she resists the temptation, she will remain a star until 1936, at least. These things are written in Garbo's future, according to Clifford W. Cheasley, noted Numerologist, who also reveals that the Swedish star's mysteriousness is natural, not affected—and tells why

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

GRETA GARBO has been a subject for every conceivable kind of story during the past few years, but her personality still seems to be a never-failing source of interest to the movie public. Sketched, analyzed, criticized from every angle, this personality should now be well-known to the millions of readers of movie magazines the world over. But it still remains a mystery.

What Garbo does, what she is likely to do next, what she likes or dislikes, how she will handle an approaching situation—all these things are still good for much conjecture, and most of all in Hollywood itself.

What does Numerology say regarding "the woman that nobody knows"?

The numerical analysis of the name and birthdate of this unusual personality seems to present the same story of the mysterious Garbo, only from a more scientific angle. In addition, it enables each reader to judge more accurately to what degree conflicting statements about her have been true.

Greta Garbo's real name, Greta Gustafsson, gives the Numerologist the number "7" as the addition of its vowels, and the number "3" as the addition of the numbers of all the letters. This means that Garbo's deeper moods, impulses, viewpoints, ambitions—in fact, her whole inner nature—are measured by this symbol of mystery, silence, indifference, sensitiveness, isolation and creative art. Her general personality, everyday manner and ability come under the heading of the number "3," which is a great contrast to the "7" and shows a social, expressive quality, unstable but entertaining.



General Forecast for May, 1932

Last month there were developments in the world situation that struck a more definite note than those of any previous month in the year. The immediate result of April's developments will be confusion in May, which will bring slight panic in the political developments in this country and in the international policies of the European nations.

Economic conditions for May will be fluctuating, for at times there will be developments here and there, affecting future prosperity, that will cause a little optimism, but these will be followed in a day or two by other developments excusing pessimism.

This month is one that is at "sixes and sevens" and therefore a difficult time for world advancement to progress.

Individually, it would be well to put off making important decisions until after the 23rd of the month, but to seek a proper balance of thought in awaiting the developments of June.

An awakening interest in suburban real estate is expected, as well as new life to agricultural and farm pursuits, leading to a return-to-the-soil movement.

Cheasley

Her Two Natures at War

THE inner and outer qualities of her nature create a great contradiction, as Garbo, herself, would admit—if her inner "7" would permit her to commit herself by an admission of any kind. She hates noise, created by other people; and she does not want to talk, to push forward her personality, to cultivate the attention or good opinion of other people—all resulting from the Inner Nature or "Ideality" number of "7."

On the other side, she has a latent talent for making her personality the vehicle of great charm, affection, personal interest, friendliness and social gaiety, as indicated by the number "3." Because it is dominated by the deeper "7," this outer expression cannot be sustained for very long at a time, and is often vacated suddenly, to the confusion of her friends.

We have not heard much about the friendliness of Garbo or of her being sympathetic in her association with others, but only about her being different and mysterious. With these numerical deductions

(*Continued on page 87*)

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.





Otto Dyar

SHE'S EVEN MORE STARTLING ON THIS SIDE OF THE GLOBE

If you know your Tallulah Bankhead, you know that she was a sensation for eight years on the other side of the globe—in jolly old London. But now that she's in Hollywood, she's stepping out in even more dazzling style. Here, for instance, is the gown of copper-colored sequins, girdled with a sash of flame satin, that you will see her wearing in "Thunder Below," in which, no doubt, she'll evoke storms of applause

Don't believe all you hear about Dietrich and other stars—

IT'S A LOT OF HOKUM

You have read that Marlene "prefers" tailored suits, that Garbo is always alone, that Bickford hates being an actor, that Chaplin is "misunderstood"—but have you believed these legends? Whether you have or not, don't miss this story—which debunks these and others, and reveals the stars as being human after all!



Lily Damita (below) acts the tigress—but pales at the sight of blood

Bull



Garbo acquired mystery along with fame

George O'Brien has to live up to his rôle of He-Man off-screen

Phyfe



Richee



Richee

Ever since Clara Bow became "The IT Girl," she has had to wink—to carry on the legend

"MARLENE DIETRICH doesn't care for clothes, or friends, or publicity. She prefers the straight lines of a tailored suit to the flowing ripples of an evening gown. She'd rather spend a quiet evening at home, reading a book, than attend a dinner at the Mayfair. She insults writers to get rid of them."

You have read all that, time and time again, about the German star. So have I. You believed it, but I didn't. It's a line. That's all.

When Marlene first arrived in Hollywood, she was as soft-spoken and truly feminine as any woman could be. Paramount gave a press luncheon by way of introduction. Marlene appeared in a picture hat, framing her golden hair like a halo. Her gown was as delicately blue as a California sky and as soft as a summer cloud. Tiny toes peeped beneath the flowing skirt, but the legs, the gorgeous Dietrich legs, were hidden. No one knew about them.

Someone, jealous of her feminine facial beauty, suggested that Marlene's long skirt was hiding a pair of German *hausfrau* ankles. And someone else suggested that chiffon was very kind to over-developed hips. And then, unsuspecting Miss Dietrich smiled and invited the press to call on her. So she wanted publicity! She wanted to get into society! Well, well, well, who did she think she was? Hollywood laughed. And Marlene laughed too, a wise, cynical laugh that brought results.

By HARMONY HAYNES

Marlene Does the Unexpected

SHE traded the chiffon for a severe little sports suit. One that was sufficiently short to reveal the legs and sufficiently snug to show the graceful, slender curves of her body. It worked like a charm. The press picked it up and planted pictures of Marlene's new dress in every paper and illustrated magazine in the United States.

Then she was invited to a party and refused to accept. Ah, was the German girl getting high-hat? Not at all. Only, to go to a party, one must dress—and after one arrived, one must be bored; and when one had a comfortable mannish robe and a good book at home, what was the sense of going out? Her going might bring her publicity? Pooh, pooh, who cared about a lot of silly publicity?

And thus the press campaign started and it will never end, so long as Marlene sticks to her line—for by her line is she known. So it is with all of them.

Sometimes the stars' lines are wished upon them by an adoring public. Sometimes they are the outcome of much meditation upon the part of a clever press-agent. Sometimes they are the result of hero-worship, but, in any event, they are used and abused and heralded far and wide as peculiar characteristics of particular stars, when in nine cases out of ten they are merely exaggerated affectations.

Lines are not new. They have been handed down to us from every public character since time began. And just as the followers of Rasputin, the Russian fanatic, believe that he thrived upon warm blood of slaughtered animals, so the followers of John Barrymore like to believe that he would go thirsty rather than drink water. We'll be fair about it and say that perhaps Barrymore does like his cocktail or his highball, but if he drank as much as he has been publicized as drinking, he would be in a permanent state of intoxication and unable to appear on the screen at all. When hard-pressed, John will admit he has been on the water wagon for some time—but he has to be hard-pressed. For John knows the value of a line.

Garbo's Accidental Silence

EVEN Garbo's silence and haughty indifference to the opinion of the world regarding her is a line. It is not human not to care. She was friendly enough when she first came to Hollywood. I worked, as an extra, on her first American film. I had lived in Minnesota and the Dakotas long enough to become familiar with Swedes and to understand their language. I talked to her long and often and she was then as enthusiastic about her public as any other actress. She posed in track suits and did all the other things that any girl would do to get her name before the public.



A friend of Fifi Dorsay says she was smart to develop that French accent



Marlene Dietrich built up a legend that she was daring—and didn't like gowns



Charles Bickford acts tough—but note his sensitive mouth

R. H. Louise



Hurrell

Once the legend about Joan Crawford was that she was a "hey-hey" girl. Now the story is that she's intellectual and reads heavy books

Then, like a meteor, she rose to fame. She readily gave out interviews. Because her language was not as easily understood as though she had been American-born, she was misquoted by a certain well-known writer. Garbo promptly announced that she would never give another interview to that writer. The publicity department got busy. They couldn't afford to offend even one writer, so they merely said, "Garbo refuses to be interviewed by anyone." And from that day to this she has upheld their statement.

Added to her silence is her mystery.

(*Continued on page 76*)



Bert Longworth

"The Star Who Has Hollywood Guessing" and her leading man in "Thunder Below" are absorbed in MOTION PICTURE, the Magazine That Keeps No One Guessing—for it tells the truth about the stars and their pictures, and tells it colorfully. Tallulah Bankhead and Paul Lukas are only two of hundreds of players who follow MOTION PICTURE—just as faithfully as You follow Them. In its pages they see themselves as they really are—a rare experience!

Are You Up-to-date about DOUG, JR.?

Do you know what the younger Fairbanks is like, when considered apart from his well-known team-mate, Joan Crawford? Do you know why he's excellent in one picture, and so-so in another? Do you know how he and his famous father get along? This story gives you the tip-off!

By NANCY PRYOR

Young Doug and his wife, Joan Crawford, are becoming bywords, like Amos 'n' Andy, and bacon 'n' eggs. Mention one, and you think of the other. They are becoming so much of a unit that there is danger of their losing their individuality — which would be too bad. Joan, taken alone, is far more colorful than the Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., of the Joan-and-Doug legend. What is young Doug like, when considered alone! This up-to-the-minute story tells you.—Editor.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is twenty-four years old (he was born December 9, 1907), six feet tall, and slightly too slender for his athletic build. Two years ago he was too fat—but young Doug will always be going to extremes. This urge reflects in his appearance (he looks either marvelous or very bad), in his mental attitudes of being high-spirited or low, and in his work—which is the most inconsistent of any actor's on the screen.

Does the secret of his changeability lie in his youth—since he is in the experimental years before twenty-five? He would deny this explanation vehemently. He does not regard himself, nor does he like to be regarded, as a juvenile young man. He says extremes are part of his make-up—that he will be extreme at fifty. The subject of his youth bores him. He prefers to give a more worldly impression. Perhaps he *is* worldly. But most people do not think so.

What other people think has never bothered, or deterred, him. He will continue to think of himself in various becoming rôles that he happens to fancy at the moment: as a poet, a writer of short stories, a thwarted football player, a creative genius, a man of the world, or a complete "bust." He frequently thinks of himself as a "washout." In one of his "creative-genius" moods, he penned a book of moody, sensitive poetry. In one of his "I'm-a-dud" frames of mind, he hid the book in a chest of drawers, and refused his verses the light of day thereafter by turning down a financially lucrative offer for their publication. He has, however, sold any number of his vignettes and caricatures of film folk.

What Makes Him Maddest

UNLIKE most actors, he is not completely wrapped up in his "career"—because he is equally interested in writing. Recently he has sold two short stories—both to international magazines. In spite of rumors to the contrary, he writes his own material—though he does it by fits and starts. Nothing in recent years has angered him so much as the hint that his literary efforts are "ghost-written." Good, bad or indifferent, they are the products of his own mind—and his "peck-and-hunt system" on his typewriter. Once he asked a studio worker to type a manuscript for him. Thereafter the man claimed to have written the story. It wasn't true.

Because he is constantly enthused about the things he dashes into, a great many people consider him conceited. This, also, is a mistake. Conceit implies supreme satisfaction with one's self. The younger Fairbanks is not satisfied. He is merely extremely interested in himself—in his faults and failings, far more than in his virtues. He does not particularly admire

(*Continued on page* 86)

YOUNG DOUG—TO-DAY

He's now twenty-four and too slender for his athletic build. Two years ago, he was too fat.

But that's Doug—who can't help being changeable.

Unlike his wife, he isn't bothered by what others say or think of him. Except—when they say that the stories he writes aren't written by him, personally. That makes him mad.

He isn't particularly like his father, except he can't sit still. He plays pranks on everybody, including Doug. Sr. He's politely flirtatious, but most women know he's only fooling.

He does not particularly admire Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but he is never bored by him. He's interested most in his faults and failings. Unlike many actors, he knows himself.



Every time a new season rolls around, Lilyan wins anew the title of "the best-dressed woman on the screen." Like the rest of us, she has Spring fever—and Lilyan expresses it in her new wardrobe



Lilyan Tashman justifies her reputation as a style-setter in her woolen rust-colored coat (above) for Spring. With it she wears a perky hat of crystal straw

In the dress category is this three-piece suit at the right. The color is beige, and its tucked soft white blouse is chiffon, embroidered at the neckline. The wide, new-length sleeves are fur-trimmed, and the skirt has the high waistline, which gives the new "corset silhouette." Here, too, Miss Tashman is seen wearing one of the new and saucy little hats



At the right Miss Tashman is wearing a charming three-piece Spring suit of clearview blue with a blue fox collar. The small hat, tilted over one eye, is the kind you'll soon wear

LILYAN TASHMAN BLOSSOMS OUT IN SPRINGTIME STYLE



Vionnet, whose distinction along sartorial lines is as famous as Lilyan Tashman's art in the motion picture world, is the creator of this elegant black and white crêpe hostess gown worn with such chic by Miss Tashman



The stunning hostess pyjama above, of black and white satin, should do much toward making Lilyan Tashman's title of the "best-dressed star" go undisputed. The little coat is lined with white satin, and the cuffs have wide bands of white fur



And here is another version of the small, tip-tilted hat made of imported Susie Whyte's crystal straw fabric. The hat is brown, and the pointed wings of stiff little feathers that peep out from beneath the brim are orange, white and brown

These portraits of
LILYAN TASHMAN
were posed exclusively for
MOTION PICTURE
Fashions from
BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK
Photographs by Pagano



Shalitt

The name you will know her by is Sari Maritza (pronounced Shar-ee Mar-eet-za), but she was born Patricia Nathan on March 17, 1910—in Tientsin, China, of all places. When twelve years old, she passed through Hollywood on her way to school in Europe, and saw Douglas Fairbanks making "Robin Hood." She decided then and there that she would some day be a screen star. Her family passed it off as just another day-dream. But here she is—being hailed as a rival of Dietrich and hoping to do the Shearer type of rôle, while denying she is engaged to Chaplin

Maybe She's Another DIETRICH

Put this story away where you won't lose it—for when Sari Maritza comes over the horizon, you'll want to know who she is and where she came from. Some call her "a pocket edition of Dietrich"—and you'll have to admit there's a resemblance. She has been heading for Hollywood for ten years, and she's only twenty-two!

By FAITH SERVICE



Sari Maritza is one girl who has seen her childhood dream of screen stardom come true. But Sari, herself, made it come true!

Chidnoff

MEET Sari Maritza—the newest of all the screen sensations—the girl who laughs when told that she will probably rival Garbo and Dietrich! And when she laughs, she means it; she isn't being coy. She has been too many places and seen too many things to have to fall back on coyness to get along in the world. She will probably be starred in her first picture for Paramount, which, you will recall, also can boast of having Marlene Dietrich under contract.

She is fair-skinned and blue-eyed, with light brown hair and a generous vermilion-lipsticked mouth. She looks younger off the screen than on (a distinction she shares with Jean Harlow). She looks very young, indeed. One observer remarked that she looks like a naïve pocket edition of Marlene. I can't agree. I see what was meant, but—Marlene is lethargic and inert. Sari is animated and alert. Marlene is reluctant and disinterested; Sari is eager and excited.

Sari Maritza (pronounced, please, Shar-ee Mar-eet-za) was christened Patricia Nathan. As a child, she was known as "Pat." She should still be known as Pat. She seems more like a Pat than like a Sari Maritza.

She was born in Tientsin, China, on March 17, 1910. Her father is English, and her mother a Viennese; one of her grandmothers was Swedish, and the other Spanish. Until she was twelve years old, Sari lived in Tientsin (where her grandfather was besieged, along with Herbert Hoover, in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900). She never went to school there. She couldn't, very well. She and her sister, Diana (a year and a half younger), had governesses and tutors of every nationality—and the result is that she speaks Chinese (Manchu dialect), German, French and a beautifully enunciated English. Outside of their schooling, however, Sari and Diana lived very much as other little English girls—though they might have been a bit more athletic. They were happy.

She Knew What She Wanted

A LARGE part of Sari's childhood was spent in dreaming about what she would be when she Grew Up. She always knew that she had to be something romantic—something individual and conspicuous and important. At one time, she thought of becoming an artist. At another time, of developing into a lady politician (*à la* Lady Astor) and astonishing Parliament with her wit and knowledge. She read up on international affairs and had points of view. It wasn't until she went to England that she knew how far amiss that dream had been. She would have been wheeled away from the House of Commons, she says, in a pram.

In China, Sari saw only one motion picture. It was "The Kid" with Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan. She never even thought about becoming an actress. Until———

A bright Spring day in 1922, when she was twelve years old. She was passing through Hollywood from Tientsin, en route to London, and had been taken out to the United Artists Studio to watch Douglas Fairbanks making "Robin Hood." There was the bronzed, athletic Doug resplendent on a castle tower. There was the heroine (Enid Bennett), looking lovely and languishing. There was Wallace Beery, garbed as *King Richard, the Lion-Hearted*, looking lordly. There was glitter and excitement. The small Pat's blue eyes no doubt grew bluer and bluer. It's certain that her heart pounded. THIS WAS IT! This was what she wanted to do, this was what she wanted to be. This was what she *would* be. By all the Chinese idols, she would be a movie actress and nothing should prevent!

She turned to her governess and said in her polite little-girl voice, "*Some day I shall play in the cinema.*"

Kept Right on Dreaming

THE governess and the members of the Nathan family took the child's statement with the pleasant incredulity of parents and grown-ups. It was just another of Pat's soaring ambitions, like the dream of becoming a lady politician.

But it wasn't just another. It was THE one. From that day to this day I talked with her that thought, that *determination* has never left the mind of the girl who is Paramount's

(*Continued on page 68*)



Hurrell

Joan Crawford as *Flaemmchen*, the Hotel stenographer



Brown

Jean Hersholt as *Senf*, the head porter, chained to his desk though his wife is in pain



Hurrell

Wallace Beery as *Preysing*, the frenzied financier, who covets *Flaemmchen*, the stenographer

Vicki Baum's "Grand Screen—Presenting

Whether or not you have read Vicki Baum's famous
the picture. Not when the cast is topped by such
Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Hersholt and Lewis
read this story—which gives you a dramatic insight



Hurrell

Left, John Barrymore as *Baron von Geigen*, who risks his life for *Grusinskaya's* love

By GLADYS

It is not the policy of MOTION PICTURE to ballyhoo pictures in advance. But here is a film that deserves exception—not only because of the great experiment that is being tried by putting so many stars in one story, but because you should be prepared for the mood that dominated the making of the picture. This unusual story by Gladys Hall, who worked on the set as an extra, tells you what to expect.—Editor.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER bought Vicki Baum's best-seller, "Grand Hotel." Edmund Goulding is bringing the *Grand Hotel* not only to the screen, but to life—with the aid of the greatest cast ever assembled in one picture. I know. I spent a day there. I was a transient among the other transients. There were no extras. There were no stars. There were merely little, hurrying people, inscribing their names on the register, meeting their little destinies in those rooms and those lobbies.



Gladys Hall, like *Senf*, the porter, and *Baron von Geigen*, leans on the circular desk that is symbolical of the world

Garbo is not Garbo. She is *Grusinskaya*, the lonely, idolized dancer. John Barrymore is not John Barrymore; he is the charming and ill-fated *Baron von Geigen*. Lionel Barrymore is not Lionel; he is the piteous invalid, *Kringelein*, with only two weeks to live. Jean Hersholt is *Senf*, the porter, waiting for news of his wife and his new baby. Wallace Beery is *Preysing*, the blustering, successful business man. Joan Crawford is *Flaemmchen*, the little stenographer with the inflammatory wiles. Lewis Stone is the scar-faced doctor who inquires at the desk, hour after hour, "Any mail for me? Any messages?" Ferdinand Gottschalk is *Grusinskaya's* dancing-master with no life of his own at all. There are others, many others.

Even Garbo Will Vanish

THERE on the register of this *Grand Hotel* appear the fine, proud names of Garbo and the Barrymores and Crawford and Hersholt and Beery and Stone—names that we shall all remember. There on that register are also names that neither you nor I will ever remember—names that neither you nor I will ever hear. And dust will gather on that register



Brown

Lewis Stone as the scar-faced doctor who keeps asking at the desk, "Any messages for me?"



Hurrell

Lionel Barrymore in the great rôle of *Kringelein*, the invalid, who has two weeks more to live



Brown

Garbo as *Grusinskaya*, the dancer, who finds fame lonely

story or seen it as a play—you aren't likely to miss names as Garbo, Joan Crawford, John and Lionel Stone! But before you see them acting their rôles, into the mood of the picture and the acting

Hotel" Comes to the An All-Star Cast

HALL

Right, director Edmund Goulding plays waiter to John Barrymore and Gladys Hall



as literally as it gathers on the registers of all Grand Hotels, and time will fade that ink until the name of Garbo and the name of the former American Major-General who now is a nameless extra will alike be blotted out.

A poignant place, the *Grand Hotel* of Vicki Baum. A poignant place, this movie set of the *Grand Hotel*. For both alike are cross-sections of life, and in both places human beings are living their little lives as stars for a day or an hour and extras for more or less. And in both places stands a Master Spider, weaving his web of Fate. On the set of *Grand Hotel*, the Master Spider is Edmund Goulding, pushing first one little fly and then another through the revolving doors and into the lobbies, allotting so much footage to the dancer who glows like a song and to the man with only two weeks to live. . . .

All are transients in the *Grand Hotel*. And all are transients on the set of the *Grand Hotel*. Garbo is a transient, no less than the extra who whispers to me a name I have never heard. *Senf*, the porter, waits for the word of birth, and *Kringelein* awaits the hand of death. A little child with her doll waits for the elevator and, as she steps in, an old, old lady, leaning on the arm of her nurse, steps out. A Beginning and an Ending. They meet at the elevator of the *Grand Hotel*.



While waiting to play an extra in "Grand Hotel," Gladys Hall talks with *Flaemmchen*—who is waiting to see *Grusinskaya*

The Greatest Character of All

AS in "Shanghai Express" and "Transatlantic," in "Grand Hotel" the setting alone is important and permanent. The *Grand Hotel* is the central character, the only star. For, immovable, it looks down upon the Garbos and the Barrymores and those whose names you will never know and says, "*I shall be here when you are gone!*"

When you see the *Grand Hotel*, *you will be in the Grand Hotel*. You will brush elbows with the breathless *Grusinskaya*. You will note the *Baron* stepping briskly along the lobby, a box of flowers under one arm, a tiny black poodle under the other. You will see and hear the hopeless *Kringelein* protesting, "Will no one pay any attention to me? I haven't *time* to wait, I tell you.

(*Continued on page 70*)

The PICTURE

REVIEWS OF THE



SHANGHAI EXPRESS

Gripping Drama—Finely Done: An amazing *tour de force* has been attempted—successfully—by von Sternberg in this remarkable picture. With a great star and a distinguished cast at his disposal, he has deliberately subordinated them to an idea. His real star is a train, moving steadily along its destined course.

Above all the voices of the strange group, whom chance has made fellow passengers on the three-day trip from Peiping to Shanghai, sounds always the steady roaring of the wheels moving relentlessly onward.

By some magic of technique you feel yourself on that train, rushing through night and danger. There is no room to speak of the well-built story, and of the superb work of Dietrich, and the equally superb work of every member of the cast—no room and no need. For you will surely travel on the "Shanghai Express" yourself.



STRANGERS IN LOVE

It's Worth Your While: Take Fredric March; add even a mediocre story; result—a picture always somehow distinguished.

That man has something—not sex appeal, but something more subtle, that gives piquancy to a plot somewhat hackneyed. Although, to be fair to "Strangers in Love," it was a good story back in the days when it was new. It's about the twin brothers; one, the prodigal, leaves home; the other tinkers with his father's will so that he receives the entire fortune. But after several years the wanderer returns, and the shock kills his twin. So our light-hearted hero steps into the dead-man's shoes, trusting that the strong resemblance will protect him from suspicion. Fredric March takes the part of both twins.

But it's the cast that makes this significant. Besides March, Kay Francis and Stuart Erwin are excellent.



DANCERS IN THE DARK

Players Put It Over: Miriam Hopkins is such an excellent actress and Jack Oakie is so spontaneously amusing that a poor picture cannot faze them. Their performances even make you forget that this tale of dance-hall love and intrigue *is* by all rights a poor picture, reminiscent in plot, and poverty-stricken in incident.

When Miriam Hopkins, as the tawdry taxi dancer trying to prove herself worthy of love, speaks commonplace lines in her lovely vibrant voice it *is* drama. When Jack Oakie, as the flip band leader who tries to show her up to his friend, delivers the cheap wisecracks allotted to him, it *is* comedy. The rest of the cast is likewise superior to the story. Lyda Roberti, last year's singing sensation of Broadway, is an odd, intriguing personality you will want to see again. Buster Collier makes the innocent sax player real and George Raft is an interesting villain.



CARNIVAL BOAT

Melodrama With a Punch: Bill Boyd is on the loose again in the big timber country. He plays the son of Hobart Bosworth, log master of a lumber company, who fondly hopes his boy will succeed him in the job. But Bill gets a yen for other things when a carnival boat plays the town and he falls in love with the peppery Ginger Rogers. Then fate intervenes to help Bill prove himself of the stuff outdoor heroes are made. He dynamites the dam to save the log train and all concerned.

These last scenes are the ultimate in thrill sequences and pack just the sort of punch fans of the virile drama demand. Performances are all smooth and there is plenty of action. To Fred Kohler falls the usual villainous assignment while Edgar Kennedy handles most of the comedy. Boyd contributes the likable work you have become accustomed to expect of him.

PARADE

NEWEST PICTURES



IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS

Picture A Natural—See It: Founded undoubtedly on the real-life experiences of a young aviator who seized the imagination of the world by a single exploit and has been a reluctant hero ever since, this deft and amusing little story satirizes the passion of the American public for hero worship. A youthful submarine commander saves his crew to the last man in an accident and is saved from lingering death, himself. From then on, he has no peace.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., makes the harassed hero a very real, as well as amusing, figure. The cleverly handled dialogue aids in making the situation recognizable as a true part of the contemporary scene. While there are plenty of laughs throughout, some of them are distinctly on us. Mary Brian plays the wife who aids in publicizing her husband, to his frantic exasperation. The picture is a natural. Why wasn't it ever done before?



TARZAN, THE APE MAN

Smashing Jungle Picture—Grand Thrills: Here's real excitement for those who prefer their film thrill locales in jungle rather than boudoir. With the screen's most realistic animal stuff, plus Johnny (What-a-body!) Weissmuller as hero, it is knock-out entertainment.

The story is the conventional foot marathon of one female (Maureen O'Sullivan) and assorted males (Otherman Neil Hamilton and Papa C. Aubrey Smith) through jungles beset by crocodiles, rhinoceri, hippopotami, lions, tigers, hyenas, wilde-beests, unfriendly natives and Love, but triteness is forgiven (and forgotten) in Director William S. Van Dyke's vigorous treatment. Plenty spine-tingling are *Tarzan's* successive hand-to-hand fights with tiger, lioness and lion; his tree-life with giant apes; the Pygmy attack; the trumpeting elephants' rescue raid; and some swell jungle love scenes. See it and thrill.



PLAYGIRL

Fair Enough—Has Some Laughs: There is no denying the family resemblance between this plot of a girl terrified at the prospect of motherhood and her flip and hail-fellow-well-met husband. When, abashed before the one situation which he does not know how to handle, he kneels down and prays, the comparison is inevitable, and unfortunate. However, this is not all of the story by any means, not with Winnie Lightner on hand to wisecrack.

Winnie and Loretta Young are two friends working in a department store, one in the Infants' and the other in the Plumbing (plumbing is always funny). One marries a likeable and carefree gambler who is still promising to reform when the picture closes; the other marries the store manager. There's a race with the expectant mother betting. It is not well-knit enough for a good drama and not funny enough for a good comedy.



ONE HOUR WITH YOU

Smart And Clever And Well Done: When you first encountered "The Marriage Circle," it was the last word in sophistication. It still is. Under the supervision of Ernst Lubitsch, who directed the original version, it again emerges as a delightfully naughty tidbit. The story has no weight. It is the deft manner of its telling that makes a charming hour for you. Its humor is contagious.

The cast, without exception, has never appeared to better advantage. Maurice Chevalier plays a philandering husband and Jeanette MacDonald, his wife. There is a merry mix-up when he becomes involved with Genevieve Tobin, his wife's best friend, and is suspected by Roland Young, her husband.

There are seven lilting melodies sung as only Chevalier and Jeanette can sing them. Their teamwork is perfect as always.

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 64

Does Gable Mean It When He Wallops The Heroine?

Clark handed Barbara Stanwyck a couple of wallops in "Night Nurse"—and became popular overnight! But he didn't mean it—he was just an actor trying to get along. How different from some of the other boys and girls—who don't mind hitting each other at all!

THE sock has replaced the kiss as a movie sex-thrill, thanks to Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney and some of the other boys. Love-makers will court heroines with hay-makers in forthcoming films, and not only these amorous combats, but all screen frays—from duels of haughty glances to drag-outs—will be so realistic they will hurt. Hurt the actors (and actresses), that is!

Realistic screen battles are nothing new, but the box-office value of brutal love-making, and the superior thrills of realism-with-a-punch were discovered by accident, as long ago as December, 1930, in a picture called "Free Love"—and have been in vogue ever since.

The accident, if it was really that, happened to Genevieve Tobin. Playing the part of a pestiferous wife to Conrad Nagel in the picture, she is said to have made herself a bit trying off-stage as well as before the camera. Perhaps she got under the skin of Mr. Nagel. Or it may be that all concerned were merely "living their parts."

At any rate, when they filmed the scene in which the much-abused hero turns upon his wife at last and floors her, Nagel swung a beautiful, smacking right to the Tobin jaw, and she fell with a plop. The director was delighted, but Genevieve could not hear his praises. She was "out" cold, and stayed that way for ten minutes!

She not only forgave Nagel and took the blame upon herself, but was a very good girl after that, like the story heroine. The realism of the knockout made the film a success, and started the ultra-realistic combat vogue—on and *off* the screen!

Why Those Fights Look Real

THE stinging realism of film fights bred off-stage feuds, and, quaintly enough, combatants in the latter often found themselves together again before the camera. What could be better for film realism than "grudge" battles?

Meanwhile, feminine movie fans were registering approval of fistic love-making, and quickly began to idolize men like Clark Gable and James Cagney, who do it so realistically. Any brawls involving a woman were appealing, but the best thrills came from receiving vicariously, on various parts of their anatomies, the wallops of the movie cavemen.

Loretta Young's quarrel with James Cagney during the filming of "Taxi!" is the most widely-known aftermath of a film affray. They haven't spoken to each other since, but they may find themselves paired in another picture soon!

It began in a rehearsal. Cagney slapped Loretta so hard that the blow brought tears to her eyes. She remonstrated, asking him to be a bit less realistic—even if he did push a grapefruit into Mae Clarke's face in "The Public Enemy."

"Don't worry!" the hard-boiled hero replied. "It'll be different in the scene. You'll see."

It *was* different. Harder. And she did see. Stars!

A very amusing quarrel sprang up between Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery during the filming of "Min and Bill." Before the famous



James Cagney pushed a grapefruit into Mae Clarke's face in "The Public Enemy." Ugh!



Clark Gable had made such a hit in heroine-punching, that the story had ran off the set weeping, and later said, remained friends—which some don't.

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

fighting scene of the picture was taken, they agreed to make it realistic "even if it hurts." When they actually began to hurt each other, however, they lost their tempers. It turned into a desperate battle.

"He kept puttin' them steamboats of his on my corns!" panted Marie when the combatants were separated, after the scenes.

Gable's First Hit

CLARK GABLE'S remarkable climb to fame began, some folks insist when he soulfully walloped Barbara Stanwyck in two separate scenes of "Night Nurse." He was an obscure actor then, but he dared to deliver his punches so hard that, according to studio gossip, three of her teeth were loosened and the inside of her cheek was badly cut.

Barbara was very sporting about it. She had known Gable on the stage, and sympathized with his desire to make good. But when she heard it whispered that the producers had told Gable to deliver a microphone-resounding smack, she began to get angry. Time didn't salve her growing indignation.

Gable did some more cuffing in "Possessed," with Joan Crawford on the receiving end. If a radio announcer had been there he would have shouted hysterically into the microphone: "Gable smacks a hard right to Joan's jaw; her head flies back at the impact. She's groggy, she's GROGGY! Boy, oh, boy—that one *hurt!*"

When the scene was over, she ran weeping to her dressing-room. Gable watched her retreat with considerable anxiety—for the Gables and the younger Fairbankses are off-stage friends. There was no more work that day. Joan later explained that she never could stand being hit. When someone attempted to banter with her about Gable, she managed a laugh through her tears, and remarked,

"It's lucky for him he isn't my husband."

Suppose some talkie plot *did* demand that Young Doug haul off and clout Joan! What an alibi for wife-beating one's acting could become!



In "Cock of the Air," Chester Morris spanked Billie Dove—and it hurt



When James Cagney bopped Loretta Young one in "Taxi!", was Loretta surprised!



"Night Nurse" and "A Free Soul" with his him hit Joan Crawford in "Possessed." Joan "It's lucky he isn't my husband!" But they Clark's leading ladies don't hold grudges!



Conrad Nagel scoredak.o. in "Free Love" against Genevieve Tobin. She forgave him later

Norma Suffers Nobly

NORMA SHEARER may be one of those women who can suffer indignity, as well as pain, for her art. She encourages the Cadiz (Ohio) clouter, Gable, to slam her around unmercifully in "A Free Soul." She also wrestled valiantly and recklessly with Robert Montgomery in "Private Lives." One of the lines in the latter play was the heroine's cutting: "You sadistic bully, you!" If the heroine-beating fad continues, such accusations will be flung in deadly earnest at the heads of many pugilistic leading men.

Garbo, according to reliable reports, declared with a certain degree of spunk that if Joan Crawford could take Gable's punches in "Possessed," Garbo could take them in *any* picture—always supposing that the story logically called for heroine-beating.

(*Continued on page 90*)



Hollywood Secrets? Gene Dennis Knows Them All

This amazing girl can tell, without asking, what Marion Davies is thinking in the picture of both of them above. There isn't any Hollywood star who has any secrets from her. Moreover, she can foresee their futures. In this story, she reveals what she sees ahead for Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and many others

HOLLYWOOD has a new menace to her privacy—a young woman who knows not only what the stars are doing, but what they are *thinking!* She just closes her eyes and concentrates a moment and then she *knows*. She knows what is going on in any given house at this moment, who is quarreling with whom, and who that lady was I saw you with last night. She knows what has happened to the stars and, what is much worse, what is going to happen to them. It is a perfectly frightful state of affairs and maybe you think Hollywood isn't in a state of twitters about the fact that it doesn't have any secrets any more!

Her name is Gene Dennis, she's pretty, and she has been appearing at local theatres, answering questions from the public-at-large about its intimate home problems. But those aren't anything, compared to the things she learns when she goes to parties in Hollywood and answers the questions put to her by the stars. Miss Dennis distinguished herself soon after her arrival in our midst by remarking calmly that a certain prominent motion picture couple would have a serious quarrel on Sunday morning. The story was all over Hollywood within an hour, and the telephone company did a record business; reporters pleaded with city editors to let them check up the prophecy on Sunday; everybody was in a terrible lather over a quarrel that hadn't happened yet. Then it did happen—on exactly the day she had set for it—whereupon all Hollywood instantly invited her to dinner and plied her eagerly with questions about everything in the world.



Fryer

She has been entertained by everyone of consequence in the motion picture colony. She was invited to dinner at Pickfair and she was entertained by Marion Davies. She was one of Governor Rolph's party when that dignitary visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, and she has been besieged with invitations to lunch, tea, dinner and even breakfast. She met Professor Albert Einstein at Palm Springs and that profound scientist announced that she was "perfectly astounding."

Gene Dennis Predicts:

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will never part.

Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr. will have two children.

Loretta Young will marry again—several years from now.

Marlene Dietrich will not go back to Germany—that is, to stay.

Charles Farrell will make his biggest hit without Janet Gaynor.

Lionel Barrymore will never achieve the success he deserves.

Marian Marsh will not marry until she's ready to leave the screen.

There will be more new babies in Hollywood in 1932 than ever before.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

About Loretta

SHE startled me when I first met her by informing me that Loretta Young had just met a very tall and handsome young Englishman. "Three days from now," said Miss Dennis, casually, "she will be engaged to him. You may have a 'scoop' on the story."

I laughed a skeptical, "Heh! heh!" But three days

(*Continued on page 80*)

OLIVE OIL...

the great beauty oil

this much goes into every cake of Palmolive

Startling? Yes! And so vital in modern beauty care that 20,000 beauty specialists have united in recommending the daily use of Palmolive.



ACTUAL SIZE!
This 6-inch test tube shows the exact amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

OLIVE OIL is nature's great beautifier. It soothes, penetrates and *protects* the skin.

But, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES! And shows you just how much of this priceless ingredient is blended with oils from palm trees in the famous Palmolive formula.

What about other soaps? Do you know what's in them? Can you risk using them on your skin?

Palmolive labels every cake: made of olive and palm oils. That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have, for years, urged its use. They believe in the beauty value of olive oil in soap. Listen to their advice. Use Palmolive to protect skin, to keep it young.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



OVER 30



BETTY COMPSON

"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."



OVER 40

MARY BOLAND

"I'm over 40," says this stage and screen star. "Complexion care is the secret of keeping youthful charm. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH—Screen Stars know how—

DON'T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent pictures show why!

"No woman need fear added years," says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. "Stage and screen stars *must* keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential."

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this gentle, fragrant white soap. Begin today to let it care for *your* skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays—stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.



NANCE O'NEIL

"I'm over 45," says this lovely stage and screen star. "A woman is as old as she *looks*. I am among the scores of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Toilet Soap—10¢

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BY J. E. R.



TORCHY TURNS THE TRICK

For sheer breeze, there is no comedy series that comes up to the "Torchy" comedies. The stories have unexpected little twists, but the main reason for the pace they keep is Ray Cooke. This freckled-faced young Irishman is the answer to a producer's prayer, so far as the rôle of *Torchy*, the perennial office boy, is concerned. He crackles with wit, and there's healthy mischief in his eyes. In his present vehicle, he takes up where his bosses leave off in pursuit of a big contract from a foreign prince—and thinking fast, gets it. One of the girls in the Cast is Geraldine Dvorak, often called "Garbo's double." (Educational)



THE WIDE OPEN SPACES

The fraternity to which most of the screen actors belong—the Masquers' Club of Hollywood—is doing noble work. The boys are kidding all the old-time types of drama (some of which still appear now and then, dressed up for the talkies). In their latest, they give the old-fashioned Westerns a merry ribbing. All the characters are in it—from the kissable schoolma'am to the hissable villain. There are, in addition, wagon trains, Indians, and the Last-Minute Men, the U. S. Cavalry. Some of the "big names" in the comical cast are Antonio Moreno, Dorothy Sebastian, William Farnum and Earle Foxe. (RKO-Pathé)



THE IMPERFECT LOVER

If you remember one of Buddy Rogers' last musical comedies—namely, "Follow Thru"—you may remember that the picture was stolen from our Buddy by an amusing chap you had never seen before. His name was Jack Haley. Moreover, for some strange reason, you haven't seen him since, unless you happen to live near Broadway. But here he is in a featured short, up to his mad waggery again—and becoming such a lover as Gable never was and never will be. Absorbed in some insane inventions, he forgets how to make love—until he takes a concentrated course and goes caveman. You and Gable should see him. (Vitaphone Varieties)



MANY A SLIP

One of the best actors on the screen to-day—and one of the wealthiest—is Charles (Chic) Sale, but, as I hope you've noticed, he isn't too proud to make two-reel comedies. In fact, if you have seen any of his previous efforts, you must suspect that he gets a kick out of making them—and playing *Lem Putt*, "hick" philosopher. Certainly, he enjoys himself in this number. Sent after a suit that belongs to his straight-laced brother-in-law, he meets with one delay after another on the way home—including an exasperating conversation with a chap who's hard of hearing, and a séance with a jug of wine. You'll get a kick, yourself, out of his homecoming. (RKO)



BON VOYAGE

You may have noticed that comedies, these days, are getting more and more folksy—giving you a laugh out of the ridiculous things that can happen to people like you and you and you. Edgar Kennedy is even making a series entitled "Mr. Average Man Comedies"—and comical they are, too. The newest, and one of the fastest-moving, finds Edgar in the act of taking his family abroad. As many things happen to them as happened to the *Swiss Family Robinson*, particularly when Edgar runs up against a little foreigner who is poison to him. And when Edgar becomes one of the ship's amateur entertainers, and sings—well, loosen your belt. (RKO-Pathé)



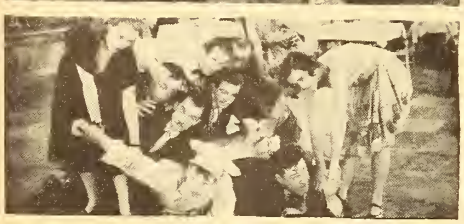
BRIDGE WIVES

Everybody knows what Ely Culbertson has done for—and to—America; he has made the nation Contract Bridge-crazy. But what everybody doesn't know—and should—is that there is already a lively satire on the craze. Those who know the game and those who don't will alike get a kick out of it, and sympathize with Al St. John. Al has been living on canned goods for three weeks, while his wife has been playing in a tournament; and when he hears that the battle is to last another three weeks, he goes goofy. One of the first things he does is to bury his radio set because it broadcasts bridge lectures—and the neighbors think he's burying his wife alive. (Educational)



THAT RASCAL

Having made Bing Crosby familiar to you as a personality, besides a voice, Educational is now doing the same thing for Harry Barris, who's coming up like a skyrocket as a radio entertainer. If possible, the Barris series is off to a snappier start than the Crosby comedies. Harry is shown in his real-life rôle of entertainer at the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, from which point the story takes off. He happens to be the favorite radio singer of his prospective father-in-law, who hates another crooner who sings, "You Rascal, You." When a jealous rival persuades Harry to sing the number, he and the girl have to elope. (Educational)



KEEP LAUGHING

A comedy with a title like this might be expected to be a continual laugh. Few comedies have ever been that. But here's a valiant effort, in the slapstick manner, with the setting a swanky night-club. The two girl owners, who are broke, want to sell the club—and when they light on a prospective buyer, they serve free meals to get a crowd in the place. At the last moment, the performers go on strike. But a dishwasher and a cigarette girl have a fight that turns into an "Apache" dance, and the head waiter and another cigarette girl have a set-to that amounts to an adagio dance. These two "dances" are dizzily funny. (Educational)

"Sure, I use Colgate's! I like it . . . that's why!"



She's a good scout—*my* mother is! She's going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin' through Bailey's fence. Ma believes in lettin' a feller do things the way he *likes* to do 'em. That's why she buys me Colgate's to brush my teeth with. I *like* it—that's why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she's doin'. Doctor Ellis told her there ain't *any* toothpaste can beat Colgate's for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An' Ma says 'cause Colgate's only costs a quarter—mebbe she's savin' to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don't have to bother about me brushin' my teeth reg'lar—so I guess *she's* satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We'll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, Dept. 151, P. O. Box 1143, Chicago, Illinois.



25¢

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

KURLENE
The Eyelash Grower



Marvelous German Discovery Promotes
EYELASH GROWTH

Long Lashes are all the rage



The sanitary tube. Jar is shown below

LASHES that are long and silky! Lashes that everybody admires! Marvelous German discovery, Kurlene, actually promotes growth of beautiful alluring lashes. No matter how short and stubby your lashes are now, give them the benefit of Kurlene. See them become brilliant, softer. Soon you may expect long lashes that any woman could be proud of—and all your own. Sanitary tubes, 50c. For economy, buy the dressing-table jar, $1. At toilet counters.



KURLASH Curls Lashes Instantly



Do it yourself at any time. No heat, no cosmetics. Just insert lashes between the Kurlash bows and press. At once your lashes are curled. And look—your eyes appear so much brighter, larger, more alluring! Note the increased personality and charm! That's why Hollywood stars use Kurlash. Even short lashes appear long. Toilet counters everywhere, $1.00.

Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara). **$1.**
Shadette—intensifies eyes' natural color. **$1.**
Lashtint—perfumed waterproof liquid mascara. **$1.**
Tweezette—automatic painless tweezer. **$1.**

Write for free booklet "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures.

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Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
908 West Lake Street, Dept. 682-E CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 55*)



ARE YOU LISTENING?

It Will Do—It's Different: Can this be our flippant, wise-cracking Haines? This henpecked husband, this sorry lover, this fugitive? Now and then in the first part of the picture where he is continuity writer for a radio station we catch glimpses of Mrs. Haines' little boy, but it is a different Billy whom we leave at the end on his way to prison for the accidental killing of his shrewish wife. From the opening broadcast of a roller-skating contest, all the way through, the radio is the main "prop." The hero meets the girl in a radio station; they make love between the advertising hour for a plumbing supply company, and the speech of a welfare worker, and when finally they flee together, it is the radio that traps them.

The story drags at the beginning, hurries at the end. Perhaps the most interesting part is the least necessary to the plot—the intimate glimpses of the workings of a big radio broadcasting station. Karen Morley is realistic as the nagging wife.



SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE

Slight Story Has Its Moments: Joan Bennett's serious injury while making this picture was suffered in an unworthy cause. A queerly overwrought plot whisks the heroine from a cotton mill to a chateau in France, by way of a beauty pageant, and contains everything except a single trace of plausibility. For those who do not require this in their film entertainment there is a bathing beauty parade which the factory worker attends as Miss Missouri and leaves as Miss Universe; an interesting peep into the tortures of beauty parlors, and a spectacular Quartz Arts Ball.

Joan Bennett, as the girl who turns down Love because she wants a millionaire, and gets one, is beautiful and adequate to the not very severe requirements of her rôle, Spencer Tracy, as the factory lover, is winning, but most of the acting is done by James Kirkwood as the sadistic millionaire who keeps a pack of savage dogs for dark purposes. The closing scenes may chill you.



AFTER TOMORROW

Romance Made Interesting: This romance of a poor boy and girl who love each other has everything, or, at least, if there was any trick of tear-jerking and heart-throbbing left out, we didn't notice it. The pathos of the young couple, wanting each other and obliged to put off their wedding because of family difficulties, was sound enough at the beginning, but became tiresome when Charlie Farrell wiped away Marian Nixon's tears and said "Cheer up, honey" for the 'steenth time.

In this fog of sentiment, however, several scenes stand out as real art—the charming sequence in the tower of the skyscraper where the lovers spend their lunch hour in eating and making love at the same time, and the scene where the girl, shaken by the discovery that her own mother had hated having her, asks the boy, fearfully, whether he wants a baby. Both stars are excellent.



THE LOST SQUADRON

Novelty—Worth Seeing: Written by Dick Grace, a stunt aviator for the movies, about his fellow stunters of the air, there is a ring of truth in this often brutal but always powerful story which would seem incredible if one did not sense that here were real people thinly disguised by fictional names. The first motion picture to propagandize against the movies, this tells the tale of a Hollywood director, insane with egotism and ambition, who coolly risks the lives of stunt men to get thrills for his picture.

Ironically, Von Stroheim, a director with a reputation for ruthlessness, plays this rôle; Joel McCrea and Richard Dix are stunting buddies, and Mary Astor furnishes the slight love interest. Toward the end, with the death of the cruel director, the picture departs from truth and becomes sheer melodrama. As a distinct novelty this picture is worth seeing.

(*More Reviews on page 66*)

Try Seventeen Youth-tone Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . if you would

BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT



LIPSTICK
in the smooth-spreading texture, the youth-tone coloring, that you've always wanted! Moisten your lips before applying, and the lipstick becomes indelible. Three shades.

ROUGE
in Youth-Tone shades, to match the soft tints of Seventeen Lipstick. The smart cases match, too, making a purse ensemble of charm and distinction.

POWDER
that is radiantly different from ordinary powders! Two weights of powder create a variation of color tones, giving an effect of youthful transparency.

Watch Seventeen's coloring bloom again in your complexion

THE most exciting beauty discovery you ever made is contained right here on this page! For here is news of make-up preparations — based on a new ideal — to accomplish results that you never dreamed make-up could accomplish!

Seventeen is their name. And the name explains their purpose — to reproduce in your complexion the actual color tones of seventeen!

All the glamour — the soft, natural tones — the subtle, elusive tints — are there. Seventeen even found a way to reproduce that delicate transparency of youthful skin in powder! (Seventeen calls this principle *Two-Tone.*)

Don't be satisfied with ordinary make-up any more. Don't tolerate harsh lipsticks that have none of the lure of youth . . . rouge so artificial it can deceive no one . . . powder that often seems actually *aging* to the skin.

Try Seventeen! Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for quick, youthful beauty. And use the refreshing Seventeen creams daily to keep your skin youthfully soft and supple. Prices will delight you, if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

Your Chance to try Seventeen!

MAISON JEURELLE, Dept. 177, 247 Park Ave., New York
I enclose 25c. Please send me The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.



Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Seventeen



is it PRIDE or DUTY?

HOW does he *really* feel when he takes you among his friends? . . . Proud of his youthful wife—or just doing his duty?

Wives often make the mistake of letting gray hair fade their looks . . . just *welcoming* Heartbreak Age!

Youth is precious. Hold it fast. Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—the new *scientific* way that leaves your hair beautifully lustrous and natural.

Washing, waving, sunning has no more effect on Notoxed hair than on nature's own coloring! Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute —no *like* product exists. Buy Notox at smart shops everywhere.

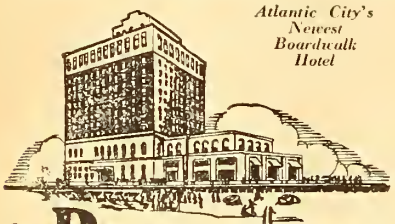
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Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE" — and avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. MP5, 33 West 46th Street, New York.

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Atlantic City's Newest Boardwalk Hotel



The **PRESIDENT**

Five Hundred Rooms with Sea Water Baths—American and European Plans. Also Beautifully Furnished Housekeeping Apartments with Complete Hotel Service by the week, month or year.

SEA WATER SWIMMING POOL
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Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 8 x 10 or 11 x 14 guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 45c plus a few cents postage or send 50c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer—Send your photo today.

REX ART, 538 So. Dearborn, Dept. 42, Chicago, Ill.

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(Continued from page 64)



LADY WITH A PAST

Connie Bennett Wasted Here: It took a truly original mind to conceive the seductive Connie Bennett as a bookish wallflower terrified by men. It took a courageous director to have her say to her reflection in the mirror "The trouble with you is—you're too pure." And it will take a real dyed-in-the-wool Bennett fan to sit through the first half of this comedy to the point where the wealthy but unattached heroine hires a gigolo for an escort in Paris, follows his instructions and suddenly becomes beautiful, popular and sophisticated as we like our Bennetts.

Though Connie does her best to be shy and plain, and thereby proves herself an excellent actress for almost succeeding, she doesn't have to act at all as the best dressed and most courted woman in Paris. The plot is so simple and Ben Lyon, as the gigolo, is so debonair; there is such an air of gaiety in the long succession of party scenes that it is a delightful if obvious comedy.



BEAUTY AND THE BOSS

You're Bound To Like It: After ten minutes of bewilderment we finally decided that this was neither comedy, satire, nor farce, but that the author was just being too whimsical for words. Then everything went much better. But even in the interest of whimsy was it quite wise for Marian Marsh to prove to us that she *could* look as she did when she appeared at the office of the big business executive to apply for a position as secretary? Even though, of course, the super-efficient, but homely secretary, later in the picture, buys a new dress and blossoms out into a beautiful young woman to the amazement of her employer, but not the audience.

Warren William proves a master of suavity and a finished farceur as the executive with such strict business principles that he has to fire his pretty stenographers in order to invite them to dinner while Marian Marsh is surprisingly clever with the fantastic lines of her part.



THE GAY CABALLERO

Ordinary, With Little Appeal: A distinctly minor effort in the dashing Robin Hood-bandit school. Whatever merits the original story boasted have been obscured by a thoroughly conventional treatment. You can call every turn of the plot long before it occurs. For example, you are sure that when the villain is thrown from a window, he will land in a bed of cacti and that a large potted lily will find its way into the hands of some person knocked cold. The usual Western chase finish is very Mack Sennett.

A large cast labors against these overwhelming odds with only, it must be reported, fair success. We have George O'Brien in a weak imitation of his usual he-man characterization, Victor McLaglen as a mysterious border Robin Hood with the mystery easily discernible, Conchita Montenegro sharing love interest with Linda Watkins, and Weldon Heyburn and C. Henry Gordon stealing what slight honors there are as the villainous Mexicans.



DISORDERLY CONDUCT

Good Strong Stuff Here: Gangs and gangsters could only exist with the connivance of the Law. From this unspoken axiom Fox has drawn the material for a strong drama. Spencer Tracy plays a straight cop gone crooked, Ralph Bellamy plays a straight cop who stays straight. Disguised as propaganda they have given us another gangster picture, from a different point of view—the policeman's.

The high point of the action is a picturization of the baby-shooting incident in New York last fall with charming, slow-spoken Dickie Moore as the little victim. Tracy's rugged, unactorish personality fits well into the part of the boyish cop who is demoted for having arrested a politician's daughter for speeding, and embittered, decides that since all the world is out for what it can get he would be a sap to refuse his share. Sally Eilers plays an unsympathetic rôle as well as it could be handled. But everything is an anticlimax to the killing of the child.

YOU NEED NOT TRUST TO LUCK IN THE MOVIES IF YOU RELY ON REVIEWS IN MOTION PICTURE



$25 A WEEK

$25,000 A YEAR

Both rely on this tooth paste to keep teeth lovely

Money never worries one woman. She could afford to pay $10 a tube for a dentifrice. Yet Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢, is her favorite.

The other woman does some pretty sharp figuring to keep out of debt. If she thought a costly tooth paste would be better for her teeth, she would buy it, even though she had to skimp in other directions to pay for it. But she, too, uses Listerine Tooth Paste.

What is the answer? Simply this: Women in every walk of life have found by actual comparison that Listerine Tooth Paste achieves superior results. That, in every way, it is worthy of the great name it bears. Actually more than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

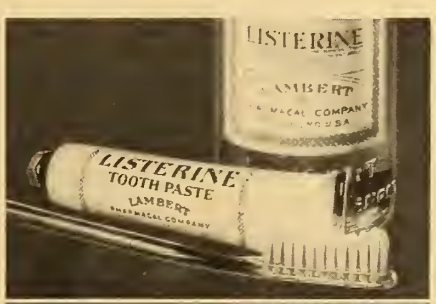
Do not take our word for its merits. Let the product speak for itself. You alone be the judge. Compare its results and its quality with that of any tooth paste at any price. Get a tube from your druggist's and begin using it. You will be delighted with its results.

New luster and brilliance

Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans—but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.



• LISTERINE • TOOTH PASTE 25¢

Firm, healthy gums

After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They'll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

A common sense price

Don't forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25¢ the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Use Listerine Tooth Paste. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

AFTER USING LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, GARGLE WITH LISTERINE TO KILL DECAY GERMS ON TEETH



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

Maybe She's Another Dietrich

(*Continued from page 51*)

newest boast. Sari admits that there have been obstacles, and knows that there will be more obstacles. She walks over them. That is, she says, what obstacles are for.

The small, twelve-year-old Pat traveled on to London. She went to schools in London and also in Switzerland, Germany and France (just to make sure she wouldn't forget the languages she had learned back in Tientsin). She concentrated on those studies most likely to further her ambition. She went in for sports because she believed they would make her healthy and strong—for her career. She read biographies of famous artists of stage and screen.

She had a lapse of a couple of months when she was in a convent. She thought she might like to become a nun. She realized that she was only dramatizing herself.

Changed Her Name

SHE was barely eighteen when she went to Hungary and played her first small part in her first small picture. She does not believe in sudden and spectacular successes. She does believe in beginning on the lowest rung and *deserving* heights she may attain. She wanted to see herself on the screen and to get her own verdict about Patricia Nathan as a screen personality. She knew that it was what she thought of herself that mattered; no other opinion was important. Her own verdict was "Good—good *enough*."

It was at that time that she took the name of Sari Maritza. A group of friends helped in the re-christening. She wanted a name that would be "different." She wanted a name with a touch of Vienna. She thought Patricia Nathan too long for electric lights, and Patricia too old-fashioned. Perhaps the operetta, "Countess Maritza," had something to do with her new name.

She made several small and inconsequential pictures in Hungary and then did a bigger and better one for the Sasha Company. This picture was seen by Vivian Gaye, a manager for stage and screen players in London. Miss Gaye sent for Sari to come to London and enter English films. Since English pictures were more like the American, Sari traveled to London and was starred in three pictures for Gaumont.

Offers began to come in with the breakfast tray. And one from UFA, the big German company, was accepted. Sari went to Berlin and starred in "Monte Carlo Madness," which was, she says, very bad. At this time Basil King was literally scouring Europe for a girl with "the face of an elf and the sophistication of a siren" to play the part of *Lily* in the much-discussed "Water Gypsies." Hundreds and hundreds of girls were interviewed and tested—and then came Sari, bringing the face of an elf and the sophistication of a siren. That was the end of the search.

This picture was followed by "Two-Way Street," produced by United Artists in England, and then came the offers direct from Hollywood. It had taken the small, aspiring Pat Nathan an even ten years—from that day in 1922, when she first saw movies in the making on the Fairbanks set to the day when she arrived at the Paramount Studio, her contract in her smart purse, a sable coat over her shoulders, a world of experience in her very level head. Vivian Gaye has relinquished her managerial office in London and is in Hollywood with Sari, taking care of all practical matters for her—that's what *she* thinks of Sari's future.

Two days after signing her contract with Paramount in London, Sari was told that she must undergo an operation for appendicitis. That was another obstacle to be stepped over. Sari said, "All right. Let's have it done at once." It was done, and when the *Majestic* sailed for New York, Sari went aboard on a stretcher and spent Christmas Day and all of the voyage in bed, gaining strength for her cross-country trip.

She hopes to do the type of thing done by Norma Shearer, and, in earlier pictures, Nancy Carroll. She admires Norma Shearer especially. She does *not* particularly admire the schools of Garbo and Dietrich.

Never Yet in Love

SARI has never been in love. She has had "only little infatuations—what you call crushes." She has had to move about too quickly for anything, even love, to take root and grow. She thinks it is nicer so because, as it is, she never had time to become disillusioned about any would-be suitors and has only charming memories.

She denies that she was ever engaged to, or even remotely in love with, Charlie Chaplin—newspaper rumors to the contrary. She was invited to a small gathering one night in his suite at the Hotel Carlton. They found that they had the tango in common. That was enough. They talked about the tango and they *did* the tango, both in Charlie's suite and in public. They had several long talks. They had fun together. But Sari cannot imagine being married to Chaplin "even for two days." She thinks he is a genius, and all geniuses are a little mad.

To be frank, Sari was just the least bit disappointed because Hollywood didn't know anything about her except that she had tangoed with Charlie. And she was surprised to hear a rumor that she had once been Marlene Dietrich's understudy in Berlin—a rumor that she politely, but firmly, denied. Before Marlene's sensational rise in American films, Sari was the better known in Europe. (She didn't tell me this; I happen to know it.)

Far from being upset, however, by the fact that Hollywood wasn't conscious of her before she arrived (and believe you me, it's conscious now!), Sari is glad. She will be "starting from scratch"—and will be judged solely on her merits. She doesn't hope to be "the greatest" something-or-other, but she *is* determined to work hard and deserve big stories. And if she clicks, as everyone expects? She will act for two years and then marry—"if I can find the man to marry"—and have a home in London, children, and travel.

She's fairly certain that she won't be an actress all her life; there are many other interesting things to do—such as travel. She doesn't believe that she will ever have delusions of grandeur, just because she may happen to be a movie star for a few years.

She is glad that she has done what she has with her life. She is glad that she is "in the cinema and in Hollywood." But she knows that she has lost her youth. She knows that she has crowded more of living into her twenty-two years than is easily digestible. She feels older than she ought to feel—even though she does look younger.

Sari is a very wise young person. There is nothing soft or blurry or confused about her. She counts the losses with the gains and keeps her own ledger. The name of Sari Maritza does not fit her. Her own name of Pat suits her better. I told her so. I said, "The name of Sari Maritza is too old for you. It brings to mind a worldly, satiny woman of about thirty-five." And Sari laughed and said, "I'll grow into it . . . "

She may. She probably will. But I hope not—and so will you, when you see her.

Her Loveliness

WILL LAUGH AT THE PASSING YEARS

For her Hollywood dermatologist has given her the secret of lasting complexion beauty

A new movie star is rising . . . Sally Blane. Thinking of her future, Sally asked the most prominent dermatologist in Hollywood:

"What should I use on my skin to keep it young? What do you tell the stars to do to keep from getting old-looking?"

Here is the advice this eminent physician gives to the stars. Surely this is the beauty care you want to give YOUR skin:—

"Every day . . . 2 or 3 times a day . . . use Woodbury's COLD Cream to smooth and soften your skin. It replaces the moisture dried out by wind, sun and dry-heated rooms, gives the skin resilience to resist wrinkles. Most skins *shrivel* into lines because they are dry. Woodbury's COLD Cream keeps the skin full and firm and supple.

"And, also, you should use Woodbury's FACIAL Cream, as a foundation for powder, and as a protective cream before going outdoors. It prevents dust and powder from entering the pores, and shields your skin from the drying effects of wind and sun."

How old are you? 20? Then use Woodbury's Creams to preserve the soft freshness of your skin. 30? 40? Then begin at once to use Woodbury's Creams, to put back into your skin the rich oils which keep it from shrivelling into lines.

Buy Woodbury's COLD Cream and Woodbury's FACIAL Cream at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . and also the other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness.



SALLY BLANE . . . photographed in Hollywood, especially for Woodbury's, by Will Connell



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AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

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Paul Rieger & Co., 145 First St., San Francisco

Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel" Comes to the Screen—Presenting an All-Star Cast

(Continued from page 53)

I haven't an hour, a day, a minute. . . ." And your blood will run cold, as mine did, because it will come home to you that men all over the world are complaining at the Desk of Life because no one pays enough attention to them, because they haven't *time* to wait.

You will hear *Senf*, the porter, inquiring when the 'phone rings, "Is that for me?" And the look of prisoned eagerness in his eyes will knock at your heart because of chained men all over the earth who await news of Birth and Death.

The great desk in the lobby is round. It symbolizes the world. And *Senf*, the porter, stands within that circle and Edmund Goulding pushes before him those transients who ask questions that are never answered, call for friendly messages that never come; those who ask for a little attention before they go, like *Kringelein*, and those who are briefly paged and glorified like the tragic *Grusinskaya*. . . .

The Whole World Passes By

THE huge lobby floor is paved with black and white marble. The fixtures and the furnishings are modern. The lettering is in German. Over the flower counter is the word "Blumen." Over the cigars and cigarettes is the word "Ziggaren."

People of all nations, of all ages and types crowd this set of the *Grand Hotel*, even as they crowd the lobbies of the real-life Grand Hotels. And the same fates are being gaily borne, or patiently endured. The same despairs and triumphs and grandeurs and pettinesses exist here as exist in all other meeting-places of humanity, of which "Grand Hotel" is symbolical.

There was that one-time Major General of the American Army. I sat and talked with him—a distinguished, white-haired man, once a graduate of West Point. Now he sits, an extra, in the lobby of this *Grand Hotel* and prefers not to give his name, prefers to be unknown and the transient that he is. He doesn't ask at the Desk for messages. He knows there will be none. He never hopes to be paged. He doesn't hope for a "break." He knows that one will never come.

In the lobby of this *Grand Hotel*, which ceased to be a movie set to me after I had been there a half-hour, little Mary Carlisle meets *Grusinskaya*. Little Mary Carlisle, just beginning, plays a bit. The woman who is Garbo stops and speaks to her, tells her she has "a pretty baby face," tells her to go to the Wardrobe and say that Miss Garbo wants them to give her a more feminine riding habit—it will become her more. And little Mary Carlisle is flushed with that transitory triumph.

Why Garbo Is at Her Best

GARBO, someone tells me, does her best work in *Grand Hotel*, because she is not Garbo at all, but *Grusinskaya*, herself. *Grusinskaya*, who says, "Ah, Fame . . . *it is so lonely*. . . ."

I meet a bell-boy in the lobby. The tired face looks familiar. I recognize George Le Guerre and recall the time when I have seen that name in electric lights, on Broadway. He who was paged is paging. . . .

I go into the lobby myself, to play an extra part in the big scene. An unknown whispers after me on a deep-drawn breath of envy, "If she stands over there, she will have seventy feet—*seventy feet!*"

On the sidelines stands Lionel . . . no, *Kringelein* . . . mouthing over his lines with his sick, old-man's mouth. He pauses only when John, the *Baron*, plays a scene. He calls John "The Kid."

I stand in on a scene and a dark young man leans over to me, "You're really a writer, aren't you?" he says. I agree. He waits a moment, then hisses, portentously, "I am *Buddy Roosevelt!*" I am confounded. I know that something is expected of me. I look pleased and enlightened. I am not. I do not recall who Buddy Roosevelt is or ever was.

The *Baron*, fine and erect and successful, brushes by us. The dark young man looks after him, his soul in his eyes. I know that this is not a transient looking at the *Baron*. *It is an extra looking at John Barrymore.* So it is in the *Grand Hotel*. So it is in life.

I saw John Davidson and George Hackathorne and Leo White, and knew those names were one time names to conjure with, stars that might have been—extras that are.

I saw an authentic German Baron speaking to the grease-painted *Baron*. The real Baron was in a mediocre position of technical adviser. Here are those who play parts and those who *are* the parts that others play. . . .

I saw the dark young Sergius Alberti—that is the name, I think—and I knew that he had come to America to be the second Valentino. There was Sidney Jarvis—now the house detective, once an original Floradora sextette man. And there were Eric Mayne and Reginald Burlow and Frank Conroy—names you may recall.

Men Without Much Hope

THEY told me, some of these men, that they expect nothing now. If you walk through the lobbies often enough, unpaged and unnoticed, you never reach the elevator that leads to the suite of *Grusinskaya*, you never hear the voice of *Senf*, the porter, calling your name. . . .

Flaemmchen comes to talk with me. She tells me that she has never seen *Grusinskaya* in the *Grand Hotel*. She wants to very badly.

Preysing sits and talks to me. He didn't want to be *Preysing*. He doesn't like to be *Preysing*. He says, "Think of all the things I might be doing. I might be flying or I might be eating or I might be calling on some friends!" He tries to be Wallace Beery, protesting, but he doesn't succeed. He is *Preysing* and after a time he will meet the *Baron* in mortal combat and he will watch *Flaemmchen* with fire in his eyes. . . .

The transients all agree the greatest rôle in the *Grand Hotel* is played by Lionel Barrymore. He is *Kringelein* so truly that you weep for him in your heart. You will remember *Kringelein* after the other names are gone.

Soon, now, you will go to the Grand Hotel—you and you and you. And you will be *in the hotel*, part of its life, one of the transients—along with *Grusinskaya* and the *Baron* and *Senf* and *Flaemmchen* and *Kringelein* and all the others. You will recognize faces there, faces you have known—and you'll wonder what they are doing there. And they will be doing, most of them, just about what they are doing in the Grand Hotel of Life.

Did You Know That—

Gene Dennis predicts on page 58 that Joan Crawford will steal "Grand Hotel"?

Marie Dressler pleaded for a small part in the picture—so that she could say she had a hand in it—but M-G-M didn't want to disappoint her followers by giving her a small part?

NUMBER TWO IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"I deplore the false modesty that would hide vital feminine health facts"

"IT SHOULD BE EVERY WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE TO SECURE, WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT, THE TRUTHS ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE.

"As a physician, and as a woman, I have little sympathy for the prudish viewpoint that taboos honest discussion of feminine antisepsis.

"No longer should this subject remain shrouded in a veil of pettifogging shyness and reticence.

"Fortunately, most modern married women are beginning to demand the facts. They consider it their right to know the safeguards that protect feminine charm.

"It is important that a personal antiseptic should have real germicidal value, while still serving as a soothing lubricant to delicate tissue. Many of the so-called feminine hygiene solutions fall short in one or the other of these respects. Either they irritate and harden tender membranes, or they become ineffective in contact with organic matter.

"In my long professional practice, I have found "Lysol" disinfectant most effective for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" does not lose its germicidal action in the presence of organic matter. With its low surface tension, it searches out and destroys undesirable bacteria lurking in hidden crevices which other antiseptics fail to reach. It is always uniform . . . retaining its strength no matter where, or how long you keep it. It is economical . . . a little goes a long way. And it is safe . . . so soothing that the obstetricians of France use it freely in the delicate ministrations of childbirth.

"These are facts I have verified as a physician. And I am glad to have them published here in the interest of feminine health and welfare."

(Signed)
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Have you a young married daughter or friend who should know these facts?

For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any woman who is near and dear to you . . . may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

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If you want to treat your corn in a safe, dependable way, apply a Blue-jay Corn Plaster and let the mild medication (note picture above) penetrate the corn and loosen it for easy removal. Blue-jay not only removes corns but gives *instant* pain-relief, because the soft felt pad prevents shoe friction on the tender spot.

Always ask for this *medicated* plaster—genuine Blue-jay, made by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, six for 25c.

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Such women are popular with both sexes.

The desire to be healthy should be the dominating factor in every woman's life.

DR. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has helped countless women. It builds up the system, causes irregularities to diminish, and the regular use of this tonic has helped do away with monthly pains and those black circles under the eyes. Make your body healthy! Inward beauty is the most important of all.

For free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic (Dept. J), Buffalo, N. Y. Druggists sell

Dr. Pierce's Prescription

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

IN defense of Gable, however, we'd like to see Mahatma Gandhi wear one of Clark's favorite turtle-necked sweaters. That yellow one.

Tut Tut Department

HOLLYWOOD'S Iris Theatre blends "Forgotten Women" and "Are These Our Children?" on the same bill. In the interests of purity we feel that something should have been done about it. But it's too late now.

More Tut Tut

DISTINGUISHED gentleman-about-town to distinguished lady-about-town over the champagne and caviar:

"And what would it cost me to have an affair with you, my dear?"

"Ten thousand dollars to you, darling. And it's cheap . . . !"

Depression Note

TIMES have struck rock-bottom in Los Angeles. A furrier in the Biltmore Hotel offers ermine tails for twenty-five cents apiece.

PERCE and Ern Westmore, hairdressing twins, offer "hairlace" pieces for waning locks. This department will soon need some, pulling out our hair by the handfuls as we are, trying to find out if Mrs. Clark Gable is really leaving Mr. Gable. And if Joan ("Possessed") Crawford has said her last "Dodo" to young Doug.

BUT all this hair-pulling has borne fruit. We are pleased to anounce that in cogitating upon Mr. Gable we have discovered the secret of his beetling-browed charm. Unless these old eyes are misty, it's myopia that gives Clark that romantic, troubled, nearsighted look. We've noticed that his brow wrinkles and beetles even more as he scans the printed page.

STILL, who wouldn't be nearsighted if it makes a million women swoon?

Hero Note

NOT very much work was done by Director Clarence Brown on Joan Crawford's new starring picture, on the days following the crash of the Century Pacific air liner where eight persons met their deaths in the mountain recesses. Brown is one of the twelve members of the Los Angeles Air Police and he scouted the dangerous coastal air channels as they looked for the ill-fated plane.

MISTER BROWN did have time to shake his head, horizontally, which is the Hollywood negative, to rumors that he would marry any of the numerous charmers, including Dorothy Burgess and Mona Maris, to whom he has been reported engaged. Gentleman-like, he insists that they are all as alluring and seductive as the houris of Paradise, that he cannot marry all of them, and, furthermore, he has other things to do.

Ritz Note

SIGN on Hollywood Boulevard Woolworth's: "Afternoon tea—2 to 5. Toasted ham sandwiches ten cents."

Overheard

"MY dear, she was marked by a bird before she was born."

"Probably a cuckoo."

Wit Among the Actors

WIRE to Wallace Ford on his birthday: "Dear Wally: Lincoln, Washington, Wilson, Lindbergh, you and me—a great break for the American public. Aquarias surely kind to our people. We are all water babies. Not bad as a chaser. Congrats from another wet. Walter Catlett."



Back in the old days, Hollywood's bathing beauties did nothing to keep their figures. But the 1932 crop at Educational go in for exercise, and plenty of it. They look as if they might be rehearsing for the shot-put events in the Olympics, instead of comedies!

The measure of

YOUR BEAUTY is the COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical, Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon



A new thought . . . to give *color* first place over features . . . as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how *true* it is. And how *comforting*. For while your *features* may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking . . . through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the *usual* rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. *It must seem color coming from within the skin.* It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but *absolutely natural.*

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious . . . many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is *DUO-TONE.* The *only Duo-Tone* rouge . . . and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew.*

Duo-Tone, then. What is this magical secret? It means that Princess Pat rouge (every shade) is composed of *two* distinct tones, perfectly blended into one. There is a mysterious undertone. It matches your skin tone . . . perfectly. There is a fascinating overtone. It gives forth the wondrous, vibrant, glowing color that seems not rouge at all, but actually color that is your very own!

Duo-Tone Ends "One Shade" Choice. The Duo-Tone secret makes an entirely new art of *choosing* rouge. Any one of the eight Princess Pat shades will perfectly harmonize with your type, *no matter what that type is.* Do you realize what this means . . . that you may perfectly follow the fashion of using the correct rouge shade to harmonize with your costume. Or you may *look* as you desire to *feel.* If for *any reason* you desire to possess brilliant, sparkling beauty, use one of the more *intense* Princess Pat shades. If you wish subtle, demure effects, choose the quieter colors. It is so simple to choose. Beginning with VIVID, Princess Pat shades are named as follows: Vivid, New Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Gold, Medium, Tan. The special, perfect shade for evening is NITE.

Measure Your Beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought . . . and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features *less* than perfect . . . enhance with utterly new beauty when features *are* perfect. Then . . . with Princess Pat rouge . . . be beautiful today *as you never were before.*



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The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, Powder and three creams in liberal attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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»I have REDUCED MY HIPS from 43 to 34½ inches with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE«

. . . says Miss B. Brian

"It massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Kay Carroll.

. . . "I reduced my hips 9 inches" . . . writes Miss Healy.

And so many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it at our expense.

It is not infallible, but it has reduced so many thousands of women that we do not hesitate to make this very unusual money-back offer.

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To Assure a Healthy Scalp use Cuticura SOAP and OINTMENT

Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 9K, Malden, Mass.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

York, a friend warned her against leaving town. "There are too many beautiful girls here," she told her. But Ona shook her head. "If I can lose him as easily as that," she smiled, "I'd better know it before it's too late—"

MARIE DRESSLER'S present indisposition is not as serious as gossip hints. She is just obeying the doctor for the first time in her strong-willed, healthy life. "You must stop racing back and forth across the continent, and wearing yourself out, and you will live for years," he told her. Marie's favorite stunt was to finish her day's work at the studio and then drive to Santa Barbara, eighty-eight miles away, for a dinner date!

PHIL HOLMES, the prize bachelor of the screen, is threatening to break the hearts of Hollywood girls by looking outside the town for his romance. At least, he's seen everywhere these days, being very attentive to Grantland Rice's daughter, Florence, who is some looker. By the way, Phil's younger brother may try his luck on the screen soon.

WHEN Linda Watkins went East so suddenly last month and got married, she was the second of the Fox "Débutante Stars" to disappear from the films in the year—Conchita Montenegro being the other. Linda's marriage to Gabriel Hess, Will Hays' legal representative, didn't surprise Hollywood—which knew that she and the first Mrs. Hess had been close friends, and that Linda was the first to send sympathy when Mrs. Hess was killed in a fall from a horse.

ALLOW us to boast a bit! The other day after a luncheon with Irene Dunne, we stormed into the studio publicity department and demanded—yes, demanded—that they give her a chance to look sophisticated, and provocative and sexy! And did they listen to our ravings about the sin of keeping her in ladylike poses? You will soon see Irene as we visioned her—she has legs like any other lady, and gorgeous ones, too! We hope soon to print one of the pictures we bullied them into taking of her.

MAURICE CHEVALIER has been called "close-fisted," and it is true that the French star does live very simply and quietly and does not spend money on what Hollywood considers essentials. But the other day we watched him descend from his car and enter Paramount Studios. The distance he had to walk was only about twenty-five feet. In that short space he was accosted three times by seedy and hungry-looking men. Maurice has one hobby. He never carries many coins in his pockets, the jingling annoys him. But each time he was asked for "a dime for a cupa cawfee," he nodded to his secretary who followed him, and each time, without question, his secretary gave the panhandler a dollar bill.

POOR Edgar Wallace died as he did everything else, in a hurry, without waste of time. Thursday he was dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, Tuesday night he was dead from pneumonia. In the short time he had been in Hollywood, he had written six scenarios—an all-time record. A newspaper reporter called up his house to arrange an interview. "Come right out" said his secretary, "Mr. Wallace will give it to you."

The trip to his house took ten minutes and when the scribe arrived the typewriter was whirring like a machine-gun. "Just sit down, will you?" said Mr. Wallace. "I thought I'd dictate the interview and save you time." As he spoke, the secretary tore the paper from the machine and handed to the reporter a complete two-column story on the subject he had asked for.

BY the way, Ann Harding gets the private dressing-room on the Radio lot! Those of us who were betting the only luxurious dressing-suite available on this lot would go to Connie Bennett were wrong. Connie, by the way, is dismayed by the flood of magazine articles discussing her unpopularity in Hollywood, and is going out of her way to meet each member of the press, separately, to persuade them that she has been misunderstood. And no one can be more charming than Connie when she wants to be.

FOR months gossip writers have been whispering that the stork was due at the Barrymore home. They were wrong—then. But now they are right. Dolores Ethel Mae will have a baby brother or sister in May. "I suppose you hope it will be a boy this time," someone said to John. "No! Not a bit of it!" said John grinning. "We're just starting—we'll have plenty of boys."

AN air gossiper recently started the rumor that the Clark Gables were about to get a divorce. Immediately the studio publicity department was overwhelmed with telephone calls. Whether true or not immediately after the rumor started Mr. and Mrs. Gable were seen together conspicuously at a restaurant popular with movie stars and at the opening of a musical show. It is said that their apartment in a fashionable apartment house is the object of so much curiosity, and surrounded with so many peering eyes and listening ears that the Gables have decided to move out and into a house of their own to escape surveillance.

WHEN Mary Pickford wanted to say good-bye to her husband, Doug Fairbanks, as he was about to step off on his South Seas picture-adventuring, there wasn't a single spot aboard ship where she could do it, without about a thousand people watching. They would retire to the main salon, and instantly be surrounded by reporters, ships' officers with telegrams, tourists with autograph books. They would flee to an upper deck, only to have cameramen pointing at their good-bye kiss. Finally they went into Doug's stateroom and bolted the door while the captain kindly kept the ship fifteen minutes beyond sailing time to give them a few moments together. When they came out Mary was crying. "W-write to me, Doug—you know you've p-promised," she said. "Sure! I'll write! You bet!" said Doug, heartily.

BUT movie queens can't even cry like other women. As she ran down the gangplank Mary drew down her veil to hide her tears and managed—for the staring crowd—a gallant smile.

AND speaking of tears we'll wager that the Talmadge-Schenck divorce will be a damp one. Joe Schenck almost never speaks of Norma without tears coming to his eyes.

(*Continued on page 82*)

BARBARA STANWYCK . . . in Warner Bros.
"SO BIG" . . . *Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively*



The CHARM *of Lovely Beauty is Created with the Magic of This* NEW MAKE-UP *from* HOLLYWOOD

How to accent your charm and gain new beauty with color harmony make-up for your type



MARIAN MARSH
Warner Bros. Star, using Max Factor's Lipstick.

THE lovely pastel tints of the blonde . . . the soft, rich melody of color tones of the brownette . . . the deeper, glamorous colorings of the brunette . . . the delicate, yet sometimes brilliant radiance of the redhead . . . each is a study in color harmony for the make-up artist, girl or woman who creates beauty with a palette of powder, rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.

Face powder, for example, is created by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It imparts that satin-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen, giving the skin a live, luminous beauty . . . yet remaining invisible. A face powder that never appears spotty, off-color, or powdery; and never "shines." So perfect in texture, even the motion picture camera does not reveal it.

Even under brightest sunlight or artificial light you may be sure of this satin-smooth effect . . . for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights. And it clings for hours, for the famous beauties of motion pictures will not trust a powder that fluffs away.



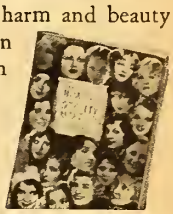
RUTH HALL, *Warner Bros. player, and Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, using the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's face powder to blend beauty with her brunette colorings.*

Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle . . . in shades to blend with your face powder . . . fifty cents each. Purity guarantee, with Good Housekeeping Magazine's Seal of Approval in each package. At all drug and department stores.

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	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
Ruddy ☐	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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M. Trilety, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 316 Binghamton, N.Y.

Don't Believe All You Hear About Dietrich and Other Stars

(*Continued from page 45*)

Another line and a good one.. It is whispered that *Garbo takes sunbaths.* Who doesn't in sunny Southern California? Where's the mystery? *Garbo does not go out publicly.* Wrong again. They merely mean that she does not go out *officially.* Much as she is advertised as liking her own company best, Garbo does not eat her soup alone. She is always with a party of three or four and they laugh and jabber pretty much the same as you and I. And it's a profitable line. What other star ever had a story or picture in every screen magazine every month and a whole book written about her private life?

"Misunderstood" Charlie

WHEN Charlie Chaplin first came to the Sennett lot, he was not so moody as he is pictured to-day. Or if he was, he tried to push it aside and make himself agreeable. Sort of the life of the party, but in spite of all his effort, he was looked upon as an odd little man. He merely said to himself, "They do not understand me." The idea was a good one. So he gave them a lot more that they would not be able to understand.

By the time he had his own studio, he was a recognized genius, but that was not enough. He must be a *misunderstood* genius. He must work without a script. He mustn't laugh at his gags. He must stalk off the set every so often. He must fire his entire staff at least once a week and hire them back the next day. He must stand for an hour or so in a corner and think while everyone stood around, afraid almost to breathe. He must make cryptic remarks. But always he must have an audience for all of this.

He hates to be noticed in a crowd. Yet he always goes to Henry's about eleven at night when the crowd is the largest. They say he is unhappy. I think he is as happy as a child. Can you imagine Louis B. Mayer, or any other producer, getting a kick out of sitting on the curb, holding a spitting contest with a leading lady?

There are only three people upon whom his line doesn't work, and they are his best friends. One is Georgia Hale, his leading lady in "The Gold Rush;" one is Carlyle Robinson, his publicity man; and the other is Virginia Cherrill, his leading lady in "City Lights." They call him a kid and treat him as one.

We all know that he was unhappy in love, but would any man of Chaplin's age actually expect to find marital happiness with a high school girl?

Gilbert and Fairbanks Alike

IF you should feel a strong breeze on the back of your neck and you turn suddenly and see a man with his head thrown back, his chest thrown out and his grin stretching from ear to ear, exposing strong, white, even teeth, it is sure to be either John Gilbert or Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, with the line let out to full length. This is a case of where lines parallel. Each, with his lusty humor and general bluster, would have you think he is the original swashbuckler, when as a matter of truth, they are both modest, unassuming men.

Fairbanks, when not on parade, goes around in a dark gray suit and slouch hat. He hurries along the street and might easily be mistaken for a bank clerk late for work. But when you recognize him and say, "Hello, Mr. Fairbanks," he at once is on his guard. Up goes the head, back go the shoulders, his face breaks into the famous Fairbanks grin, and he is once more *D'Artagnan*, without a thought in the world save goodfellowship. John Gilbert is much the same, only more boyish, more wistful. That, I believe, is because of his large brown eyes. Eyes that when he is not acting, make you want to mother him.

It is small wonder that they have a line. When you pause to remember that more than half their time is spent in giving the screen swashbuckling characters, you wonder that they themselves know when they are acting and when they are not. And you feel like Belle Bennett's little son when he said, "I like mother when she's acting. She's more natural."

Which Is the Real Joan?

WHICH is the real Joan Crawford—the dancing Lucille Le Sueur or the poised and proper Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? That is the question before the public to-day. I say neither is real. Which is a line? Both. Ambition with Joan is real. From the time she was a freckled-faced little kid with a turned-up nose, she was burning up with ambition and nothing must stand in her way in her rise to fame. People were going to recognize her if she had to win every dancing cup between the Atlantic and Pacific, and she just about did.

She had a natural bent for dancing. Her mother says, "Joan never walked, nor ran —she danced." She might dash madly down the street on an errand, but she hesitated long enough to insert a little jig-step every few rods. She still does. But that doesn't prove that *The Charleston* was not a line. For while Joan had dancing feet, she never had a dancing heart. And there never was, and isn't now, any laughter behind those big, soulful eyes.

Much has been said about her new-found intellectuality. Perhaps she does read good books and go in for art and music and talk about her soul and give out interviews about "what love has done for me." That still doesn't make her an intellectual. And those same wide-open eyes speak not of wisdom gained, but of wisdom sought.

And her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was blessed with a Barrymore profile. Even when he was a chubby little boy in knee pants, this resemblance was striking. And just as Barrymore, in his younger days, dabbled in sculpturing and painting and poetry, so does the Junior Fairbanks. His haircut reflects the Latin Quarter and his frown, with one eyebrow slightly raised, might almost convince one that he took his dabblings seriously.

But sneak into the corner drugstore after a preview of one of their pictures. You'll find Doug and Joan sipping soda through a straw, heads close together, jabbering like magpies and you know in a minute that neither one of them gives a darn whether Rembrandt was a painter or just a Dutchman.

"He-Man" Bickford

I DON'T know whether Charles Bickford has ever verbally expressed his admiration for Jim Tully or not, but he must admire him greatly for one look at Bickford and you would swear that he just stepped out of a Tully story—with his flaming red hair, shaggy brows, blunt nose. Only his mouth gives him away. It is as delicate and sensitive as a woman's and one knows immediately that all his barks and snorts are merely for effect.

He struts around with his sleeves rolled up, his shirt unbuttoned, exposing a hairy chest. He orders corned beef and cabbage

in a voice that could pass for a California 'quake. And continues to tell you, in a very loud voice, that he has a hog farm in the East and that if he can't market all the hogs, he'll bring them to Hollywood and make executives out of 'em.

But if he is the he-man Hollywood-hater that he would have you believe he is, he wouldn't even attempt to make pictures. If he detested executives as much as his snorts would indicate, he'd pop 'em in the nose and walk off the lot. You see, it is just a line. He likes acting.

One day he came into the commissary with prop blood all over his head. It looked real enough to spoil my luncheon and that of many others. He laughed.

Then one of the press boys decided to test the Bickford stomach. He caught a fly and slipped it into Charley's soup. Carelessly Charley shoved it aside and called to the waitress, "Cancel the rest of my order. I'll just take some pie and a cup of coffee."

Fifi, the "French" Girl

FIFI DORSAY was hurled onto the picture public as a find right from old Paree. All her cute little wiggles and zee-zee giggles made the story sound authentic. Then someone tripped her up and amid tears she confessed that the story was just a line and that she had never been in Paris in her life, but she was real French, right from Montreal, where more than half the natives speak French instead of English. So we accepted all her little nasal *zees* and *zoos* and her *ooh-la-las*. And did we love it?

Then along came Gloria Christy who had worked with Fifi in New York. She told us that the smartest thing Fifi ever did was to perfect that *French accent* of hers. Ouch!

George Bancroft poses as the big, strong, overgrown boy with a heart of gold. He swims in the Pacific every day of the year, just to prove his hardiness, but he complains of drafts at the studio. To show his tender heart, he will always stoop to pat a dog on the head—always, if someone is looking. He is forever good-natured and easy to please. "Hurrah! We're here. Let's have a good time. Nothing is worth worrying about." But ask the Paramount officials and they will tell you that he's a pretty tough hombre to deal with and about as easy to please as Pola Negri used to be.

Other Lines Worth Noting

AND consider some of the others who have never-failing lines. Charles (Buddy) Rogers with his American Boy tactics. And Jack Oakie, who is just so naturally funny that he won't even study his lines—when anyone is looking.

There are the Gleasons, who are just *plain folks*, even to the extent of staging domestic quarrels in front of guests and having book shelves in the bathroom. Ramon Novarro, with all the hot blood of Latin youth, living the life of a *monk*. Lupe Velez, who lies awake nights, thinking up shocking things to do so that the public will think she is without morals. Lily Damita comes under the same heading. Speaking of Lily reminds us of the time an electrician cut his wrist on the set. Great haste was made to bandage the arm. Lily sprang toward the young man like a tigress and cried, "Don't do that! I luf blood!" Later in the day Lily was found in her dressing-room, looking pale. "Ugh! Dot blood. It make me seeck," she wailed.

There is George O'Brien, who must wear open-necked, tailored shirts in order to show the world what a hairy-chested, much-muscled he-man he is. There are Alice White and her rolling, flirting eyes; and Clara Bow, with her famous wink and her reckless abandon to love and her ranch, and so on down the line.

Stars may come and stars may go, but *lines* go on forever.

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL HER?



• MAYBE THAT'S TOO MUCH •

THIS girl's husband looks at her with dismay. He thinks she's a sad caricature of her former self. He remembers her fresh good looks. And what's become of her pretty spirited ways, her gayety and energy?

Yes, she *is* a dreary creature! Just her fretful mouth tells her story. Tired and cross from morning to night. Even cosmetics can't conceal the state of her skin, dull and brown-spotted and blemished.

Yet the remedy is simple. For she's merely one of the thousands of women suffering from a lack of *internal cleanliness*. And what she needs is to keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

For Sal Hepatica promptly clears away accumulations of intestinal waste, from which health and beauty-destroying poisons are absorbed into the blood.

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Norma Talmadge's Marriage to End in Unusual Divorce

(*Continued from page 41*)

has long been a term of endearment for him.)

"He has been such a wonderful companion. He is young in years—younger than myself—but not in viewpoint. What fun we have had, ever since that day in 1927 when he first appeared opposite me in 'Camille'—motoring, going to the opera, to the shows! He knows so much about music . . . he has been so charming . . . so attentive . . ."

"*Has been*"! Was Norma saying "Farewell" to Gilbert? She seemed a little sad amid such gaiety. Later, when she announced her divorce plans, she told reporters that there was no other man—Gilbert Roland, or anyone else. She added that she did not intend to marry again.

A few weeks ago, I dropped in at Norma's beach house again. The packers were outside the door, boxing her silver, crystals, fine bric-a-brac. The barrels and boxes were being packed for storage. The house was being put in order for rental. How desolate it all seemed!

Norma was in New York, having a "gay time" with her numerous friends, so they said, making ready for departure to Paris. Gilbert Roland was gone, somewhere. Norma, I was told, was planning a long stay abroad. Perhaps she would be away a year. No, she didn't seem to have any picture plans. I did not ask about divorce plans. None of Norma's friends thought that she and Joseph Schenck would be divorced; everyone assumed that their extensive mutual holdings would hold them together, if nothing else did.

She has always given the impression of having a "gay time." But sometimes, I suspect, her gaiety has been a sort of levity that was intended to hide her emotions on a subject that touched her deeply. She would often say:

Her Great Longing

"I WISH I had a child. Every childless woman knows that void in her heart—it's such a terribly aching pain—the heart seems so frightfully empty . . ."

And the next second she would burst out with:

"And it would be just my luck to draw the homeliest little mug in the world," and forthwith she would make extravagant gestures outlining physical features.

I rather think that this is the sort of gaiety Norma is now enjoying. It is more or less a substitute for the real thing. One must keep going—one just mustn't let life get one.

"What's it all about, anyway?" she has often asked quizzically. Only a woman who has lived fully and has had all the glamour and comfort that fame and material things can offer, and who realizes their futility, is capable of asking that question in just the way Norma does.

"Why get excited over anything?" she has added. "Calmness is something worth working toward. Nothing that anyone could do to me would hurt me now. The only thing that would bring me unhappiness is the consciousness that I should hurt someone else. I am prepared for the separations and breaks that come in life. There is a lot of hypocrisy surrounding death. Separation, not death, is the greatest tragedy in life."

When Norma Talmadge receives her final decree, she will be a very rich woman. Not as rich as she might have been, had her separation come three or four years ago, because very heavy stock market losses have affected the Schenck-Talmadge fortune. But she will never have to worry about finances. Nor is she likely to ask for alimony.

It has always been understood that Norma has a trust fund running close to one million dollars, and that she owns considerable valuable real estate in New York, Hollywood and Los Angeles. The terms of divorce will doubtless settle upon her a handsome sum from Mr. Schenck. She also has jewels of rare value, although she never wears them. They seem to mean little to her.

"Why should I show off with a priceless emerald-and-diamond bracelet, when some poor soul is trying to get a job to feed his family of hungry kids?" is the way Norma dismisses comment upon her treasures of precious stones.

He's Always at Her Call

"NORMA is a wonderful woman, and a fine artist," Mr. Schenck told me. "We had nine years of beautiful happiness as husband and wife, and I shall be eternally grateful to her for those times. I hold the *tenderest* feeling in my heart for Norma. I



shall always be at her call, no matter what the demand and when.

"I believe she will be happier, knowing that she is completely free from our marriage. We decided divorce at this time was the wise thing, because of reasons pertaining to our mutual financial holdings. These times are more or less precarious, and I feel for Norma's sake that it is best that her investments are not too closely identified with mine. Monetary independence is always a desirable thing for a woman.

"She will find happiness, I am sure. She will be protected in a financial way—she is beautiful and lovely—she will find a man who is suited to her in every way and one who can give her all the attention she deserves. If she ever faces a crisis, she will know that I am standing ready to serve her."

Joseph Schenck is probably fifteen years older than Norma. He is a gentleman of ingratiating charm and understands the meaning of the words gentleness, great generosity, patience and justice. Among business men he commands the highest respect and a certain fear. Knowing these things, it becomes all the more difficult to understand why he and Norma should be parting.

"Every wife needs the constant attention of her husband after a certain period of her married life, unless she has the obligations of motherhood, which in themselves are so encompassing that she rarely can become aware of loneliness," Mr. Schenck continued.

How They Drifted Apart?

"A HUSBAND, after four or five years of matrimony, becomes ambitious to provide more of the earthly goods for his wife's protection and his children's, if he is fortunate enough to have any. Often, he loses sight of the important fact that his business associations, his trips away from home, his growing zeal in the world of trade or finance, all have a tendency to dull the edge of his finer attentions to his wife. Every man should realize that at such a time, he is running the danger of causing his wife unhappiness, possibly loneliness and dissatisfaction."

I wonder if their divorce would have come about if business had not called him to New York so often when Norma was in Hollywood—and if their business relations these past five years had been as closely knit as they were in the crowded days of her career in the silent films?

Norma has made only two talking pictures, "New York Nights" and "Du Barry, Woman of Passion." In the past five years she has averaged only one picture a year. Seven and eight years ago she averaged four pictures a year—and they were nearly all big successes, big money-makers. Work, intensive work brought Norma and Mr. Schenck together constantly. It held them together. Fewer pictures minimized the necessity of steady, almost uninterrupted association. Mutual interests began to wane. Perhaps there was the dangerous, destructive pulling apart, instead of pulling together. Norma, herself, says that they "never learned to play together."

There is a play called "La Tendresse," which pictures a parallel to the idealistic parting of Norma and Mr. Schenck. Ruth Chatterton played in it on the stage a few years back, with the late Henry Miller. Its motif of mutual tenderness between the man and the young woman after they have parted strikes a chord similar to that of the mature, sympathetic understanding of Joseph Schenck for Norma, who still addresses all her letters and wires to him as "Dad" and signs them "Child."

Their understanding is a Hollywood version of "La Tendresse," made of much the same substance, fraught with the same tenderness of feeling.

"Does she think she can get away with that?"



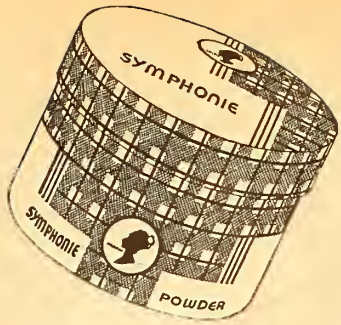
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Color of your hair?_____

Hollywood Secrets? Gene Dennis Knows Them All

(Continued from page 58)

later, I called a friend of mine, prominent in newspaperdom. "What about Loretta's engagement to this young Englishman?"

Sure enough—she was engaged to *somebody*. Investigation revealed that Loretta was wearing a beautiful ring and making those coy denials that are really admissions in any Hollywood engagement. And did I feel smart, knowing about it before it happened!

"She won't marry him, though," Miss Dennis told me later. "It would be a great mistake. Loretta is just now entering upon the most important phase of her career. She has splendid things ahead of her in pictures. She is learning how to overcome a great many obstacles, most of which she reared by her own hand. If she were to marry this young man, she would have to give up pictures. She would have trouble with his family in England. And she would be very unhappy. She doesn't know these things yet, but she will learn about them gradually. And she will see how foolish she would be. Herbert Somborn," she added, casually, "is very much in love with her!" (Herbert is one of Gloria Swanson's ex-husbands and wealthy owner of the Brown Derby.)

"Loretta will have great success in pictures and she will marry and retire several years from now—and have several children. She is the sort of woman who must have children to be happy. She will marry someone in Hollywood."

Mary and Doug Won't Part

MISS Dennis considers Mary Pickford one of the most interesting women she has ever met. "Mary's success," she says, "has not been due primarily to her physical beauty or to her acting ability or to luck. It is the result of qualities that she has gained through experience. Her soul is old and wise and very lovely. You feel goodness and truth vibrating from her. She has marked psychic qualities."

She says that a great change will come into Mary's life this coming June or July. "I do NOT," she adds, with emphasis, "predict a divorce. Mary is the one woman in the world for Doug—and she is intensely in love with him. Neither of them will ever care for anyone else. But Mary is going to solve some of her inner, mental problems during the next few months. She will be much happier than she has ever been before."

She predicts that Mary's next picture will mark a great advance in her popularity—not exactly a "comeback," but a new sort of success, more lasting and more important than anything she has ever enjoyed before. Doug, she says, will never attain any of his goals. "He reaches for the moon. He wants things beyond the limits of human possibility to attain."

Miss Dennis pronounces Joan Crawford the most intense and most vital player she has met in Hollywood. "She is certainly the most ambitious actress in pictures. There is no sacrifice that she would not make for her career. She will *not* be divorced from young Doug. On the contrary, their marriage is a success right now. They will have two children eventually.

Doug Won't Have to Worry

"JOAN'S admiration for Clark Gable, which has caused so much tittle-tattle here, is merely admiration—more like a schoolgirl crush on a handsome actor than anything else. She admires his ability, too. There is nothing in this emotion of hers that could cause any sensible husband the slightest worry. That is nonsense! There will never be any other woman for Doug, Jr. But Joan is not capable of such intense devotion as he is. She is too thoroughly concerned with her work. She will go very far."

She also remarks, in passing, that Joan would steal the picture, "Grand Hotel," completely—which would astonish everyone. One fancies that Garbo and perhaps Lionel Barrymore (not to mention John) will be particularly astonished!

Marlene Dietrich, too, is going to astonish us by a degree of spectacular success of which no one, not even Miss Dietrich, has dreamed.

"She will get along better with von Sternberg," Miss Dennis remarked, with a sly twinkle, "than she has been doing. There has been a great deal of friction there. But he will be directly responsible for her new triumphs. She will *not* go back to Germany for anything more than brief visits.

"She is being disciplined now—disciplined almost to the point of being completely subdued. The studio—and Mr. von Sternberg—are cautious. They still remember Clara Bow . . ."

"What do you mean?"

She became guarded at once. "Miss Dietrich is full of natural enthusiasm and joy in living, in new experiences. They must insist that she be careful not to get *too much* publicity."

Well, well! One had never thought of Dietrich as a runner-up to Clara Bow in bubbling spirits!

About Gene Dennis, Herself

MISS DENNIS is an extremely interesting young person, herself. She was born in Atchison, Kansas, and grew up there. Her gift manifested itself while she was still a little girl. "But my family didn't think it was anything especially unusual," she relates. "They just thought I was kind of smart!"

It was not until after she entered high school that any public notice was taken of her unusual quality. Her teachers observed something out of the ordinary in this pretty, dark-haired girl and made a careful study of her. One of the professors wrote something about her for a local paper that attracted the attention of the Kansas City *Star*. She attracted considerable attention in out-of-town newspapers and presently, at the age of fifteen, she began a tour of theatres that was to take her all over the United States.

Ben Thau, casting director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, relates an amusing story of his meeting with her in New York. He went to a booking office late one afternoon and was chatting with someone he found there. Suddenly a girl, who was also waiting, arose and approached him. "You are worried because you are late for an appointment," she announced. "You needn't fret about it. Your appointment is with members of your family and it is only a few blocks away. They are there now, but they will wait for you and they aren't annoyed at all!"

Mr. Thau was what you might call flabbergasted. "Who are you and how did you know about my appointment?" he gasped.

"My name is Gene Dennis and I know about things like that," was the cool answer.

He made an appointment then and there to talk with the young woman and was so impressed with what he learned about her that he was instrumental in getting her better vaudeville booking than she had ever had before.

How She Impresses You

SHE is obviously sincere in her belief in herself.

"I do not call my work scientific, nor do I claim that there is anything supernatural about it," she says. "I listen with my mind, and sometimes the answers come. Sometimes I am wrong. I am certainly not infallible. My greatest reward is the friendship that people seem to come to feel for me!"

She told me many more interesting things about picture people. Charles Farrell, for instance:

"He has not yet shown what he can do upon the screen. He has never given his real self. Something has always held him back. But mark my words! He will progress *by himself*. He does not need anyone —not Janet Gaynor, or anyone else. He has talent that no one knows about as yet."

Of Professor Einstein, whose comments upon her received so much nation-wide publicity, she says merely, "One feels a great reverence in his presence—as if one were in a cathedral. That man is very, very close to God."

Of Wallace Beery, she says, "His spiritual vibrations are greater than his talents. He emanates friendliness and good will. If chance had not made him an actor, he would have been a policeman, standing on the corner, beaming at people, helping old ladies and little children across the street. And he would have enjoyed that just as much as he does this!"

Richard Barthelmess "is a man complete within himself. He needs no person to complete his happiness. He will have steady success for several years. When he does retire, he will dabble in production."

Marie Dressler "will make fewer and better pictures. She will work as long as she lives. She has a great heart and a lovely soul.

Lionel Handicapped

"LIONEL BARRYMORE'S talents are greater than his physical strength. He will never achieve the success that he deserves. He is not strong enough.

"Marian Marsh is growing up faster than her employers realize. When she gracefully stepped back from stardom into featured rôles recently, they told her that it will be three years before she is ready for stardom. I tell you that it will be much, much sooner than that. She is nearly ready now—mentally, inside her. She will not marry until she is many years older—not until she is nearly ready to retire from pictures. That will be a long time!"

One well-known actor she dismisses with the remark, "He spends hours and hours, when he is alone, admiring himself in the mirror. His success will be brief!

"There is not an actor in Hollywood who is happy," she went on. "I am astonished at the misery you find among these people who are rich and famous and envied by half the world. They are restless, unsettled, frightened and suspicious. They are very lonely people."

She predicts another great upheaval in motion pictures, similar to the one caused by talking pictures. "The next mechanical change will come *inside the theatres*—not inside the studios. It will be terrific." She predicts that television will not be in use for many years to come.

"There will be more new stars achieving prominence in the next two years than in any like period in the past. You will see the old ones disappearing like snow in the sun. New things will be required of actors . . ."

And, what's more, she says that there will be more new babies in the picture colony in 1932 than in any year up until now! It will be interesting to look back next January and see how many of her prophecies have come true!

How to win the BEAUTY CONTEST you engage in every day!

Eyes glance your way—and you are in another of life's Beauty Contests! Today —get a dozen cakes of Camay. Use only this gentle, *safe* beauty soap, and your skin will be so fresh, so soft and flower-like, that all eyes will find you charming!



This girl is in a Beauty Contest—just as you are, wherever you go. And if your *skin has the lovely, soft, clean look that always attracts others,* you *will win!*



Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but the delicate beauty *soap, Camay, touch your skin.*



Here it is—Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the finest beauty soap you can buy . . . luxurious, gentle, safe *for your precious skin!*

The beauty of your skin depends on the soap you use. Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter, free from the "chalkiness" that dries out the skin. Camay is so delicate, so safe, that 73 leading skin doctors praise it! A brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, smooth as satin. Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay, take care of your skin with it, and you will find yourself winning so many of life's little Beauty Contests—and big ones, too!

CAMAY

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An efficient substitute for calomel and much easier to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets get at the cause of so many poor complexions. They help nature restore normal action in liver and bowels and sweep out deadening poisons of constipation.

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Name _____

Address _____

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Color of my hair:

Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The picture on page fourteen is a scene from "The Silent Witness" which shows Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn. If the rumors we hear are correct, this pair have been secretly married for a number of weeks, but refuse to admit it. Heyburn is supposed to have told friends that he and Greta were married in Tia Juana, Mexico, but later denied it.

2. Mary Pickford's brother, Jack, and his wife, Mary Mulhern, who was a dancer on the New York stage before she married Jack Pickford have come to the parting of the ways, the marriage having ended in a divorce. They were married August 11th, 1930, and lived together only a year.

3. Bessie Love and her husband, William Hawks, a broker of Beverly Hills, are the proud parents of a baby girl who will be known in debutante circles in Hollywood as Patricia Love Hawks.

4. Tom Mix married Mabel Hubbell Ward, circus aerialist, at Mexicali on February 15th. Mix who has been married twice before, met his bride when he was with the Sells-Floto Circus last season.

5. When Norma Talmadge sailed for Paris, she admitted it was for the purpose of divorcing her producer husband, Joseph Schenck, to whom she has been married for fifteen years, although they lived together for only nine years. Norma denied that she would marry Gilbert Roland or George Jessel when she secures her decree.

6. Ethel Clayton was granted a divorce from Ian Keith when she testified that he drank to excess and called her names.

7. Barbara Weeks was clawed by a leopard with which she had been working during the filming of jungle scenes for a picture. When her wounds were all healed brave Barbara went back to work in the picture with the same leopard.

8. Whatever the differences were between Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor six months ago, when they decided to go their separate ways, the misunderstanding has been cleared up and they're both happy again. Perhaps this time we will hear wedding bells.

9. According to rumors, Ann Harding is going through with the studio's new policy although she is not pleased with the idea of their pepping up her screen personality with new clothes, new hair arrangement and, in short giving her a new "sexy" personality. She would rather be "just Ann" and leave the wearing of smart clothes, etc., to the other players.

10. Colleen Moore, who divorced her first husband, John McCormick, motion picture producer, about two years ago, was married to Al P. Scott, New York broker. The two met through Charlie Farrell. Colleen, who has been absent from the screen for some time will only consider returning to pictures if she receives a flattering offer.

11. Dorothy Mackaill and her husband, Neil Miller, will tour the country in an act which will feature both of them and which will also have a male quartet and three dancers in it.

12. Otto Matiesen was killed when the automobile in which he and Duncan Renaldo were touring across country on their way from California to New York skidded and overturned on the state highway in Arizona. Renaldo suffered only minor injuries.

13. Jackie Cooper's mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper, has written the life story of her young son, and the book will soon be ready to be placed on sale.

14. Clark Gable, famous he-man lover of the screen, was surprised to hear that rumors were going the rounds that he was planning to divorce his wife. He had a hard time quieting the gossips and convincing them that all was (and still is) well in the Gable household.

15. Instead of making the trip home at night and back in the morning, Ruth Chatterton, who had been working late nights at the studio, made herself at home in her studio bungalow. Her husband, Ralph Forbes, stayed with her so she wouldn't be alone.

16. Louise Brooks, who was a popular player before the talkies came in and who is now unemployed, filed a petition in bankruptcy with liabilities listed at $11,969 and assets consisting of her wearing apparel.

17. Eddie Quillan has been put under contract by Harold Lloyd and he will produce five Quillan comedies a year. It has always been Lloyd's ambition to make comedies featuring another comedian.

18. Lupe Velez, Hollywood's fiery Mexican star, is now one of the stars of "Hot-Cha," the new Ziegfeld show, the stage production which also has Buddy Rogers as one of its stars.

19. The wedding of Carmen Pantages and John W. Considine, Jr., producer and director, was attended by many film notables. Their long courtship was interrupted once by a broken engagement when it was rumored that Considine was going with Joan Bennett and planned to marry her. Carmen is the daughter of Alexander Pantages, the millionaire showman.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 74*)

THIS souvenir-hunting has taken a morbid turn with the appearance of what appears to be robbers in Hollywood cemetery. Guards have been put around Valentino's grave, which has been defaced by the chisels of passionate fans. Crowds still gather to worship the memory of the Sheik. And the guardian of the mausoleum has a cupboard full of remedies close at hand to use when women faint or have hysterics there. His assistant is a blonde girl who giggles as she tells of the stunts visitors pull.

LORETTA YOUNG says that certainly she isn't engaged to Herbert Somborn, Gloria's ex-. "He's a wonderful friend to the family," she declares. "When I wanted advice the other day I called him up and we went to the Cocoanut Grove. Apparently everybody in Hollywood saw us there, judging by the gossip ever since. Why Herb is old enough to be my father—maybe my grandfather for all I know!" When she read the papers announcing her engagement to

(*Continued on page 89*)

That's Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 16*)

eight pictures in the last year, none of them flops? That that's a swell record?

NEVER a testimonial does a dress-maker get out of Edna May Oliver, who hates them. "I ordered a beautiful gown for an opening," she says, rolling her "r's" as only she can. "I wasted time on fittings, told them just how to make it—and what do you think it looked like?"

"What?" we demanded breathlessly.

"Like a pink nightie—with beads on it!"

FANS send Ramon Novarro costly presents—he gets a dozen or so every week. And Charlie Farrell's fan mail equals Janet Gaynor's, for the first time since they've been co-starred. Sidney Fox always receives offers of marriage, and Jimmy Dunn opens a lot of letters asking about babies—ever since he played the anxious father in "Bad Girl."

WHO is the best-dressed man in the movies? A lot of people would nominate Lewis Stone. At his ranch in San Fernando Valley the player keeps a collection of all the clothes he has ever worn in pictures. He never uses studio costumes, but always buys his own.

He has some sixty-odd kinds of riding clothes, and could dress for almost any sort of part at a moment's notice.

HOBBY notes: Vic McLaglen col-lects sets of boxing gloves—his chief pride being the pair in which he battled Jack Johnson.

Frank Albertson, for no reason we can discover, carves things out of soap.

Lilyan Tashman carries a trunkful of pillows and knicknacks around with her.

Robert Woolsey has a dog he takes everywhere, even to the extent of buying a special seat for it at the fights at the Hollywood Stadium.

HOW the depression affects a big business was seen at a studio the other day when an executive—an important one—urged three visitors to join him for lunch. They ate in his semi-private dining room off the commissary, and the "exec" played the host till the check arrived.

Then he said, "Oh, no," to the waitress who presented him with it. "Give us four checks. This is dutch-treat!"

AND while we seem to be on the sub-ject of anonymous stories, we'll tell one to show the influence of the Will Hays office upon the gaiety of life in Hollywood.

A young actor, new to town, was asked to a perfectly proper week-end party by a perfectly proper hostess. He was rather worried about it.

"I've heard about wild Hollywood gatherings," he told us anxiously. "I want to keep my name out of the papers. Maybe I'd better not go."

In the old days, we sigh with a stroke of our beard, it wasn't that way at all!

LOST—and—Found Department: that handsome and (now) English-speaking actor, Nils Asther, after having been promised us by M-G-M for many many rôles which failed to materialize, is going to be seen in "The Truth Game."

Then he'll appear opposite Garbo, so they promise. Just why this favorite hasn't been appearing opposite Garbo or any other lady of charm is inexplicable, and remains one of the most curious blunders of Hollywood.

WHO wants to wash dirty handkerchiefs?

Nobody! Why do it?



USE

KLEENEX

disposable tissues

INSTEAD!

New handkerchief tissue actually costs less than laundering

CAN you imagine any more unpleasant task than washing dirty handkerchiefs? No—and there isn't any.

Why do it? Lots of other women freed themselves from this disagreeable job, the instant they heard of Kleenex.

Kleenex is a soft, gentle tissue the size of a handkerchief. Its cost is very little. In fact, you can use a number of individual Kleenex tissues for less than it costs to have one handkerchief laundered commercially! Thus, Kleenex is actually an economy.

Much more healthful

If a soiled handkerchief is unpleasant to wash, think how dangerous it is to *use!* Soiled, germ-laden...any doctor would tell you to keep it from your face.

Nor should a dirty handkerchief be stowed away in clothing or laundry bags. It is fit only to be destroyed...and that is just what happens, when you use Kleenex. You use a tissue once, then destroy. Germs are destroyed. Each time, you select a fresh, clean, safe tissue.

For removing face creams

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery. Motorists like to keep a package in the car.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

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IN times like these, when everyone must make the most of every day, what man or woman can wisely stay at home to nurse muscles that ache and pain?

At the first sign of soreness, what you want is relief, and mighty quick! You want the benefits of the finest preparation that ever soothed an ailing muscle. That's why you want Absorbine Jr., because the very minute you rub it on you can tell by that glowing warmth that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.



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This book is on file in many Public and Medical Libraries, including the National Medical Library. Record of past sales—OVER 1,000,000 copies.

The Romance That Hollywood Couldn't Destroy

(Continued from page 29)

it. Nor have they publicly discussed it. The only recognition the rumors of their impending divorce have received from either of the Fairbankses was when Mary said:

"Let them talk about us. We really don't mind, for when they're talking about us, they're letting someone else alone. It can't hurt us—but it might hurt them."

It was one of the most thoroughly convincing statements I have ever heard. I was immediately positive that the Fairbankses did not "mind." Perhaps they would be pleased if rumors were less vehement. But their love is built on too strong a foundation to be destroyed. That may be a hazardous assertion, but it is my sincere conviction—borne out by what I know of their life together. I believe that this is one romance that Hollywood cannot wreck.

I have never known of a more beautiful devotion than this one that binds Mary and Doug together. It is not manifested in elaborate outward displays of affection. If they bill and coo, talk baby-talk or otherwise behave in the proverbial ways of lovers, they do so in private.

Instead, their devotion has taken on the aspect of tradition. Their life together is filled with little courtesies to one another—the sort of courtesies, tiny in themselves, but enormous in total, that most newlyweds practise assiduously at first, then forget. Mary and Doug never forget.

Doug seldom goes downtown that he does not return with some gift for Mary. Amusing, ridiculous little gifts, but tokens of his remembrance. He sends flowers every day, despite the large garden at Pickfair. And Mary still blushes when people ask her who sent the lovely corsage she wears.

Raced 6000 Miles to Mary

BIRTHDAYS, holidays, particularly Christmas, are elaborately observed by both Doug and Mary. Remember how Doug rushed home from Europe last year to spend Christmas with Mary? He did not have time to clear his baggage at customs and catch a trans-continental train. So he left his luggage and caught the train. He might have flown part of the way, but Mary worries about airplanes. Flying, therefore, was not to be considered.

Can you reconcile divorce rumors with this picture of a husband speeding across an ocean and a continent for the sole purpose of being with his wife on Christmas Eve?

Until very recently, Mary and Doug traveled together everywhere. Then Doug, with his incurable wanderlust, decided to film a travelogue ("Around the World in Eighty Minutes"). Mary's production plans for "Kiki" prevented her leaving Hollywood, so Doug was forced to go alone.

This was eagerly seized upon by the gossipers as being of considerable import. A permanent separation, they said, was just around the corner. What they did not know, or chose to ignore, was that Doug was all packed twice and each time decided to remain just another day or two.

When he finally sailed, he sent Mary several radio messages every day of the crossing. After landing, he continued to send daily cables and whenever possible put in wireless telephone calls that he might hear her voice half-way around the world.

Doug's use of the telephone when he is in Hollywood amounts to a fetish. If he decides to go to the golf course, he calls Mary to advise her of the fact. He calls

again to announce his arrival at the clubhouse. Completing his round, he immediately seeks a 'phone and reports his score. He says he is on his way for a rub-down at his private gymnasium. Leaving the gym for home necessitates still another 'phone communication.

How many wives can boast such knowledge of their busy husbands' whereabouts every moment of the day? You may say that it is inconsequential, but you must also admit it is charming. It also helps to explain Doug's mental agitation when Mary was missing for three hours that evening. Generally, he knows exactly where she is.

There are no secrets in the Fairbanks family. Doug has enormous respect for Mary's business acumen and she always finds him willing to help her with any of her problems. Theirs is a partnership in every respect. Advice is offered as advice, to be accepted or rejected as the other sees fit.

Absolutely no professional jealousy enters their relationship. Each is an avid admirer of the other's pictures. Mary believes Doug is one of the great screen personalities of all time. Her favorites among his rôles are *d'Artagnan* and *Robin Hood*. His favorite among Mary's rôles is irrevocably *Dearest*, the perfect wife, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In his choice is implied a delicate compliment.

To Doug, Mary is ever the perfect wife. To Mary, Doug is the dashing, romantic husband. She looks after him, worries about him much as she would about an overgrown boy. His constant attentions and courtesies she reciprocates in kind. She accompanies him as he hurries about the world, though it is doubtful if she cares as much about travel as he. She plans to join him in the South Seas, if she finishes "Happy Ending" in time.

I tell you, it is a beautiful marriage and charming companionship these two enjoy. It is based upon love, respect and intelligence—three factors much too strong to be buffeted into dissolution by stupid gossip.

How They Forgot Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD can't separate these people. Their marriage ties are forged by a great love, a love that has been strengthened, not abated, by twelve years of marriage. Hollywood has lost its power over their destinies. Once, perhaps, the influence of the film capital had power. But not to-day. To-day Mary and Doug are accountable only to themselves and to each other.

Their last battle with Hollywood was fought—and won—a year or so ago. Mary had a problem she found herself unable to solve. It was not a personal problem. It concerned her career. Tired by her inability to cope with the situation, her nerves gave way. For the first time in her life, she ran away from something.

Packing her bags, she took five hundred dollars and set out—her destination unknown even to herself. Doug was informed when he came home that Mrs. Fairbanks had driven off by herself in her own car. She appeared, his informant continued, to be in no mood to be trifled with.

Doug sensed, rather than knew, what had occurred. He had no knowledge of where she might go, but he had the instinct of love. Driving at break-neck speed, he followed his hunch.

Mary had not been in her room at a Santa Barbara hotel fifteen minutes, when the telephone rang.

"This is Douglas," her caller said. (Mary never uses the nickname, "Doug.") "I'm downstairs. Wouldn't you like me to come up?"

"Oh, please do!" she answered, breathless with relief.

The battle was won at that moment. Hollywood ceased to exist for either of the Fairbankses.



Date broken because of bad skin! Photo specially posed by Miss Alice Way

So ashamed of her Poor Complexion

she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts — but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps end constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "*beer yeast*"—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized*—treated with three distinct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet—almost unrivalled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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In Pleasant Tablet Form



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(Patents Pending)
from Hollywood

Trains the muscles of the upper lip to form a "Cupid's Bow". Worn in the privacy of your home—night or day. Easily and quickly put on and removed.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL ENVY YOU

A harmless, easily used, sanitary rubber appliance, scientifically designed to mould the lips. Will not mar the skin.

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Enclosed is $1 for which please send me FORM-O-LIP in a plain, unmarked package. (Postage paid).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____
(Simple instructions in each package)

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BE RID OF
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Blackheads, Whiteheads
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Wrinkles
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Thinness
Fat

IMPROVE
Eyelashes
Eyebrows
Hair
Figure

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No long waiting. In a *few days* clear your skin. End pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. *Banish wrinkles*, Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eyelashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify *completely*.

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You can try *all* of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—*absolutely without risking a penny*. I *want* you to make me *prove* that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart *beauty instead*. . . or take *some* prettiness and impart *stunning good looks*. I will send you *everything* to try my beauty aids *full two weeks*. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the *sole judge*. If not delighted, you just say so—and *your word is final*.

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Are You Up-to-date about Doug, Jr.?

(*Continued from page 47*)

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but he is never bored by him.

He has a sudden, combustive temper—a characteristic that he neither condones, nor attempts to curb. On the contrary, he is never quarrelsome or pouty. He can't apologize.

He hates knowing what he is going to have for dinner before he gets it. He enjoys his meals—as he enjoys everything else—in "surprises."

At times he is intensely interested in clothes, going in for an elaborate wardrobe. At other times, he will lounge around for weeks in an old sweater and a slouch hat. He says his interest in clothes is seasonal. He usually dresses better in the winter.

What Money Means to Him

LATELY, he has acquired a vast respect for money. Not because he particularly wants a lot of it—but because he does not want to be worried by the lack of it. Looking back, he is proud of the fact that he has been hungry and broke in most of the interesting cities of the world; that's why he got such a kick out of his rôle in "Union Depot." In Hollywood, he prefers to be affluent. Two months before he was married, he owed fourteen thousand dollars. It didn't worry him—but the constant ringing of the telephone was a nuisance. He considers his subsequent success on the screen in the past two years the best break his creditors ever had.

He is not particularly like his famous father—except in one respect. Both are mentally and physically restless. Too much of the same scene, the same person, the same conversation bore both of them in record time. Neither Fairbanks is a "food-for-thought" conversationalist. Philosophies and introspections, the fireside-and-pipe moments of life, are not for them. Strangely enough, Doug, Jr., is more sophisticated than his father. But he does not have as much sex-appeal.

He takes out his humor in jokes, tricks and anything else that he figures will upset the vanity of another person. He calls his father "the Old Man" because it annoys the original Fairbanks—thus pleasing young Doug mightily. It would annoy *him* to hear anyone else use that term for his illustrious parent.

Now the Two Dougs Are Pals

THERE may have been a time when a breach existed between father and son. It has been successfully and companionably bridged. Through a series of misunderstandings, thwarted objectives and incompatabilities, they have arrived at a splendid and real friendship—a too-rare trait between father and son. Doug, Jr., is delighted that his father has "snapped out" of what he termed his former "smug, repressed outlook on life." He says, "He's beginning to realize what a lot of fun life is, for the first time. I'm glad." They spend many of their mutually restless moments together performing tricks on one another, playing on the United Artists football team, smoking innumerable cigarettes and generally finding occupations that will relieve them of sitting down. Doug, Jr., is on just as excellent terms with his mother, now the wife of the musical comedy star, Jack Whiting.

In the society of attractive women, Doug, Jr., is politely flirtatious. His compliments are inspired by an elementary conception of feminine psychology. His surface understanding of women has led him to believe that they enjoy flattery. So he flatters them. Though he does it neatly, it still smacks of duty, rather than inspiration.

Certain inflections of his voice, certain glances from his eyes and certain given phrases are, no doubt, part of his "stock" repertoire, trotted out to fit the occasion—and the lady. Any number of Hollywood's fair charmers have probably been the "secret passion" of his life—for conversational purposes. Doug's polite flirting is nothing to upset the calm and peace of his own hearthstone—though it may have been innocently responsible for several silly gossip stories that circulated so recently of "trouble" between Doug and Joan.

Why He Doesn't Flatter Joan

HE has never seen or met a woman whom he considers as attractive as his own wife. Because he honestly believes Joan the ultimate in feminine chic, charm and beauty it is difficult for him to say so. He conserves his "stock" compliments for women far less alluring, who couldn't possibly believe him if they were in their right minds. A great many women of Hollywood are not in their right minds, which has earned Doug the pleasant reputation of a drawing-room *Don Juan*.

To his work he brings a complete "burn up" enthusiasm, which alternates with an indifference for certain rôles that makes his screen performances utterly inconsistent. When he believes and feels a rôle (he believed in "The Barker" and "Dawn Patrol" particularly), he imbues it with a sensitiveness and rare feeling that is only a little short of great. In "I Like Your Nerve," he turned in one of the most slipshod performances ever shadowed on the silver screen. For this reason he is the bane of critics, who have him down on their list of "six best performances" one month—and on the list of the "six worst" the next.

He is particularly good at stealing a picture from a so-called "star" personality. He has not been so successful in carrying star pictures alone—to date. Yet advance whispers from First National are to the effect that Darryl Zanuck, production boss at the Burbank studio, was so enthused about Doug's work in "It's Tough to Be Famous" that he wrote him a note of enthusiastic praise three days before option time—which is no time to be flattering in Hollywood unless you mean it. Zanuck did. The new contract is salted away, calling for pictures in which he will be splendid and indifferent, enthused and "cold"—which isn't in the contract, but is, very much, a part of the make-up of Doug, Jr.

Did You Know That—

Doug, Jr., one of the few American stars capable of making French versions, is now making one of Joe E. Brown's comedies, "Local Boy Makes Good"?

Before the Lindbergh kidnaping, Ann Harding was warned to guard her three-year-old daughter, Jane—and took the advice?

Ethel Barrymore has at last succumbed to the talkies, and will soon make a picture with Lionel and John?

Even Marlene Dietrich doesn't get as much mail at Paramount as Sylvia Sidney?

M-G-M is planning to remake "The Big Parade" as a talkie, and that Laurence Stallings, who wrote the story, is now writing the dialogue?

Garbo Will Not Marry, Her Numberscope Says

(*Continued from page 42*)

of Numerology, this is explained by the fact that she usually retains the deeper indifference of the number "7" and finds it too uninteresting to continue the physical and mental exertions that are necessary to accomplish to the full the success of her outer "Expression" of "3." This being more than a little bored with life and with people, as well as with ordinary human emotions, has decreased the spontaneity of her acting at times, to a marked degree.

As the analysis of the numbers of Greta Garbo is extended to include the birthdate—which as "The Path of Life" sets up a map of the direction to be followed through life, together with the indications of opportunities, changes and associations—the rule of the number "7" still dominates the picture.

September 18, 1906 is numbered as follows: 9 for the month of September, 9 for the addition of 18 for the day, and 7 for the addition of the year numbers of 1906 (1 and 9 plus 6 total 16, which, when added, brings 7). The final addition of these three numbers 9, 9 and 7 gives 7, if the 25 of the total is added.

This proves that Greta Garbo is not only a truly mysterious individual, in reality a dreamer, a mystic, very impractical and lacking in judgment, indifferent to the associations and experiences that interest so many other women, but that there is every chance that she will never get over it. Instead, she will pass across the screen of the public mind as a detached, unusual, somewhat lonely and impersonal figure, whose reason for arriving, for staying awhile or for departing was never very clearly understood.

Garbo's interpretation on the screen often reflects the number "7" so frequently repeated in her Numberscope. In the more human and emotional scenes, greater poise and detachment in a moment that must have an element of abandon is quite possible to her, for her temperament is tuned to look down from a calm height upon human love and emotion, whether the situation is in a picture or in her private life.

The first twenty-nine years of her life will offer Garbo the opportunity for the greatest public success and during this time, the Numbers say, she can associate with people of great influence if she will only bother to cultivate them.

Being inwardly more the dreamer than the doer, as a child she probably dreamed of her life much as it has since become. However, circumstances beyond her personal efforts, as indicated by her birth under the number "9" of September, caused her to be thrown with artistic people very early, which led on to broader phases of public opportunity.

Inwardly, because of number "7," she is content to pass through these first twenty-nine years without too much criticism, analysis or rearrangement of the situations that life provides, just so long as the privilege of keeping her individuality free from restricting association and obligation can be retained. She can become quickly incensed when this position is assailed.

Her position in public favor, which was almost assured from the first years of her life, is not threatened until 1935-6. In fact, these closing years of the success cycle, which she commenced with 1927, can see the greatest work of her career.

If she is missed from the screen before 1936, it will be from one of two reasons—the supreme Garbo indifference to her future and her public, or in response to a real "hunch," which she has learned by experience always to follow. The numbers see the shadow of such possibilities for 1933, but Garbo will not get married.



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Everyone knows the beneficial effects of Olive Oil — its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won universal acclaim because of its marvelous Olive Oil base. Now, by a special patented process, this same famous ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

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Lightex for oily skins in the red box . . . With *Olive Oil* for normal skins in the purple box

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OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS

What Has Become of the Famous Sennett Beauties?

(*Continued from page 32*)

sight. Why? There's no answer to the riddle of Hollywood! One girl becomes an extra, another one turns into a star—it's the luck of the game.

"Madelaine Hurlock wasn't a bathing girl, but she was a great Sennett star. She always longed to play dramatic rôles, and finally a big studio sent for her—and signed her—and dropped her before the picture was finished. It was real tragedy, but Madelaine's story has a happy ending. She went to New York, married Marc Connelly the successful playwright and author of 'Green Pastures.'

"Marie Baché," says Louise, "—she was one of the most popular postcard stars. Her pictures sold like hot cakes in the mining towns. And this pretty child with the gorgeous legs is Mildred June. She married a dentist, and lives in Hollywood—I think she sometimes plays leads in pictures made by independents. Fontaine La Rue was the vamp of the bathing comedies. Did you ever see such eyes and teeth? She was as exotic as Pôla Negri! But she was on the wrong lot for a future of high-priced vamping. Someone told me she is still around town . . .

"You've probably read about Juanita Hansen's career in the newspapers from time to time. The last news was that she had won a fortune in a lawsuit against a hotel because she was scalded when she tried to take a cold shower bath. Virginia Nightingale was another Sennett girl who figured in the headlines at one time. She is running a beauty shop in Hollywood now, and Irene Jones—that girl with the lovely figure on the end there—has a modiste's establishment on the Boulevard."

Two Tragic Beauties

MARY THURMAN smiles archly from the next faded picture, in sequins and prop pearls—Mary Thurman, who was slated to become a great Paramount star, when Death struck her down on her first big picture. Some say that she died from malaria contracted on location in Florida, but others, who knew of a tragic love affair, say that she died of a broken heart. Next to her in the row of bathing beauties is Dorothy Seastrom, another on whom the Shadow already rested. First National had signed her to play dramatic rôles, just before she was stricken with tuberculosis, dying several months later in the Arizona desert.

"Only two bathing girls won a place in the Follies," Louise says. "One was Alyce Maysanne, the other Peaches Arnold. Afterward Peaches married a silk importer and went to China to live. She died there last year. Ora Carewe went on the legitimate stage. Where she is now, I don't know. Isn't this girl luscious? She looked like a damask rose! There is no star on the screen to-day lovelier than Myrtle Lynn, but she has disappeared. So have Maude Wayne, that pretty blonde in the wading boots, and Marvel Rey, the most famous bathing girl of all. . . "

Louise laughs at the next picture—a young and slim Fazenda in a prim high-neck bathing suit and long, black-clad legs. "They couldn't get me to take my stockings off' " she chuckles—but her eyes are wistful. Fifteen years ago, that pert and pretty younger self tossed her brown curls confidently at the future. A fortunate future, certainly, with fame and fortune and a happy marriage (to Hal Wallis, studio manager for First National) waiting in it—and yet I think that Louise Fazenda, looking at the Louise Fazenda of long ago, saw another bathing girl whom she would never find again.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 82*)

Mr. Somborn, she called him on the phone. "Oh, Herb, I'm so sorry!" she wailed, "What can I do?" "Why, that's all right," replied Mr. Somborn. "Do nothing at all about it,"—and added gallantly, "I only wish it were true."

HAROLD LLOYD'S announcement that he has put Eddie Quillan under contract and will produce five Quillan comedies a year surprised Hollywood but not this writer to whom, several years ago, Harold confided a wish to take on a sort of apprentice comedian and train him to be his successor eventually.

WONDER how John McCormick feels about Colleen's marriage to Al Scott —which was delayed so much beyond Hollywood's expectations that the movie colony had just about given it up? Colleen seems definitely lost to us, having signed to make a stage play on Broadway this spring. And they do say that Mae Clarke and John McCormick are going places together again.

WILLIAM POWELL and Carole Lombard have both changed a great deal since their marriage. At a party the other evening, Bill told the butler to announce them as "William Lombard and Carole Powell." And that about expresses the change. Carole, who used to be the party girl, has become quite staid, while the dignified Bill has become—for him, at least—quite a cut-up.

TALA BIRELL, the blonde Roumanian newcomer, turns out to be the brunette Roumanian newcomer! It seems she bleached her hair for a picture a year ago and has been begging the company to allow her to go back to her dark brown locks ever since. She is to be starred in her second picture. So it looks as if we had chosen our first star-in-the-making wisely. Don't miss reading about her on page 27 of this issue.

THE recent unprecedented and torrential rains have changed a number of picture plots in Hollywood. Scenario editors have been kept busy re-writing their scenes from garden to parlor. Some of the big outdoor sets on the Lasky ranch were washed away. Wouldn't it be a joke on the Chamber of Commerce if London and Los Angeles changed climates!

WHEN Danny Denker, the local advertising sheik, drove up to the opening of "Mata Hari" in a splendid limousine, alighted and helped out the familiar figure of Professor Albert Einstein, Hollywood gasped! The radio announcer begged Einstein in vain for a word over the mike; autograph hunters got merely a wave of the hand from the distinguished scientist. And all the stars gazed with envy at the friendly relationship between Danny and the great hero of relativity, whatever it means—there are twelve persons in the whole wide world that understand it. But now it turns out Danny was quietly chuckling all the while and having his little joke. He had discovered an obscure tailor, named Goldberg, whose wild gray hair and kindly countenance resembled Herr Einstein's to an uncanny degree, and hired him to amaze Hollywood by doubling for the scientist for one night only!

(*Continued on page 92*)

EVALYN KNAPP, *Warner Bros. player, chooses this moulded evening gown — difficult to wear but charming with her slender, rounded figure. Pajamas for tennis are attractive and comfortable.*



FIGURES NEVER LIE...TODAY!

ROUNDED SLIMNESS and youthful curves are the keynote for the current year. Modern fashions are moulded to the figure. Where dresses once concealed, they now reveal. Never was a good figure so important.

Yet we must use wisdom in achieving this desired figure. So many women, today, have lost both health and beauty, because of a faulty reducing diet.

Two things are needed in a meal to promote proper elimination. These are "bulk" and Vitamin B, both of which help tone the system. If they are lacking, faulty elimination soon develops. Complexions become sallow. Eyes lose their gaiety. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy follow.

Yet improper elimination is usually unnecessary. Avoid it by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Science tells us that this delicious cereal provides both "bulk" and Vitamin B. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables.



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Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is also a good source of iron for the blood. Serve as a cereal, or cook into bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. It is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Does Gable Mean It When He Wallops the Heroine?

(*Continued from page 57*)

The Paul Lukas-Ruth Chatterton flare-up, resulting from a scene of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," might never have occurred if the director had not decided to film a slapping incident (later deleted from the film) at the end of a long, hard day. Both players were on edge when it was taken, and Ruth found expression in swinging such a buffet that it made the actor's ears ring. Lukas, unable to take the punishment at such a time, grabbed the famous Chatterton and shook her until all of her dignity, and most of their mutual indignation was gone. Their apologies, it is said, were very superficial! Though they soon were friends again.

How Joan Cuffed Her Pal!

ANOTHER man who had difficulty in "taking it," despite his skill at "dishing it out," was James Cagney. He had to take dozens of lusty, open-handed wallops from Joan Blondell during the filming of "Blonde Crazy."

There is something to be said for him, though, not only because he received those wallops regularly throughout the picture, but also because Joan's right arm is a powerful one. (Did you ever hear about the time she floored a maniac who was after her?) She had to stop swimming to avoid over-developing it. And she spared neither her palm nor the pugnacious Cagney profile.

It was not a punch on the jaw that Chester Morris administered to Billie Dove in "Cock of the Air." *That* might have been all right. A spank, delivered with force enough to produce a fine sound effect, is far less dignified. Then, after Billie had suffered the smart, the bruise, and the indignity, they cut out the sound effect! Gossip says that Chester is going to pay, and pay and pay!

The stimulating effect of off-stage quarrels in film fights has been recognized for some time by realism-seeking producers. For example, what a fine, vicious slapping match Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert staged in "The Smiling Lieutenant"! Their mysterious private differences undoubtedly added zest to the camera quarrel. Although they began gently, their blows became harder and harder as each felt the sting and thought the other deliberately taking advantage of the situation.

Feuds They Ought to Film

HOW a modern director would have relished that famous quarrel between Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal, when they were working in Griffith's "Lady of the Pavements"—with its culminating hand-to-hand, hair-pulling, head-thumping fight! Maybe you've heard that one producer has been trying to persuade Lupe to play the villainess in a picture in which Dolores Del Rio will be the heroine—and you know how much love has been lost between the two Mexican girls!

There are casting possibilities in many another famous quarrel. Suppose Rex Lease, who blacked Vivian Duncan's eye (so Vivian said) at Charlie Farrell's Malibu Beach cottage many moons ago, were placed in a picture with Vivian and her husband, Nils Asther. Suppose Rex were cast in the same picture with his ex-wife, Eleanor Hunt. And suppose Helene Costello returned to the screen in a picture with Lowell Sherman, from whom she has just parted. Of course, Jim Tully, who once socked John Gilbert, was cast in "Way with a Sailor" alongside John, and nothing happened—but you never can tell!



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See page 42



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Alona Marlowe, the girl who clawed and was clawed by Lilyan Tashman in a dressing-room brawl, might well arise from obscurity and form a realistic film triangle with Miss Tashman and husband Edmund Lowe. And Kathleen Key, who tried to beat up Buster Keaton in the latter's dressing-room, could unquestionably put realism into a fracas with him before the camera.

Rita Socked the "Villain"

THERE is one combination of off-stage enemies that no producer is going to use. A certain portrayer of "villain" rôles, for instance, wants no more punishment from Rita La Roy, the screen "vamp"! He got more than enough one day, in the lobby of the hotel where they both chanced to be staying. Rita was getting her key at the desk when he, in true villain form, sidled close up to her and whispered that a villain and a vamp living in the same hotel should get acquainted.

The blow came all the way from the floor. It lifted him off his feet, and piled him up in a corner with two of his teeth extracted as neatly as a dentist could have done it! At least, that is the report of eye-witnesses.

Probably Garbo and Joan Crawford have no quarrel with each other, but the fact that the two are together in "Grand Hotel" suggests the advantages of combining two famous stars who really do have a feud—Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, for instance. There are two ladies with a real grudge! They don't like each other, never have, and probably never will. What a face-slapping, hair-pulling scene they could put on! And what if Gloria and Constance Bennett ever were in a picture together?

The cinema ladies can't be too famous, too dramatic or too sacred to-day to give and take punishment. And it seems only a few years ago when the inimitable Louise Fazenda was considered the only woman on the screen who could be used—with the approval of the public—as a target for kicks, cuffs, buffets and wallops!

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

rejected Clark (What-a-man) Gable because Gable "had NO BODY"! My answer to THAT is: Well, Clark has *SOME*-thing—besides dimples! He didn't become "What-a-man" because he was your married sister's nurse-girl! As addenda to Gable's rejection: Our own J. Barrymore even went so far as to say Clark was "Valentino in Jack Dempsey's body"! (Of course, apologetically, that was three months ago and Gable has probably shriveled a lot since the fatuous laudation!)

Well, Johnny has triumphed over Gable (without a struggle). I'm not necessarily a Gable fan; just resentful of a press-agent's fanfare that took in too much territory—to say nothing of bein' downright injurious! They said things about Joel McCrea, Tom Tyler, and George O'Brien, too.

George O'Brien, six feet tall, weight two hundred—former boxing champ of Sam's Navy—a perfect specimen—and *REALLY* strong! Tom Tyler, formerly United States weight-lifting champion in the heavyweight class—weight about two hundred and height six feet! A handsome youngster, clean-muscled, extremely personable! Probably from two to three times as powerful as smiling Weissmuller! And, by way of concluding this little heart-throb, why did they overlook handsome, strapping Richard Dix . . . or that beautifully proportioned Englishman, Reginald Denny . . . or—lo!—the Herculean Jackie COOPER???

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 89)

NEIL HAMILTON had a permanent wave for a part in a recent picture. Eric Linden, juvenile, wore a toupée in order to play lover to Helen Twelvetrees. It certainly made him look older, but Eric fought bitterly against it, declaring it made him look like the monster in "Frankenstein."

RUTH WESTON, New York débutante, had the most amazing accent of anyone on the screen when she first arrived. It was probably "Finishing-school-ese" or "Four Hundred-ese" or something, but she soon lost it and acquired a Hollywood vocabulary. You couldn't have told her from any native actress the other night, hearing her discuss the "lousy picture" she had just seen—until Mary Roberts Rinehart arrived. Then Ruth's best Younger Set accent was back. "One doesn't find many congenial people to talk to in Hollywood, does one?" she was cooing.

HOLLYWOOD is all a-dither and a bit of a bother, over the presence of Gene Dennis at a local theatre. Gene is the lady who told Einstein "marvelous things." Some of the biggest stars have consulted her, among them William Haines, Tallulah Bankhead and Mary and Doug. But, though Gene can offer instant advice on how to cure all human ailments and how to invest your money and whether to marry your young man or not, she is stumped when it comes to buying an evening dress for herself. She was shopping for one to wear to Carman Pantages' wedding and sighed as she said, "I never know what is becoming to me."

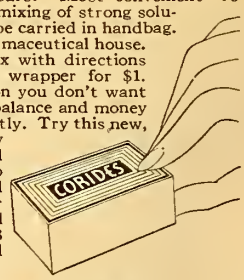
REMEMBER Lupe's gag about buying, herself, the wedding ring she used to wear? Now it's Loretta Young who is wearing a sparkler on her left hand, and claims she bought it with her own money. But her friends say there's a romance hovering in the near future for Loretta, who is still so young that she still wears a gold brace about her front teeth when she isn't working. The gentleman in the case, hint her friends, is Herbert Somborn, owner of the Brown Derby restaurants and Gloria Swanson's second husband.

BEN LYON is such a proud father that he cannot help showing off his baby at whatever hour of the day or night an audience is available. The other night at eleven o'clock he darted to the nursery and returned with a small sleepy head wabbling over his shoulder. He and Bebe almost didn't start on their vaudeville tour because they couldn't bear to miss an hour of Barbara Bebe's sweetness. "Take care of her for us," they wailed to their friends as they finally dashed for their train.

AT a luncheon the other day we heard words familiar to us, but hardly to the Hollywood star who uttered them, "And, my dear, last week, what with the bills and all, there was one day when we didn't have a loaf of bread in the house—" It was Lola Lane, or rather Mrs. Lew Ayres, speaking! But don't worry. These newlyweds aren't really down on their luck. They're just saving money and investing every week's pay-check against the possible rainy day. Lola is studying astronomy with Lew, and they are gazing at the stars through their new telescopes evenings instead of making whoopee or raising Cain or, if you prefer it, the old Ned.

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IN 30 DAYS

Mrs. Giffin 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HERE is Hollywood for you, done up in an anecdote, told me by a studio publicity boy in my office yesterday. He had had a good job at a big studio, had left it to go abroad, and returned expecting to find another job, to discover that even Hollywood had been hit by depression. "I've been back ten days, and haven't had a place to sleep in that time," he said. "Yesterday an old friend of mine invited me to dinner at Beverly Hills. He is a millionaire and we were served the most costly food by a butler and two waiters. I came back into Hollywood on a bus and stopped at the police station to ask them to let me sleep in one of their cells because I didn't have the price of a room, and it was raining."

THERE was a wide-eyed ingènue (you know her well) at a tea party with a number of dramatists and newspaper people. Someone was kidding a playwright about his flops. "Oh," said the little ingénue, "I played in one of your flops once!" She named the play. "It lasted two weeks," said she. "I don't remember whether we ever got to Broadway with it or not."—"You don't remember whether you played it on Broadway?" someone shouted. "Well," said the ingénue, "I was thinking about something else at the time. And then the offer came and I started for Hollywood—"—"Did you ever get here?" asked the cynical newspaperman as he fished out a piece of cork from his highball.

THOSE frolicsome Marx Brothers are back and playing their pranks as usual. The other day after lunch, the executives and other studio celebrities went back to their offices and got lost! During the lunch hour, the Marxes had been around with sign-painters, changing the names on the office doors. Just good clean fun on the Paramount lot.

BY the way, did you know there was a fifth Marx brother? His name is Gummo and he runs a store back East. "Four of us alive," says Harpo, "and one in the clothing business."

WE heard the other day that Sari is so young that she shed a baby tooth on the way over to fulfil her Paramount contract. When she arrived at the station and smiled sweetly at the welcoming executives, they were startled to behold an infantile gap in her smile. But when they protested that she must go to a dentist and have the matter corrected at once, she smiled the more. "There is nothing in my contract about how many teeth I should have," said she—as the tale goes. "If I go, you must pay." And so they did.

A PUBLICITY girl who recently lost her job in the shifting of studios has reason to think Ann Harding is a pretty swell sort. Ann liked her and made no bones about letting the studio officials know it. "Get Jane to tell you what I think about this and that," she told them, "Jane knows my views." When they asked her for fashion pictures, she smiled slyly. "Jane was the only one who could make me do things I didn't want to do," she murmured. Jane is back at the studio now.

FOX STUDIO has just passed through a cruel experience. Some three months ago a small, quiet, meekish man whose name, Don McIntire, meant less than nothing to anyone on the lot, from stars to executives, arrived and was given a mean, dark, little hole of an office. His job was vaguely known



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The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.



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as "engineer in charge of moving the physical properties from Hollywood to Westwood." He spent his time wandering around the studio, staring vaguely at everything that was happening. Electricians on the sets shoved him aside, the stars kidded him. In fact, everyone considered him a harmless nuisance. But none of them knew that Mr. Don McIntire was the secret agent of the Chase National Bank, which has lent Fox Films over a hundred millions—sent out quietly to report on what was being done with it!

THE shock when the news broke was terrific. Charlie Farrell, sitting with his head on his hands on the set spoke for the actors when he groaned, "Let me remember what I said to that man!"

OF all the stars, Elissa Landi alone had no cause for worry. Elissa had taken pity on the vague, lonely little stranger and talked to him pleasantly. "It seems as if," he had said, hesitatingly, while watching on the set, "there was a good deal of waste around here. I don't believe I'd *ever* get used to it!" He sat by while she waited an hour for some costumes to be sent over for her to wear. They didn't come. Telephone messages didn't bring them. Errand boys returned without them. The clock ticked on. Finally Elissa sighed and took down the telephone, "I'll see what temperament will do," she told him. He listened while she raged and stormed and threatened. In five minutes the costumes were on the set. They might have been there an hour earlier. Mr. McIntire made a note of it.

"I SUPPOSE," said Elissa to him when the Awful News of his real identity and purpose broke, "now that you're God around here, I'll have to call you 'Mr.'" "No," he smiled, "I'm only God's office boy."

A PROMINENT executive of Fox peremptorily sent for him when the story broke. The meek little man, who had been obeying the orders of underlings around the place, obeyed this one last order. But the executive isn't there on the Fox lot any longer.

THERE is probably a moral to all this. In these days when Old Man Depression is in the saddle the studios should be polite to everyone. There may be bankers around, in disguise.

THE reason why Jeanette MacDonald departed for New York was because when "One Hour with You" was previewed, the picture needed some new scenes. But Chevalier was on the stage in New York and wouldn't be back for more than a month. So the rest of the company had to go to him, together with the props and everything else used in the scenes to be retaken! It's the first time the mountain has gone to Mahomet in this way.

WALLACE BEERY was working on "Grand Hotel" when the Bakersfield-Los Angeles passenger 'plane was lost recently in the mountains of the Coast Range. Wally got out his private airplane and joined the searchers. But he refused to allow his mechanic to take the risk of foggy flying with him. "If I want to fly, it's my business," said Wally, "it hurts only me." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials, to whom Wally also meant a ruined picture if he crashed, held their breath while he zoomed over the mountains through the fog.

(*Continued on page 98*)

Why White Women Are Unsafe In Honolulu

(*Continued from page 35*)

radio entertainer. Dorothy Mackaill says:

"I have made eight trips to Honolulu. *If my work permitted, I would leave tomorrow for my ninth!* I love the island of Oahu. To me, it will always be the place where Neil and I found our greatest happiness—in finding one another.

"As for its dangers, I am afraid the newspapers are making a Roman holiday of them. It seems so unfair that one case should be heralded as the custom, rather than the exception, of true conditions in Honolulu. I repeat I have made eight trips there. This recent tragic event is the first case of rape involving a white woman that I have ever heard of in Honolulu. I don't make any pretense of knowing the true facts in this case; what I have to say deals solely with general conditions as I have found them.

"If there are any dangers for women in Honolulu, more than any other vacation playground, might not the fault lie in the *type* of women who would encourage such risks? Remember, Honolulu is a rich man's—or shall I say, rich woman's?—playground. It attracts a great many idle, restless women with money, who are seeking excitement and the desire to play with fire. The remoteness of the Islands and the languid life there offer attractive opportunity for a romantic interlude which can, and will be, forgotten at the next stopping-place. These beach boys are handsome, strong, many of them built like young bronze gods. I know it is true that many white women have encouraged their attentions, often having the boys rub them with cocoanut oil to encourage tans. The real tragedy lies in the possibility that one innocent woman may have suffered from the indiscretions of several.

"I do not believe that every temperament can stand the insidious appeal of the tropics. It is not always good for people who are so thoroughly Americanized as most of us are, used to the routine of work and the bustle of activity, to be set down where life is so easily, casually lived.

"Neil knows of a young married couple who came to the islands on their honeymoon. When they came there, they were happy. When they left, they were on the verge of divorce. The young wife had been swept into a gay social set (not the true Honolulu social set—but that of the white visitors), whose every thought was of play, play and more play. It got her eventually—and when her husband insisted that they return to the States, it almost broke them up. However, she did eventually come with him. I suppose they have forgotten all about Honolulu by now.

"But to people who love the Island for all it really stands for—its curving white beach, its palm trees, the sweet, child-like hospitality of the natives, the long, sunny days on the beach—it will always be the ideal place to *rest* and forget their own mad bustle of life. I love Honolulu. I always have. I always will!"

Hoot and Sally Blame Whoopee

HOOT GIBSON and Sally Eilers spent their delayed honeymoon in Hawaii, where Sally was on location for the Charlie Chan mystery called, "The Black Camel." They join in saying:

"We agree with everything Dorothy Mackaill has said! You don't have to be in Honolulu long before you know whether you want to make it a glorified whoopee vacation—or a real one, taking advantage of all the loveliness the island has to offer.

"Dangerous to women? Not if they don't want it to be! Mind you—anything we say has nothing to do with the attack and

Why so many famous faces are ALWAYS YOUNG



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murder case being featured by the newspapers. Just as Miss Mackaill pointed out, it is heart-breaking to think that one woman may have suffered because many bolder women may have encouraged the attentions of the beach boys. That is something for the courts to decide—not us!

"We believe that women find in Honolulu just what they go looking for. That slow, dreamy atmosphere of the Islands *can* be dangerous to a certain type of woman—a woman who lets herself go too deeply into it.

"The true natives of Hawaii are child-like, lovable people. Their one creed in life is to be happy. To them, the business of living is much more important than the business of work. They are hospitable, gay, proud of the beauty of their island.

"There are many half-breed beach boys in Honolulu, and there may be some truth in the story that white women have spoiled them, with too careless familiarity. Certainly they are not as shy and retiring with white women as they used to be. But even so, we have never heard of their being forward or bold where there has been no encouragement.

"What we really want to say is: Don't let anything you have recently read in the newspapers keep you from making the trip to Honolulu, if you are ever lucky enough to afford it. It is still as lovely as you have always thought it. Our only regret is that we can't go back there for a little vacation this month!"

Arlens Tell of Native Gigolo

WHENEVER Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen feel like taking "another honeymoon," it is to Hawaii that they go. Together, they say:

"Women are just as unsafe in Honolulu as they are in Monte Carlo, Palm Beach, New York, San Francisco or Kalamazoo. A friend of ours recently told us that many steamship reservations were being canceled, because people were beginning to feel that Honolulu was unsafe for women since this tragic rape case broke in the newspapers. Trips through the Panama Canal or to Europe might just as well be canceled, too. Women in Honolulu are ordinarily as safe as they are at home!

"We know of a woman in Honolulu who became infatuated with a native boy (incidentally he was not a native Kanaka—but a half-breed), bought him a charming beach house and an automobile, and paid all his bills. But she was just the type who would have kept a gigolo in Walla Walla, Washington. It's unfair that these few incidents of women going haywire in Honolulu should give the whole place such a black eye.

"We haven't been to Honolulu in a year. Those were the conditions when we left there. If in the meantime they have changed, if the beach boys are growing bolder with white women, if life there is not as ideal as it has once been, why not be frank enough to place some of the blame where it might rightfully belong—at the door of some people who have gone there and mistaken the lovely freedom of the island for license? It would not be the first time the mark of the white man had left restlessness and unhappiness in its wake!"

Janet Willing to Go "Alone"

JANET GAYNOR and Lydell Peck spent their honeymoon in Hawaii, and Janet has visited there so many times, between pictures, that the Pecks have taken a house there—as have Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon. Janet says:

"I feel terribly hurt that this unfortunate case should have put Honolulu in such a bad light with many people who have never been there. I guess everyone knows how I feel about Honolulu. I have been there many times—twice with Lydell and several times alone, I mean accompanied only by my mother or some feminine friend. That is

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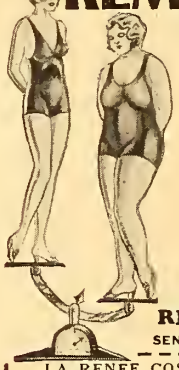
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how unsafe for women I consider Honolulu!

"We feel qualified to speak truthfully about conditions there, for when we visit the Islands we seldom stop at the big hotels. We prefer to take a little house on the beach in which our neighbors and many of our closest friends, we are proud to say, are native people! They are charming, proud, intelligent and cultured. I have never seen, heard, or known of a single case to the contrary.

"I'm afraid I can't contribute anything to the possibility of Honolulu's being unsafe for women—unless, of course, as Miss Mackaill has pointed out, they want to play with fire! That can be done any place—why pick on Honolulu?"

Howard Blames Mixed Races

DIRECTOR William K. Howard and his wife, Nan, have recently spent a vacation in Hawaii, about which Mr. Howard has this to say:

"If my wife were making a vacation trip alone, I would be happier knowing she was going to Honolulu than any other place! If Honolulu is unsafe for women, we saw no evidence of it during our recent trip there!

"We met, and became friendly with, many of the native people. Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck were kind enough to wire a charming boy they knew that Mrs. Howard and I were arriving for a visit on the island. He met us at the boat and he was with us during most of our stay there. We have no more delightful friend.

"If there is trouble brewing there, it cannot be laid at the door of the true native. I do not know conditions among the half-breed beach boys. With them it might be the same as it is with the lower caste of any country with too much idleness, too much drinking, too little morale to stand the sensuous lure of that phase of island life. Among this element, Honolulu might be unsafe for white women—but, then, remember that women do not have to seek this element! If one of them is an innocent victim of it—then that is true tragedy."

Monte Blue has made pictures in Hawaii, and he and his wife, Tove, have vacationed there. Jointly, they say:

"The root of all this talk that Honolulu has suddenly become unsafe for white women might lie in the fact that the half-breed beach boys have become jealous of the attention shown the true native boys by white women. It would take the wisdom of Solomon to sift the blame to its true base in that case! But this is the exception, not the general run of conditions in Honolulu. Like all the other people you have talked to, we think it terribly unfortunate that Honolulu, with all the beauties it has to offer, should be so besmirched by one deplorable case!"

Dolores Not Afraid

BUT if "actions speak louder than words," consider what Dolores Del Rio has just done. When the Hawaiian "trouble" arose, it was decided that the company filming "The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's famous drama of Hawaii, would go to Florida for the outdoor scenes. But when Dolores (who plays the rôle of the tragic native girl, *Luana*) said that she was willing to go to Hawaii, itself, to make the scenes—well, the company went. And has had a very good time, thank you.

Since the movies are blamed for practically every unfortunate occurrence except the depression, it surprised no one when the reformers stepped forward with the theory that the Hollywood brand of entertainment had put ideas into semi-civilized heads in Hawaii. Those who love their movies will be glad to know that the authorities officially discount this theory.

Broad-minded Americans are more inclined to place the blame for any ill feeling toward the white race at the door of the financiers—because they have taken the land away from the natives and have commercialized them; because the natives see the white land-owners enjoying life to the utmost, while they, the day-laborers, are having to work as they never worked before. And then there are the other, but no less important, explanations that the screen stars have offered—placing the blame upon the irresponsible, over-sexed type of white woman.

However, any sporadic outbursts of crime—such as the attack on Mrs. Massie and the murder that followed—are bound to be rare in Honolulu, in the nature of things. The Hawaiian is easy-going, in the first place. And in the second place, the very isolation of the Islands prevents any criminal's escape. In what American city of the same size (137,500 population) are there such safeguards?



Ewing Galloway

This shows you most of Honolulu's business section, which might be that of any city of the same size on the mainland—except for the mountain range in the background. Even in this part of Honolulu, however, life is more leisurely than anywhere in the United States



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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 94*)

GWILI Andre, the new Radio find, was a dress model with an exclusive gown shop for some years in New York City. One day, relates a writer who knew her by sight at the time, she was in a beauty parlor and saw the stately Gwili sweep into the next booth. Only half-partitions separated the two booths, and as the writer gazed with interest at the lovely model the girl who was waving her hair indicated her with a nod. "She is a C-o-u-n-t-e-s-s," she spelled with admirable discretion.

WALLACE FORD has literally stepped into the late Robert Williams' shoes. He and the dead actor were great friends and often exchanged clothes and borrowed each other's sweaters and ties. At Bob's death, Wally went to Mrs. Williams and offered to buy his friend's wardrobe. "She won't want them around reminding her," says Wally, "and perhaps the money might come in handy sometime."

WHEN Leo Nomis, the stunt flier, working on "Sky Brides" at Paramount, came onto the set, he complained that he felt "rocky." But the camera was waiting. The picture must be made. He climbed into the seat and soared aloft. The cameraman ground while the 'plane dipped and zoomed, and then pitched toward the ground—never stopped grinding when a cry of horror rose from onlookers as the 'plane failed to straighten out. Just before it crashed, there was a quiver and a jerk as if its occupant had come out of a faint too late to save himself. But the camera shows every foot of it.

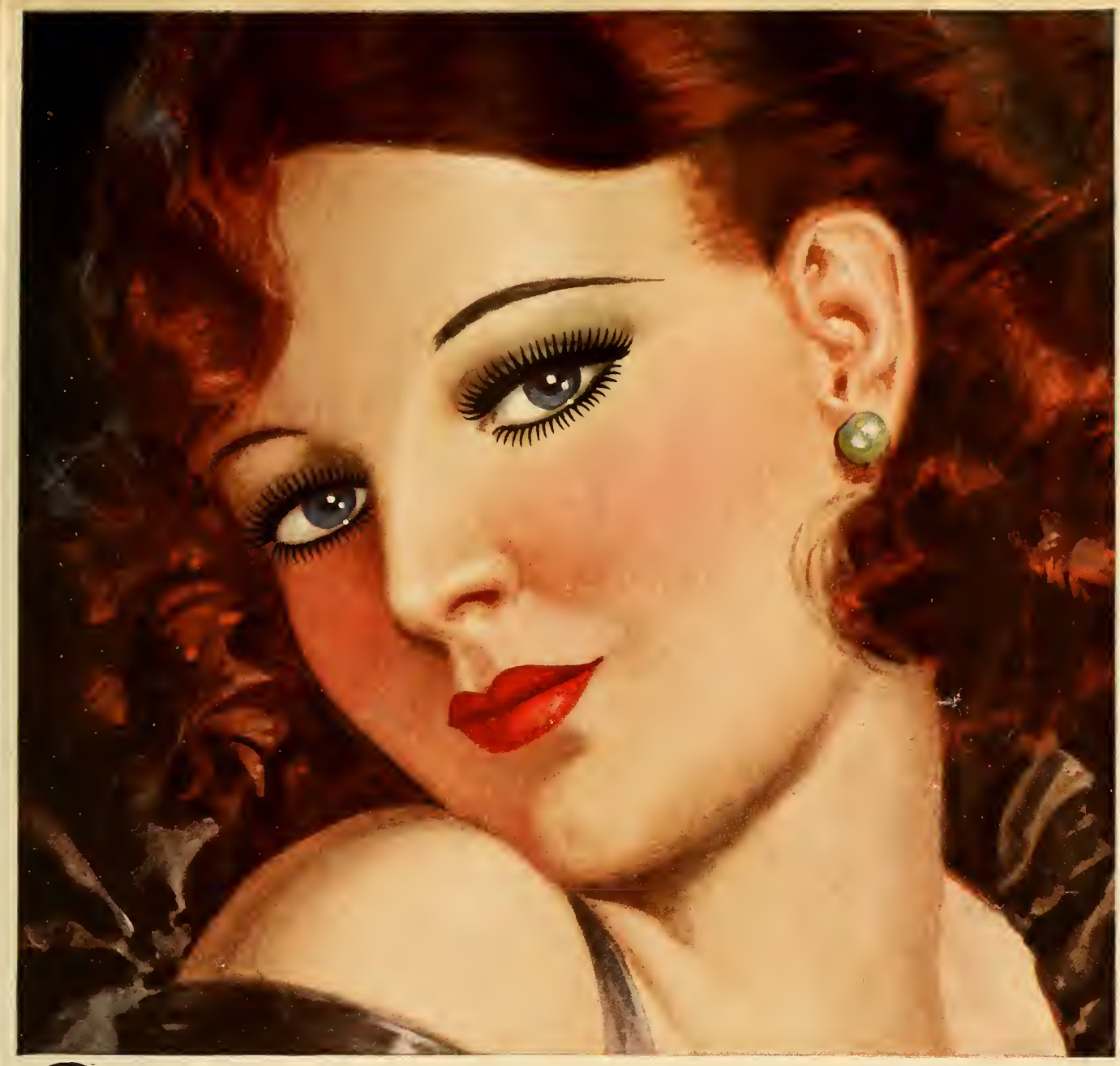
"IT was unnecessary," says an air official. "Such things hurt flying. And every studio has hundreds and thousands of feet of exactly such stunts, that could be used without risking another man. There is enough stunt footage canned on the shelves to last the studios a decade."

THE dreams of some of the biggest movie stars must be haunted by memories of the past, which at any moment may spring out and slay them. One very beautiful and very famous star, for instance, knows that there is in existence a short film for which she posed in her struggling years, of the type that is privately taken for showings at convivial bachelor parties. She knows, too, that it is being shown at such parties to-day—and there is nothing she can do about it! Thousands of dollars have been offered for the film, but its owners will not sell.

"GOSH," said Ben Lyon after the christening of Barbara Bebe, "I'm disappointed. I always thought they broke bottles of champagne over their heads."

DOUG FAIRBANKS took his trained football-playing dog with him to the South Seas. This dog is a mutt picked up on the streets six years ago, but is as clever as many college athletes. At the word "Signal" from Doug he will crouch before the ball, listen to the numbers, and shift in appropriate football fashion. Then, taking the ball by a specially made flap he will streak for the goal if Doug cannot stop him by a tackle.

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Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin —because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summertan.* For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is delectably fragrant! But of what use perfume, if on closer scrutiny, these critical men find that all your attractiveness flies away when you *smile*?

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal only brilliant, white teeth! And sound, white teeth are dependent on sound, firm gums!

The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

If you'll get some Ipana Tooth Paste, and rub a bit of it into your gums every time you clean your teeth, you won't have to worry about "pink tooth brush." The massage stimulates the gums, of course. But the ziratol in Ipana (ziratol is a splendid toning agent) *aids* the massage in firming the gums.

Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the *gums* hard and healthy. Ipana with massage *protects* your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

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Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

Love consumed her!



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in

"THUNDER BELOW"

One woman—desired, desiring—in a village of lonely men! Torn between passion and honor, lovers and husband! Below the Equator, where civilization's barriers swiftly burn away. What a great role for this great actress! TALLULAH BANKHEAD will make you feel the pity, the passion, the penance of this woman whom *love* consumed! With a great cast, including Paul Lukas, Charles Bickford and Eugene Pallette. You'll get the thrill of the year from *"Thunder Below"*—a great Paramount Picture, *"best show in town!"*

Directed by Richard Wallace from the novel by Thomas Rourke.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

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MAY 25 1932

Motion Picture

JUNE 1932

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIII, No. 5



CHEASLEY REVEALS the *Real* DIETRICH

DON'T miss what Clifford W. Cheasley, the world-famous Numerologist, tells about the character and the future of Janet Gaynor—on page 42 of this issue. It may surprise you!

IN the July MOTION PICTURE, he will disclose what the Science of Numbers reveals about Marlene Dietrich—who baffles everyone with whom she comes in contact. But Numerology tells all!

You will want to read these exclusive character analyses . . . you will want, too, a brief general Numberscope of your own when you see how easy it is to obtain one. Just turn to Page 42 in this issue.

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS



There are two things Sally Eilers likes to read—books and letters from admirers. And she gets so many of both it's a wonder the girl doesn't have eyestrain. Here she is at home—on the love seat husband Hoot Gibson gave her

$20.00 Letter
Temperament vs. Robotism!

OMAHA, NEB.—What has become of our erstwhile "Temperamental" actors? A few years back, we thrilled to the vitriolic flame of dashing, hectic Jack Gilbert; the fire of exotic Jetta Goudal; the crusading mental (and physical) rampages of Evelyn Brent and others of that super-emotional legion, known, erroneously and childishly, as—The Temperamentals!

Well, if they've slipped a bit in blatant fanfare, to me they are all as real and poignant as they were in the days when they had their "inning." (It takes more than one inning to constitute a ball game!) Therefore, rather than shout over their absence I, for one, am inclined to sigh and protest their passing!

In short: I MISS them!

But I am not alone; you miss them, too! All of you, my good readers; and here is why: I once read an article in which several stars of the period were quoted on "Temperament." Singularly enough, most of those quoted were—besides being themselves VERY temperamental—also *REALLY* actors! And more of them would be working today were it not for the influx of tinselled, standardized, mass-produced baubles known as pictures—turned out, as they are, like rabbits in "art factories."

There are too many "wooden Indians" in the shoes of former animated, vitalic "Temperamental" GENIUSES! Too many sapient robots of this factory, arty age—pampered, aristocratic, accented—without emotions, without temperament, without Life!

To me, then, Temperament as typifying the former lauded stars is just another word for good old robust ANIMATION!! *Doug Beverley.*

$10 Letter
Film Finesse

SPOKANE, WASH.—A motion picture production registers true "Film Finesse" with me when, as in "Shanghai Express," I am captivated by the smooth transition of events in skilfully rising crescendo of intriguing romance until before me is portrayed a perfect unity of entertainment, and then, in further reflection on this production, points like these rise to mind:

The subtle art of Anna May Wong.

The quality of characterization demonstrated by Eugene Pallette, that makes you say to yourself, "I've known a man just like that."

The acting strength of the other principals, Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland; and likewise the flawlessness of the supporting cast.

Remembering these and many other points, I know I've been treated to genuine "Film Finesse" by the achievement of Director Josef Von Sternberg and associated artists. *Ralph B. Ortel.*

$5.00 Letter
Censor Films to Foreign Countries

BUENOS AIRES, ARG.—If ever a motion picture censor were needed—it is to censure films sent to foreign countries.

I am an American living in Buenos Aires, where the majority of the native people are known throughout the world for their dignity of person and reserve of manner. Such being the case, I often wonder what the Argentines think of us, the people of the United States. Their criterion is the movies.

To see bootlegging, gang wars, and young girls behaving outrageously, has caused them to gasp—so much so, that often their gasping has been audible throughout the entire theatre. I have been shamed time and time again by base misrepresentations of the general level of our national life.

Our respective governments are doing everything in their power to promote good feeling between the two nations, but if the motion pictures continue to portray the people of our nation as degenerates and criminals, I doubt very much whether the Argentines will desire to form a closer relationship and friendship with us.

D. D. L.

More Revivals

MANSFIELD, O.—I want to campaign for more good revivals. Movie executives are surely aware that "Ben Hur" struck an instantaneous approval from fans who had failed to see the old picture.

Why not have "King of Kings," "Ten Commandments," "Noah's Ark," and "The Three Musketeers" brought back to life?

With the advent of so many new stars from the speaking stage, the addition of Technicolor and incidental music, surely the above pictures, along with "Scaramouche," "Les Miserables," and others, would be more than just mere revivals.

These six were all spectacles of the old régime of pictures. I cannot but feel that all would be of great educational and historical value with the addition of sound and color. Producers are always on the lookout for spectacular themes. Well, here are a few old ones that I am sure would once again have a universal appeal.

Charles D. Dancer.

Too Much Ballyhoo

BOSTON, MASS.—It seems to me that in their mad struggle for huge box office returns, the film producers are relying on only two things—high-salaried stars and tons of ballyhoo.

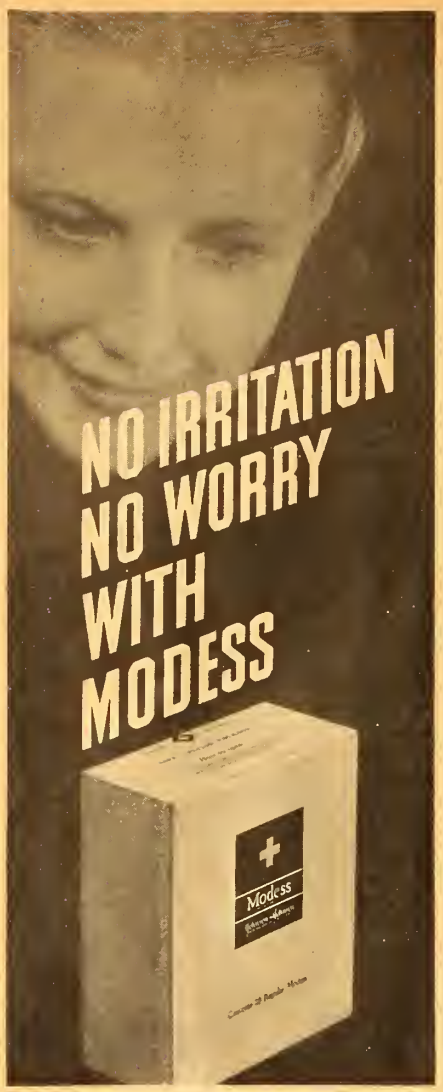
Thus every other picture is "unforgettable," "epochal," "most widely-discussed film of the age." And when such a photoplay is flashed across our local screen before our expectant eyes, what are our reactions? We are almost invariably disappointed, and bitterly

(*Continued on page 75*)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.


ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS
Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him...Daring! ...Tantalizing!...Smart!
Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture
JAMES DUNN
PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY
SOCIETY GIRL



COSTS MUCH LESS NOW

DURING *the* 50 trying days of the year—a total of seven weeks out of 52—you want comfort and absolute security. Only Modess has a covering of soft gauze fluffed through and through with downy cotton to prevent irritation. Only Modess has a gently conforming filler which shapes itself naturally. Only Modess has a special protective backing for added safety. Modess, soft as down, inconspicuous, and surgically clean is now on sale at your local stores at a new low price.

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Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

CONSULT THIS HANDY LIST WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT A PLAYER IS DOING

Albright, Hardie—playing in *The Jewel Robbery*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Arlen, Richard—playing in *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Arliss, George—playing in *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Is My Face Red?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Asther, Nils—playing in *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Astor, Mary—playing in *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Ayres, Lew—recently completed *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—recently completed *The World and the Flesh*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, John—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Barrymore, Lionel—recently completed *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Baxter, Warner—playing in *Man About Town*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Beery, Wallace—recently completed *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bellamy, Ralph—recently completed *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bennett, Constance—in *The Truth About Hollywood*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Bennett, Joan—playing in *Week Ends Only*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Bickford, Charles—in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Birell, Tala—recently completed *The Doomed Battalion*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Blondell, Joan—playing in *New York Town*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Boles, John—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bond, Lillian—recently completed *The Trial of Vivienne Ware*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Brent, George—playing in *Week-End Marriage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brook, Clive—playing in *Bride of the Enemy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Brown, Joe E.—recently completed *The Tenderfoot*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Brown, Tom—playing in *The Information Kid*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Bruce, Virginia—playing in *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—playing in *Blessed Event*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Carroll, Nancy—latest release *Wayward*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Chatterton, Ruth—recently completed *The Rich Are Always With Us*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Colbert, Claudette—recently completed *The Misleading Lady*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
Colman, Ronald—playing in *The Brothers Karamazov*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Compton, Juliette—playing in *Westward Passage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Cook, Donald—playing in *After All*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Cooper, Jackie—recently completed *Limpy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Crawford, Joan—playing in *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Dee, Frances—playing in *The Strange Case of Clara Deane*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Del Rio, Dolores—playing in *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dietrich, Marlene—latest release *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dix, Richard—playing in *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Douglas, Melvyn—playing in *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dressler, Marie—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Dvorak, Ann—playing in *Competition*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Duncan, Mary—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunn, James—playing in *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Dunne, Irene—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Evans, Madge—playing in *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Revolt*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Farrell, Charles—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Fenton, Leslie—playing in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Foster, Norman—playing in *Week-End Marriage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Francis, Kay—recently completed *Street of Women*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Garbo—playing in *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Gaynor, Janet—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Gibson, Wynne—playing in *The Strange Case of Clara Deane*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Gilbert, John—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Hamilton, Neil—recently completed *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Harding, Ann—playing in *Westward Passage*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Holmes, Phillips—recently completed *Night Court*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Hopkins, Miriam—recently completed *The World and the Flesh*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Huston, Walter—playing in *Criminal Court*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Hyams, Leila—latest release *Freaks*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Jones, Buck—recently completed *South of the Rio Grande*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *Limpy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

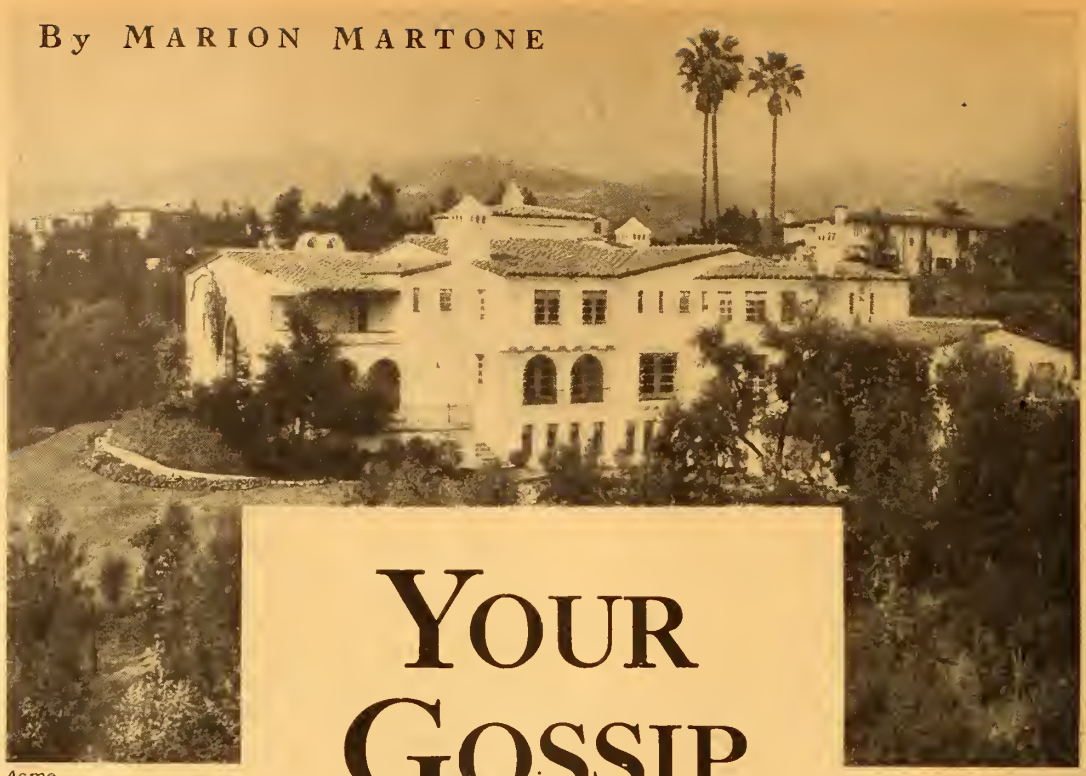
* * *

Kennedy, Merna—recently completed *Ghost Valley*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on Page 14*)


TALA
BIRELL
A new
GLAMOROUS
UNIVERSAL
PERSONALITY
WATCH FOR HER
IN FUTURE
UNIVERSAL
PICTURES
UNIVERSAL PICTURES
CARL LAEMMLE, PRESIDENT
Universal City Calif. ▾ 730 5th Ave. New York

By MARION MARTONE



Acme

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

1. Who recently purchased the home shown in the picture above, the price of which was more than $100,000?

2. Can you name the two famous Hollywood celebrities who were married on March 16th?

3. Who is the motion picture player who was recently married after a three-year courtship?

4. Do you know the name of the film player who settled her screen contract suit against a film company out of court?

5. Which famous motion picture couple announced they would shortly be divorced and what reason did they give?

6. Who is the recently retired screen actress who was ordered by the court to pay $40,000 for being a "love thief"?

7. Do you know the movie actor who was sued by one woman for breach of promise right after he eloped to Yuma and married another?

8. The 14-year-old son of which deceased movie star is seriously considering a film career?

9. When Tom Gallery and Zasu Pitts are divorced, Hollywood expects to hear that Tom is interested in which movie blonde?

10. Can you name the film actress who filed a damage suit for injuries received in an auto accident?

11. Who is the orchestra leader who forfeited $2,000 because he was married, and whom did he marry?

12. Which blonde beauty connected with the motion picture industry has been sued for $100,000 and on what charges was the suit based?

13. What film company will have to change its name and why?

14. Who are the two players picked for featured rôles in "The Big Parade" if plans to remake it go through?

15. Do you know the names of the motion picture player and the artist who are reported engaged?

16. Who is the screen siren who had to deny printed reports of her engagement to another movie personality?

17. Which screen star had her salary attached, and who is the actor who posted bond for her?

18. What famous movie star was cleared when two suits against her were dropped?

Answers to these questions on page 92

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*

THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!



JOHN
GARBO-BARRYMORE





JOAN WALLACE
CRAWFORD-BEERY
LIONEL
BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

with LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

An EDMUND GOULDING *production*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!



The newlyweds—Joan Bennett and Gene Markey—drove up to Del Monte for their honeymoon, and after a few days drove back again. Joan had to start work on a picture. They'll take a long honeymoon later

The MOVIE CIRCUS

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

JACKIE COOPER recently submitted to being lionized at a large Hollywood tea.

"Tell me, Jackie, how is Wallace Beery?" cooed a guest

"O. K.," said Jackie, with finality.

"Why, Jackie," protested one of the ladies, "you know Mr. Beery has just had two teeth out and is feeling perfectly wretched. Why don't you say so?"

"Oh," Master Cooper replied cynically, "the publicity department will take care of that."

John Miljan and his wife have a novel way of regulating the two big problems of married life. They settle their disputes with a card game. Mrs. Miljan plays for money, and John plays for free hours away from home, with no questions asked. It adds zest to quiet evenings at the fireside!

BAFFLED by the much-publicized haircut that Josef von Sternberg indulged in recently, after all these years of tonsorial disorder, we determined to sift the matter to the bottom. A brief investigation has cleared the whole thing up.

It seems that Bobby Coogan, whose little high voice carries the length and breadth of the Paramount lunchroom, was eating his spinach one noontime when Joe came into the restaurant. His hair looked like something a hurricane had left behind.

"Look, Daddy," Bobby piped, "there's Harpo Marx!"

Ralph Blum, husband of Carmel Myers, is a real helpmate. Carmel has a nice voice and is given to singing blues songs. At parties, Ralph gets around her faulty memory by standing just behind her and saying the words in a stage whisper. Saves Carmel the trouble of bringing her music.

JOAN CRAWFORD, empress of emo-tion, met a visiting celebrity from New York at a party one evening, and confided to him, emotionally, how badly she felt about the many scandalous rumors that have been circulated about her. Her eyes were even more serious than usual.

"I don't mind for myself," said Joan, her voice breaking, "but my public! All the little shopgirls who worship me and look up to me! I can't bear to have them believe things like that about me, and have their illusions shattered!"

The New Yorker waited patiently while Joan wept into the pillow of the divan for a few moments. Then, getting no response, she looked up and said, "I don't mean a word of it, do I?"

IT MUST be hard for Yvonne Vallée, once a favorite on the Paris stage, to be just plain, unobtrusive Madame Maurice Chevalier, but she sticks to the rôle heroically. Yvonne can put a song over almost as well as her husband, and is terribly cute besides.

Recently at a big party Maurice refused to perform, but Yvonne, reveling in the limelight for a change, got up and sang a number of songs. Just as the delighted audience was begging for more, Maurice took a hand.

"Now, you've done enough," he said briefly.

And, like a good French wife, she subsided immediately.

A LADY staying at the Hotel St. Moritz in New York complained to the management about the strange, sadistic noises in the room next to hers. Night after night, somebody was getting a terrible beating, and liking it. Not that the lady had any moral scruples—but she did object to being kept awake by the resounding smacks and socks that penetrated the walls. (And they are good thick walls too.)

Investigation proved it was just Hollywood's own Sylvia, the masseuse who slapped and told, pounding the flesh off some victim in her spare moments. After her revelations were published in a magazine, Sylvia left Hollywood to broadcast on the radio in New York, but she still does a little reducing on the side.

The lady next door was a little disappointed. There's no romance left in the world, it seems.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Sari Maritza, Paramount's new Dietrich or Bow or what-have-you, went to Palm Springs and was flattered by the excitement she created, until she found she had been confused with Marlene. That was because Josef von Sternberg was also there that week-end. But Joe spent most of his time painting sunsets and things—which is not his custom when Marlene is around.

FOR FIVE YEARS the talking screen has waited for-

Barbara STANWYCK



in "SO BIG"

Now at last you can see and hear

EDNA FERBER'S

world-famous epic of a woman's heart

Seven million have read Edna Ferber's Pulitzer Prize novel, "So Big."

Now see it brought to vivid, thrilling life with a swift rush of reality that holds you breathless!

It's woman's whole existence . . . her body . . . her soul . . . her love . . . her life . . . the secret places of her heart.

With lovely Barbara Stanwyck as you liked her in "Illicit" and "Night Nurse".

If you enjoyed Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" you'll adore her "SO BIG" . . . It's the main event of this picture season!

25 SCREEN FAVORITES
Assembled in One Mighty Cast!

Bette Davis
Dickie Moore
George Brent
Guy Kibbee
Mae Madison
Hardie Albright
Robert Warwick
And 17 others

Directed by
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Based on Edna Ferber's best-seller, "So Big"

THE BIGGEST HITS OF 1932 ARE COMING FROM WARNER BROS.



MAYBE *you've been* MISSING SOMETHING!

Maybe you've been missing the laughs and thrills which, like seasoning in your food, add so much to the enjoyment of your moving picture entertainment. The comedies! The cartoons! The hearty laughs that chase your troubles away! The travel romances that charm your imagination! The sports reviews that thrill you with their vivid realism!

These are the "spices" that guarantee a full evening's entertainment at the movies. Double feature bargains cannot take the place of *Diversified Programs.* So choose your picture entertainment! Consider the whole program! In the merry month of May you will find a splendid array of *EDUCATIONAL'S* comedies, cartoons and novelties at the better theatres—on the perfect programs—where complete well balanced entertainment is the order of the day—and night!

MACK SENNETT
Presents
ANDY CLYDE
in
"SPEED in the GAY NINETIES"
"It's a scream," says the Film Daily. And you'll agree.



"TORCHY'S NIGHT CAP"
with *RAY COOKE*
Another of the delightful escapades of Sewell Ford's mischievous office boy. *Produced by C. C. Burr.*

BING CROSBY in
"BILLBOARD GIRL"
See your radio favorite and hear him sing his popular hits in another
MACK SENNETT COMEDY FEATURETTE

"RADIO GIRL"
Her torch songs were so hot they set the studio on fire.
A TERRY-TOON
By Frank Moser and Paul Terry



"HOLLYWOOD LIGHTS"
The "Three Hollywood Girls" in an uproarious comedy of studio life as the "extras" see it.
An IDEAL COMEDY

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President, *Executive Offices:* 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

What The Stars Are Doing

(*Continued from page 8*)

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Lombard, Carole—playing in *Sinners in the Sun*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lowe, Edmund—playing in *Criminal Court*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal..
Loy, Myrna—playing in *After All*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Lukas, Paul—playing in *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Lyon, Ben—recently completed *The Big Timer*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Merkel, Una—playing in *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
March, Fredric—playing in *Merrily We Go To Hell*—Paramount Studios, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.
McCrea, Joel—playing in *The Beast*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Mix, Tom—playing in *The Rider of Death Valley*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Moran, Polly—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Morris, Chester—playing in *Sinners in the Sun*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Nissen, Greta—latest release *The Silent Witness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Nixon, Marian—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

O'Brien, George—playing in *The Killer*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
O'Brien, Pat—playing in *The Strange Case of Clara Deane*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Olivier, Laurence—playing in *Westward Passage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Pichel, Irving—playing in *Westward Passage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Powell, William—playing in *The Jewel Robbery*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Silver Dollar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Rogers, Will—playing in *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Roland, Gilbert—recently completed *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy—playing in *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Shearer, Norma—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Merrily We Go To Hell*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *The Mud Lark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Stone, Lewis—playing in *After All*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Tracy, Lee—playing in *Dr. X*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Von Stroheim, Erich—playing in *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

William, Warren—playing in *The Dark Horse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Wray, Fay—playing in *The Beast*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Week-End Marriage*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

By J. E. R.

After Tomorrow—A skillful, but tearful exposition of what young lovers suffer when they can't get married. Charles Farrell, Marian Nixon and the delicate sex dialogue are excellent (Fox).

Alias the Doctor—Richard Barthelmess, who excels at leading a tortured life, takes some punishment he doesn't deserve and then becomes a famous surgeon under another man's name. Good drama (F. N.).

Are You Listening?—Here is a new William Haines—dramatic, seldom flippant. He is a radio writer, unhappily married, who meets both love and tragedy in a big radio station. It's different (M-G-M).

Arsene Lupin—The first picture co-starring Lionel and John Barrymore—with Lionel a smooth detective and John a clever crook. They turn a trite story into an amusing melodrama (M-G-M).

Beauty and the Boss—A whimsical comedy romance about an ugly duckling who becomes a ducky little siren—with Marian Marsh the stenographer, and Warren William the boss (W. B.).

Behind the Mask—With Jack Holt the hero, and Boris Karloff the villain, this wild tale of Federal agents and dope smugglers is almost as exciting as a serial (Col.).

The Big Timer—If you can imagine Ben Lyon as a prize-fighter and can imagine a prize-fighter with a girl manager (Constance Cummings), you'll find his rise and fall entertaining (Col.).

Broken Lullaby—Lionel Barrymore, as the German father, steals this poignant drama away from Phillips Holmes, as the remorseful French soldier who had unwillingly killed the German boy. Powerful (Par.).

Carnival Boat—Up where men are not only men but lumberjacks, Bill Boyd wins the pretty carnival boat gal (Ginger Rogers) by performing one amazing he-man feat after another. Crammed with action (RKO).

The Crowd Roars—Probably the best auto-race thriller yet, with James Cagney one of the hard-boiled speedsters. For a Cagney picture, the story is weak—but the racing is strong stuff (W. B.).

Dancers in the Dark—Life and love in a cheap dance hall—made into something worth seeing by Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie. Also watch newcomers George Raft and Lyda Roberti (Par.)

Devil's Lottery—A far-fetched, but exciting crook melodrama—in which the intriguing Elissa Landi is involved in a lottery intrigue, along with Victor McLaglen (Fox).

Disorderly Conduct—The sexy title hides a potent gangster picture—this time showing you the policeman's side. Spencer Tracy does great work as a good cop who goes wrong (Fox).

The Expert—Don't confuse this with "The Specialist." Chic Sale gives an expert characterization of an old man who has a knack for doing unappreciated things. Human and humorous (W. B.).

The Final Edition—Every time a newspaper picture comes out, Pat O'Brien is in it. Here he is again, as a hard-boiled managing editor, in a melodrama that gallops right along (Col.).



While Paul Cavanagh plays one kind of game, Elissa Landi plays another and more exciting one in "Devil's Lottery"



Barbara Stanwyck, who usually plays poor girls, sports pearls and furs in "Shopworn." Her escort is Regis Toomey

Fireman, Save My Child—First-class insanity, with Joe E. Brown in a triple rôle. He's a fireman, an inventor, a baseball pitcher—and three times funnier than usual (F. N.).

Freaks—The last word in shudders—a morbid, exaggerated story of the misshapen beings of a circus sideshow and their alleged ideas of revenge (M-G-M).

The Gay Caballero—Victor McLaglen and George O'Brien get together and clean up the Mexican border. You'll be able to guess everything that's going to happen next (Fox).

The Greeks Had a Word for Them—The lowdown on high-class gold-diggers—shown you by Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell. Amusing, and a little naughty (U.A.).

Heart of New York—A character study and comedy of a Jewish inventor and his grasping relatives. Human, but slight—with George Sidney and Smith and Dale among those present (W. B.).

Hotel Continental—Lacking the brooding tenseness of "Grand Hotel," this story of the last night of a big hotel is good, conventional melodrama. Peggy Shannon is featured (Tiffany).

Impatient Maiden—As in "After Tomorrow," the theme is the torture of a young couple whose wedding is delayed. Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are two sincere, exciting lovers (Univ.)

It's Tough to Be Famous—As a young chap who becomes a nation's hero, much against his will, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a great little comedy rôle—and makes the most of it (F. N.).

Lady with a Past—Constance Bennett springs a surprise and turns comédienne—as a girl who decides to get a reputation before she gets a husband. Grade A sophisticated comedy (RKO-Pathé).

Law of the West—Bob Steele, a husky youngster who can ride a horse like no one else in Westerns, does his stuff in a yarn that has some novel touches (Sono Art-World Wide).

The Lost Squadron—Not a war picture, but a gripping exposé of how some movies are made—with Richard Dix, Robert Armstrong and Joel McCrea playing a trio of Hollywood stunt fliers. You'll remember this one (RKO).

The Man Who Played God—As a famous pianist who suddenly goes deaf, George Arliss turns against God—until he starts "playing God," himself. One of the year's best pictures (W. B.).

The Misleading Lady—After Claudette Colbert accuses him of not being a caveman, Edmund Lowe kidnaps her. With the help of Stuart Erwin, they make it sparkling comedy (Par.).

The Missing Rembrandt—*Sherlock Holmes* again, this time trailing some art thieves. The action lags, and Arthur Wontner, as *Holmes*, doesn't have much of a chance (First Division).

Murders in the Rue Morgue—They haven't done exactly right by Poe's original classic, but it still has a shudder or two—mostly because of Bela Lugosi (Univ.).

One Hour with You—If you have the blues, let Dr. Chevalier operate on you. Superb gaiety, with Maurice asking you point-blank what he should do when he has both Jeanette MacDonald and Genevieve Tobin to love. But leave your Aunt Nellie home (Par.).

Playgirl—The title is a misnomer, for Loretta Young is a serious young person who objects when her husband (Norman Foster) gambles—and then has to gamble, herself. Fair comedy drama (F. N.).

Polly of the Circus—Marion Davies not only deserts comedy, but plays a circus star who falls in love with a minister (Clark Gable, and no one else). Interesting, but unexciting (M-G-M).

Scandal for Sale—The inside story of how tabloids get their news—based on a novel by a tabloid editor. With Charles Bickford and Pat O'Brien in the leading rôles, it packs a wallop (Univ.)

Shanghai Express—Marlene Dietrich's best picture—a colorful, suspenseful melodrama, with the setting a train in revolutionary China. The whole cast is remarkable (Par.).



The belligerent chap is Edmund Lowe, who goes caveman for Claudette Colbert's sake in "The Misleading Lady"

She Wanted a Millionaire—Joan Bennett wins a beauty contest, marries a millionaire, and then meets unhappiness. A sermon in pictures—but neatly done (Fox).

Shopworn—Barbara Stanwyck, who seems to be getting prettier all the time, again does her best by a story of a girl who was too attractive for her own good (Col.).

Sky Devils—The funny side of war, with Spencer Tracy and William (Stage) Boyd in the air corps, and fighting each other more than they fight the enemy. Uproarious in parts (U. A.).

The Stowaway—Escaping from a life she hates, Fay Wray smuggles herself aboard a tramp steamer—and is discovered by both the hero and the villain. Dime-novel thriller (Univ.).

Strangers in Love—Fredric March, in a dual rôle, takes his twin's place in life and falls in love with the twin's sweetheart (Kay Francis). The cast makes it worth while (Par.).

Tarzan, the Ape Man—Johnny Weissmuller, as the famous jungle hero, is someone for Gable to worry about. There's one thrill after another—especially for the women (M-G-M).

While Paris Sleeps—Maybe you've had your fill of the American underworld—but here's a glimpse of the Paris dark spots, with Victor McLaglen an interesting Apache (Fox).



Ray Jones

That's Hollywood!

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

THE brightest story of the month is told about Mr. Noel Coward, English wit and author of "Private Lives." Unfortunately we cannot vouch for the truth of it. Mr. Coward is supposed to have been seated in a restaurant close beside Lady Diana Manners. After a moment, she tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the writer of 'Private Lives'?" she asked.

He assented.

"Not very funny," she said.

He thought for a moment, and then tapped *her* on the shoulder. "Are you the Lady Diana Manners who played the *Virgin* in the play, 'The Miracle'?"

She nodded.

"Very funny," he said, and considered the incident closed.

One day, while Joan Bennett was still in the hospital recuperating from her hip fracture, she said to a chum: "I've had the first chance to think things out quietly since I've been in Hollywood. Now I'd like to meet the man of my dreams." Just then, some friends called, bringing with them Gene Markey—who became her hubby.

THE surprise marriage of Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton caused a hard-working Hollywood gossip-monger to depart immediately for Yuma, where such hasty weddings take place. He had interviewed Miss Dvorak the day before, and on being asked about Leslie she blushed, said, "You never can tell," and firmly closed her lips.

On the subject of gossip, by the way, we have a quarrel with Mr. Webster, who defines the word as a fellow who "runs about and tells idle tales." Two or three of the stories in this department have bobbed up again in other magazines, the following month, and we don't think such active tales can be called idle.

Lew Ayres and Boris Karloff took Sidney Fox and Genevieve Tobin to the Cocoanut Grove (above) to make some scenes for "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood" —and the girls ordered caviar. "Nice girls!" mutter Lew and Boris

We also have a quarrel with our hostess of the other night who, firmly, turned off the radio while the best male gossip in New York was talking and prevented us from knowing whether he mentioned your correspondents—as they tell us—or not. Okay, Walter Winchell!

THIS seems to be fault-finding month and we wish to register a mild jibe at Ramon Novarro, not because he intends to sing a romantic ballad by Tosti in an American football picture, "Huddle," but because he says, "Never fight against the tide. Let the waves carry you where they will and you will drift to shore."

Is it not enough that publicity departments should inform us that Helen Twelvetrees, whom we've thought of as a snappy number, spends her odd moments on the set writing letters to her mother? Must our screen heroes preach at us as well?

By MARK DOWLING and LYNN NORRIS

THEN there is Conrad Nagel, the industry's firmest spreader of light, who says that high-salary talk is all wrong and only twenty-three stars earn headline pay. We don't know what constitutes headlines in Mr. Nagel's estimation, but it is doubtful if those Beverly Hills homes are being maintained on pins.

Conrad is one of several stars whom President Hoover has recently met. Others are Mary Pickford, Billie Dove and Fifi Dorsay (who almost flirted with him).

AND it was in court that Vic McLaglen pulled the prize *non sequitur* of the month when he said, "I am too proud of my family to talk about my brothers," and added immediately afterward, "Leopold has a kink in his mind and I can prove it."

Prophecy of the month: Keep your eye on Lyda Roberti, who sang a song with Jack Oakie in "Dancers in the Dark." People in Hollywood are talking about the unusual Polish girl—and hoping it isn't true that immigration authorities are going to deport her, for the alleged reason that she has been here five years on a "visitor's" permit.

HER lawyer assures her that it's per- fectly legal and Aileen Pringle is going to get one of those Mexican divorces. Not only is the decree delivered in twenty-four hours, but it comes by mail. Pop a letter into the box, and a couple of days later you receive the assurance that you're unwed. That's 1932!

(Continued on page 82)



Buy silk hose with that $3 you save

Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 a year. Spend it as you please. Hosiery is merely a suggestion.

What brilliance! What Beauty!

THIS THRIFT DENTIFRICE BRINGS TO TEETH



Do you want teeth that you can be proud of . . . that are the envy of others?

Do you want teeth that are sound and healthy?

Do you want your mouth to feel refreshed and invigorated . . . your breath to be sweet and agreeable?

If so, switch to Listerine Tooth Paste, the modern dentifrice, at the common sense price of 25 cents.

This tooth paste has supplanted older and costlier favorites in the esteem of both men and women. Not because of the price—which saves you approximately $3.00 a year—but because of the quick, satisfying results it achieves.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, we realized that it must be superior in order to win users in a field already overcrowded with good dentifrices. We ask you to try a tube and judge whether or not we have succeeded.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains special and modern cleansing and polishing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach front and back, and penetrate between the teeth, erasing tartar, tobacco stains, and discolorations. After a few brushings, your teeth assume a new brilliance and luster that you welcome. Your gums feel firm and healthy. Your mouth has a continual sensation of cleanliness. You realize that at last you've found a tooth paste that really *does something* for you.

And remember, for these benefits you are paying about half of what you would ordinarily pay. That we can offer a product of the quality of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, is due to three factors: (1), The ability to buy raw material on a large scale and hence at a lower price. (2), The ability of cutting manufacturing cost by means of modern machinery. (3), The equipment to distribute the finished product at a low price. All these economies are passed on to you in this dentifrice so worthy of the Listerine name. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



AFTER TOOTH BRUSHING, GARGLE WITH LISTERINE TO KILL DECAY GERMS ON TEETH

YOU CAN HAVE THE CELEBRATED *English Complexion*



LADY MARY PAKENHAM *says: "I've found the Pond's Method better than all the complicated beauty treatments. It keeps one's skin in marvelous condition."*

Use the Two Creams which are the greatest favorites in England

IT'S part of the English code of gracious living—the English complexion, cool, fresh and fragrant as roses washed in dew.

No wonder the famous Two Creams are "best sellers" in England, for they supply three of the four essentials of skin beauty . . . Cleansing . . . Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting.

The very texture of Pond's Cold Cream shows you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the pores and float out dust and grime. Pond's *softer* Cleansing Tissues are the best way to remove cold cream . . . These two together assure your skin the first essential of loveliness—immaculate cleansing.

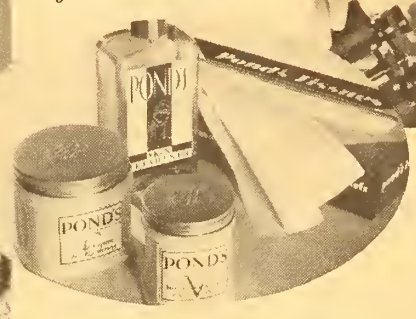
For lubricating, more Cold Cream! Pat in each night, after the bedtime cleansing. Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic, so that wrinkles will not form or telltale "bagginess" appear . . . To stimulate the skin is the mission of Pond's Skin Freshener, which tightens pores and tones by quickening circulation, firms contours and keeps them fresh and young.

For protection and powder base Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal—made on a formula that *cannot* dry your skin.



"Pond's is a simple way to achieve soft, supple skin," says LADY ALINGTON.





These preparations are all you need

LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX *says: "Pond's Two Creams are the surest protection I have ever found for my skin."*

FOLLOW the Pond's Method to gain the celebrated "English complexion":

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, *softer*, more absorbent, white or peach . . . half again as many in the big new 25¢ box!

2. Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and hold the powder. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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Tune in on Pond's Fridays 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist. WEAF and N. B. C. Network



Hurrell

MADGE EVANS

Like Garbo, Madge approves of mannish street suits—and, unlike Garbo, she doesn't mind being photographed in them. Madge would just as soon look healthy as sirenish. In fact, she'd rather. Maybe that's why she is as popular among the M-G-M men stars as Gable is among the women. And why Evans romance rumors are flourishing. She's with Ramon Novarro once more in "Huddle"



Hurrell

CLARK GABLE

The only time Clark wears a necktie is when he's making a picture or stepping out in evening clothes. The rest of the time you'll find him up to his neck in a sweater. And he's as athletic as he looks—for polo is his favorite game. Clark, with that famous grin, says he'd like to use a mallet on those divorce gossipers. You'll like him as Norma Shearer's great lover in "Strange Interlude"



Bachrach

JILL ESMOND

If Laurence Olivier wins his bet, Jill will become famous in the movies before he does. (They're both famous on the stage already.) For a start, the young Englishman's bride played Ruth Chatterton's daughter in "Once a Lady"—and all she did was to steal the picture. He hopes she'll do better after she gets acclimated. Better keep your eye on her in "State's Attorney"!

HOW HOLLYWOOD'S HEROES STAY HEALTHY



Wallace Beery (above) keeps his head clear by playing "hell diver" in his own 6-passenger 'plane



Dyar

George Bancroft, who goes swimming in the Pacific every working day (even in winter), takes his vacations up in the mountains—hunting for game big enough to give a he-man and two dogs some primitive exercise



When it comes to making love, John Boles uses both arms—but off the screen it's his left that gets all the exercise. John, like many another singer, has discovered that tennis is a big help to the lungs—and the physique

When vacation time rolls 'round, here's what you'll find the Hollywood boys doing



When Harold Lloyd plays off the screen, he doesn't wear glasses. He can go around his own sporty nine-hole golf course in the 70's without needing even a sun-visor. But what a snappy dresser!

Carroll

It's an ill wind that doesn't blow Richard Arlen (below) out to sea every week-end in his sailing schooner, Mariner. That's why Dick's so sure-footed





Hurrell

His bosses won't let him play polo when he's making a picture—it's too dangerous—but in between times you'll find Robert Montgomery playing nothing else. For a beginner, Bob swings a lusty mallet and rides hard and fast

Dyar



At a recent party, William Powell asked a butler to announce his wife and himself as "Carole Powell and William Lombard." You see, Carole and Bill have taken each other's personalities since their marriage last June. Bill has gone playful, and Carole has gone serious—as you can see in this rehearsal scene of her new picture, "Sinners in the Sun." Emotional—that's the new Carole!

CAROLE LOMBARD



KATHRYN CRAWFORD

The difference between Joan Crawford and Kathryn is that Kathryn's name is really Crawford. In other respects, you might compare them. They both broke into the movies because they could dance—and both are successful cases of dieting. But while Joan is at the top, Kathryn is just starting out. She's one of several new M-G-M "finds" who'll be featured in "After All"

Motion Picture Presents the Coming



RANDOLPH SCOTT

When Paramount signed up Randolph, there was a rumor that he was to take Gary Cooper's place. And then he was seen, here and there, with Lupe Velez—and Hollywood wondered if he were going to take Gary's place with Lupe, too. But Randolph, his studio, and Lupe all deny that such will be his future. He's a young Virginian, stands six feet two, and appeals to the local girls because he looks more like an outdoor man than an actor. He enters the ranks of the he-men stars in "Lone Cowboy"



ANN DVORAK

Leslie Fenton knew what he was doing when he eloped with Ann. For she is the first brunette sensation in years. Since she was 16, she has been teaching stars how to dance. Now 19, she is showing them how to be startling. It's a mystery why she wasn't discovered sooner. When she did get her chance — in "Scarface"—she stole the picture. You'll next see her as a blonde in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Watch Ann rise!

Fryer

Stars—They'll Be Your Future Favorites

We Nominate for Stardom

SERIES No. 2

As the leading magazine of the motion picture industry, we are here not only to write of stars already established—but to try to answer that always-intriguing question: "Who will be the stars of tomorrow?"

On this page, each month, we shall tell you of the newcomers who are heading for the heights. We shall give you tip-offs from our inside knowledge of what is going on at the studios, our own contacts with the newcomers, our frank talks with their employers, and our previews of their first pictures.

We want your comments on our candidates for stardom—Editor.

Ann Dvorak

—Warner Brothers

ANN DVORAK drew a salary for three years at a big motion picture studio without appearing before a camera. The daughter of Ann Lehr, former screen star, Ann broke into the movies as a dancing teacher at M-G-M—and for more than one thousand days and nights, she could not get a part in a picture, though she was constantly trying.

Then, through Karen Morley, she was tested for the second feminine rôle in "Scarface." She got the part and, *by sheer brilliance of work, made it more important than the heroine's.* Next, she did "Sky Devils" and then was borrowed by Warners for "The Crowd Roars." Now they don't intend to lose her. She has just finished "Love Is a Racket" and "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," and now is in "Competition."



We Believe in Her

Because she is only nineteen, yet stands out from the ranks of insipid screen ingénues. *Because* she is vivid, rather than pretty, with a distinctive personality and piquant features. *Because* she won her Big Chance by ability, not by luck or "pull." *Because* the verdict of Hollywood is "Watch that Dvorak girl!" *Because* Warner Brothers have great plans for her.

On pages 56 and 57, you will read about her recent surprise marriage to Leslie Fenton. We shall soon present her unusual life-story.

Randolph Scott

—Paramount

RANDOLPH SCOTT is the blond chap whom Mrs. Vincent Astor calls "the best-looking actor in Hollywood." He was in Hollywood eight months before he was "discovered"—which, according to the best traditions, makes him good material for stardom. He was playing the aviator in "The Broken Wing" on the local stage, when Paramount, the owners of the screen rights, spotted him. However, he was not seen in the picture—perhaps because the studio wanted to avoid romance rumors about Randolph and Lupe.



He has played in only two pictures—"Sky Bride" and "A Successful Calamity." But Paramount is next going to star him in a series of outdoor epics by Will James, famous cowboy author. The first will be "Lone Cowboy."

We Believe in Him

Because Lupe has good taste in men, and Lupe admits that she likes Randolph. *Because* he has believed in himself enough to be undiscouraged by long postponement of his dramatic career. *Because* he is studying to fit himself for his chosen work, and not relying solely on the verdict of his mirror. *Because* he doesn't look like an actor. *Because* he is going to get a chance to reveal his healthy wholesomeness in the Will James stories. *Because* he has the poise of a sport-loving Southerner.

Watch for Randolph in "Lone Cowboy." You will see him often in our pages in the future.

The *Inside Story* of GARBO'S *Great* SUCCESS!

Greta to-day is totally different from what she was in 1925. Read how four men changed her!





Above, how Greta looked after the first notable change in her appearance—with her hair cut in the now-famous long bob, with her eyebrows shaped, and her fine lips carefully rouged to stress her sullen beauty. Right, one of the few photos of Garbo in a bathing-suit

SEVEN years ago, on July 15, 1925, a bored group of lesser studio executives and publicity boys watched the Santa Fe *Chief* roll into a Los Angeles railroad station and never guessed that history was being made. Boredom became dismay as they saw that the newcomer they had come to meet was a buxom young woman with wispy hair, clad in a plaid skirt that hit her knees, a brown coat and flat-heeled shoes. In one stocking, so an eye-witness reported, was a hole.

There was no awed crowd gathered to greet Greta Garbo, Swedish motion picture actress. The public had never heard of her. The studio groaned when her name was mentioned. She had been "thrown in with" Mauritz Stiller, the famous Swedish director, when he refused to come to Hollywood without his favorite pupil. They wanted Stiller, *but they did not want Garbo.* Now that they saw her, they wanted her still less.

In January 1932, this same Garbo upset the routine of New York City by a surprise visit. Enormous crowds tried to follow her in Central Park and wherever else she went; crack journalists of the metropolitan press fumed helplessly before her curt refusal to see them. Society sent her invitations, only to be snubbed. Thousands of admirers stood for hours in the bitter



LON CHANEY—long before his death in 1930—claimed the honor of making Garbo into a woman of mystery. In his own words: "I told her that mystery had served me well, and it would do as much for her." Chaney, before Garbo, avoided interviewers, mingled little with Hollywood. He wanted to be remembered for his screen work alone—and Garbo has said that this is her wish, also.

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

cold to see her shadow on the screen in "Mata Hari."

In the intervening seven years the plumpish, beaming, untidy Swedish girl had become a great screen star, a great beauty—and a Legend, with ten million devotées instead of admirers,



GILBERT ADRIAN—who, like Garbo, prefers to be known by his last name—has long been the designer of her gowns, known the world over for their individuality. Off the screen, she may wear mannish clothes—but on the screen, wearing "gowns by Adrian," she is ultra-feminine and seductive. With Adrian has worked Cecil Howard, make-up artist, who has brought out the *facial* distinction of Garbo.

a sort of secular saint who can do no wrong, a woman mysterious and inaccessible.

Everyone knows the Garbo of the Legend. Without her speaking a word that could be quoted for four years, the magazines and newspapers have been full of her. Anyone who ever had anything to do with Garbo has been avidly interviewed—her ex-butler and ex-cook, her milkman, her neighbors, the script-girl and electricians on her set. Every possible source of gossip and hearsay has been tapped. It is said that the editor of one magazine has issued an order to his staff: "One Garbo story every month."

The Woman Who Walks Alone

WHAT these stories tell is appropriate to a Legend. One reads of her sun worship behind guarded hedges, of her solitary walks in remote canyons in the gray light of early morning, of her walks in the rain, of her appearance on Hollywood streets, disguised by disfiguring black spectacles or dressed in mannish clothes. If we were told that wild wood creatures followed her on her walks, we would not be surprised.

Yet the legendary Garbo of to-day, with the Bendamask face, did not rise like Venus from the foam of Santa Monica, or spring full-fledged like Minerva from the head of the Metro Lion. Under the very eyes of Hollywood, she changed from the human-looking, ill-dressed, talkative young woman of 1925 into the sumptuous, strange figure of to-day. Most legends take centuries to develop. The Garbo legend has grown up in the last crowded five years.



Above, the Garbo of to-day. Her make-up and gowns bring out her exotic beauty, and she is a woman of silence and mystery



Above, Adrian's original sketch for the gown that Garbo is wearing at top. The studio is deluged with requests for patterns of her gowns



How Greta looked in her early days in Hollywood—a plump, laughing girl with freckles

Its beginning dates from the visit of a famous newspaper woman to the set where Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were working on "Flesh and the Devil." Greta saw the writer, and suddenly stopped the scene and beckoned to the director. She whispered to him, and a moment later the newspaper woman found herself gazing at a huge screen, deftly interposed between her and the set. Sur-

(*Continued on page 80*)

It is no secret that JOHN GILBERT has never been the same since the break-up of his great romance with Garbo—but Greta has not been the same, either. It was when they were making "Flesh and the Devil," their last picture together, that John persuaded Greta to decline to give any more interviews. Also, from that time, she avoided public appearances.



How Hollywood Protects Its *Children* from KIDNAPERS!

THE Lindbergh kidnaping atrocity shook the world as no major crime in memory has shaken it. Nowhere in the nation was the tension more acute than in Hollywood. For Hollywood has been living under the shadow of fear for many years—*the fear of the clutching hand.* Kidnaping threats and even attempts are old stories to the film colony, and protection against this danger is regarded as part of the price of stardom.

There is hardly a mail that does not bring at least one threatening letter to some screen personality or another. Most of these threats are the work of cranks, but many deserve serious consideration. That more disastrous results do not follow abduction and blackmailing attempts is entirely due to the precautions that Hollywood so rigorously observes. When a baby was born to one famous and wealthy star last year, such a flood of hideously threatening letters arrived that an armed detective sat night and day in the baby room of the hospital maternity ward beside the new arrival's bassinet!

There are few chauffeurs who do not carry firearms by permit of the police department. Scores of butlers and other men servants are similarly licensed. Ken Maynard always carries two loaded pistols fastened to the roof of his handsome sedan—just to be ready if he is ever told to "reach for the sky." Watchmen and patrol guards stalk large estates, bristling like arsenals. Burglar alarms are installed everywhere. Some stars have a master switch on the sides of their beds, by which they can flood every room in their homes with light, if there are any suspicious noises. There are also numerous places surrounded by fences that are electrically charged at night, though this is contrary to law.



Cosmo

Doris Kenyon, above, widow of Milton Sills, takes her son, Kenyon Sills, to work with her—and a guard goes along

He's Guarded Like Hoover

ONE of the wealthiest stars in the colony has not ventured from his home in many years unless the car in which he rode was followed by another. In the second automobile ride two men heavily armed with revolvers and carrying riot-guns as well. These guards are specially deputized officers, but paid by the star. Their car trails his, never allowing more than a half-block to separate them. He is guarded like the President of the United States.

"What a wonderful life you lead!" a recent guest at the beautiful home of this star sighed enviously. The hostess smiled bitterly. "Not so wonderful—when you can't move, except like prisoners, surrounded by guards!"

As a result of the Lindbergh kidnaping case, precautions were increased by Hollywood.



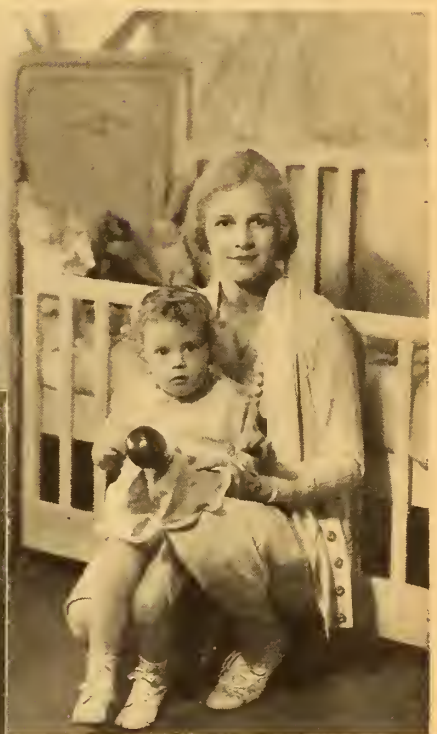
Marlene Dietrich (above) has an armed chauffeur guard her daughter, Maria, at play. Right, note iron bars on child's window

International



The stars have armed to meet the kidnap menace. Their children are constantly guarded. They're taking no chances!

Above, you see Neil and Elsa Hamilton amusing their adopted baby, Patricia—for whose sake Neil carries two guns. Ann Harding, right, has an armed guard for her daughter—and her nursery fronts on a precipice



Every available police officer who could be spared from other pressing duties was detailed to school and residential districts. One large private detective agency tripled its personnel. Another national agency more than doubled its force locally.

It is impossible to report more than a small fraction of the individual protective measures taken by the film colony to shield its children. This cross-section, however, is indicative of the armed resistance with which any kidnaper who is unwise enough to attack Hollywood will be met. There are no open windows in this town from which an unguarded child may be stolen. One movie mother was so terrified by the Lindbergh case that *she carried her baby in her arms for days afterward.*

Dorothy Dwan (now Mrs. Paul N. Boggs, Jr.) has had artistic iron bars placed on all the windows of her home. It may not be so attractive to see the landscaped garden through iron grille, but the feeling of security it gives Dorothy for her new baby is more important. Bessie Love (now Mrs. William Hawks and a recent mother) and many others have likewise barricaded their homes. There are guardhouses at the entrances of the bigger estates, such as Harold Lloyd's, with enormous gates that open only to a secret password or after telephoned instructions from the owners.



The latest star-mother to receive kidnap threats is Bebe Daniels (above), mother of Barbara Bebe Lyon. Another well-guarded Hollywood child is Adrienne Bennett Fox (left), daughter of Joan Bennett



Neil Ready to "Shoot on Sight"

NEIL HAMILTON became a father via adoption. That he intends to be a real father is attested by his recent application to the police for permission to carry a brace of revolvers. Not one but two guns, if you please, now adorn Neil's person, ready for any use that occasion demands. The adopted family of Wallace Beery has consolation in the thought that Wally possesses one of the best gun rooms in Hollywood. Since adopting the children, Wally has surrounded the patio of his big Spanish house with enormously high walls.

Tom Mix has presented his daughter, Thomasina,

with a small pearl-handled revolver. It looks like a toy, but is a full bore, .22-calibre six-shooter. Moreover, young Miss Thomasina knows how to use it. Constance Bennett's adopted son, Peter, is always guarded. Tiny Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore is protected not only by watchmen, but by spiked gates and fierce dogs. A harmless tourist somehow got into the grounds one day and a guard leaped out of the shrubbery and demolished his camera as they do around national fortifications!

Kenyon Sills, bright four-year-old son of Doris Kenyon and the late Milton Sills, visited his mother on the "Young America" set at Fox Studios. It was the first time the boy had ever been on a motion picture stage and he watched Doris work with open-eyed attention. He seemed entranced by the proceedings and quickly made friends with everyone on the set. Somebody asked Doris if she did not fear for her son's safety, unguarded as he was among strangers. Her answer was to point to a large man standing by the boy's nurse. One look at the stranger's square-toed shoes told his occupation.



Above, Gloria, Peggy and Harold, Jr.—the three children of Harold Lloyd. Their palatial home is surrounded by armed guards, day and night

How Marlene's Child "Plays"

MARLENE DIETRICH'S little girl, Maria, is tremendously fond of roller-skating. A nurse follows the girl on foot. Trailing them both, creeping up and down the street close to the curb, is the Dietrich chauffeur in his car. Needless to state, the chauffeur is armed. This is the carefree play of childhood in Beverly Hills these days!

These are but a few of the precautions Hollywood is taking in behalf of its children. Whenever a big party is given by a film star, Nick Harris, famous local detective, says that the host asks for an armed guard to be sent out for the evening. And this guard is stationed—not in the boudoir to watch costly jewels, or in the pantry to protect the silver, but where there is a child—*in the nursery*.

There are not many things about which Hollywood is reticent. The discussion of threatening letters, however, is one. Nearly everyone, if pressed, will admit having received "crank" mail, but few will reveal specific information. Threats are not always centered on children, by any means.

In the week following the Lindbergh kidnaping, Lilian Bond received two demands for $50,000 with her life as forfeit. Both notes were signed "The Ace" and bore a postmark of a railway train in transit between Portland and Dunsmuir, Oregon. Lilian's first reaction to the notes was that they were the work of some child or of a childishly minded practical joker. Her friends were of a different opinion and urged that she take reasonable precautions. She did—although saying the demands flattered her.

Dolores Del Rio was similarly threatened a few years ago. She called in the police immediately and, through their efforts, the author of the notes was discovered. The fellow was known to them as Gustav Carrillo. His record showed a connection with numerous other abduction threats, none of which passed the correspondence stage. He had something of a mania for kidnaping plots and invariably "confessed" to a part in any cases that turned up. His strong penchant for "confessions" won him the police nickname of "Confessing Gus." He has "confessed" to every major abduction in California in recent years with the possible exception of the Aimee Semple McPherson case. Generally regarded as a harmless nuisance, the fright he gave Dolores was real, nevertheless.



John and Dolores Costello Barrymore (in circle) aren't letting daughter, Dolores, out of their sight these days



Thomasina Mix, 9, has been given a revolver by father Tom—and knows how to use it

Mary and Doug Foiled Them

AN ATTEMPT to kidnap Mary Pickford in 1925 resulted in the conviction of two men, Charles Z. Stevens and Claude Arthur Holcomb. They are now serving sentences of from ten to fifty years in the penitentiary at San Quentin.

Had they but known it, these men were tackling one of the most difficult tasks imaginable. Mary and Douglas Fairbanks had grown so accustomed, even in 1925, to periodic threats that they were far from easy prey. Pickfair is like a fortress on its hill and is well-nigh impregnable. The kidnapers therefore decided to attack at the studio.

But they reckoned without Doug and Mary. One of the dodges Doug then employed was to substitute a girl to impersonate Mary. This girl rode in the Fairbanks limousine while Mary, disguised by cheap clothes, traveled in a most disreputable car. Armed guards surrounded her and Doug, himself, carried a gun in a shoulder holster.

While the Fairbankses were using every means at their command to circumvent the threatened attack, the police were also busy. Undercover men mingled with all suspicious characters seen around the studio and were successful in locating the actual parties who had demanded $200,000 from Mary. One detective managed to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the plotters. Stenographic notes were obtained of several of their meetings and arrests followed.

Threats directed to Mary and Doug have concerned not only themselves, but close relatives. Mary's sister, Lottie, and Lottie's daughter, Gwen, have often been named. The most serious case culminated in 1928, when Lottie had actual combat with four men who had forced to a curb the car in which she was riding with Jack Daugherty. Although her escort was knocked unconscious, Lottie gave battle with such intensity that her four assailants were finally

(*Continued on page 88*)



HOLLYWOOD'S MOST NATIVE MAIDEN

Maria Alba once stood on a balcony in Barcelona, Spain, and tossed roses down upon Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Doug never noticed her then. But Maria won a beauty contest, was transported to Hollywood to play in Spanish versions, and then—after four years—was "discovered" by Doug, himself. He chose her as the only girl in Hollywood with enough native charm to play the heroine in his South Sea comedy, "Tropical Knight"

Connie BENNETT has she a *Dual Personality?*

Constance Bennett is both the most disliked and the most defended woman in Hollywood.

She has the permanent marks of a frown between her eyes. She also has one of the sweetest smiles on the screen.

Which is she: charming, sweet-tempered, and cruelly misunderstood—or unaccommodating, cold, and high-hat?

Can she be *both* a "Lady Jekyll" and a "Mrs. Hyde"—a dual personality? Here are the opposing views of the pro-Bennett and anti-Bennett factions. Read them, and judge for yourself.—Editor.

That "Mrs. Hyde" Frown



This is Connie as her enemies picture her—frowning, unpleasant and high-hat

CHARACTERIZED by her critics as a "Mrs. Hyde," Constance Bennett is described as a woman of distinctly unpleasant manners, a snob, a quarrelsome, domineering, insincere and thoughtless person. She is pictured with her tiny fists clenched, and with a chronic frown (two vertical lines at the bridge of her nose). She is quoted to prove that she has a sharp and outspoken tongue.

It was at her wedding to the Marquis de la Falaise that she was credited with her latest unpleasantness, directed on that occasion at newspaper writers and photographers. These men and women gathered outside the beautiful Beverly Hills home of George Fitzmaurice, the director, while a selected few witnessed the exclusive ceremony behind guarded doors.

Eventually and none too pleasantly they were asked to leave—with only a few bare facts about the ceremony.

"That's Connie Bennett for you," they said, laying the blame for their eviction at her feet.

A short time before this, Miss Bennett was reported to have stormed and protested against being photographed in affectionate poses with her husband-to-be.

Several press-agents, directors, producers and others, who have had to deal directly with "Mrs. Hyde," have no charity in their hearts for her. One press-agent at M-G-M, on whom Connie is reported to have unleashed her fury, when he asked her to pose for advertising photographs, walks away whenever her name is even mentioned. He believes that he has been humiliated by her scornful wrath and, being unable to say anything in her favor, says nothing.

A press-agent at Warner Brothers' dislikes her heartily, claiming she berated him unmercifully because he asked her to make some publicity photographs and later reminded her of her promise to pose. He believes that she was entirely in the wrong. He takes it personally.

"Even if she was right, she didn't have to treat me like that," he says.

Directors are reported not to like to work with "Mrs. Hyde." Her "fights" with Paul Stein, who supervised her efforts at Pathé, are mentioned on all sides and he has been quoted as saying that she is extremely difficult to handle.

Writers have had unpleasant experiences with her. She walked up to a Los Angeles newspaperman who was sent to interview her and announced point-blank:

"You don't like me, do you?"

It is said that the newspaperman told her that he didn't like her, and why.

With another writer, she deliberately broke an important engagement, apparently for no reason at all. The man in question refused to interview her, or attempt to interview her, for some time. His attitude reflects that of many others.

"If she wants to get her name in my paper, she'll have to come to me," he declared.

When the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped and she had to guard her own adopted son, three years old, Connie said at a party that "newspapers are responsible for this crime wave—and other trouble, too." Reporters were present, so Connie raised her voice—and frowned in their direction. They didn't know whether she meant it, or was just acting!

She Means Her Refusals

"MRS. HYDE" is branded as extremely "high-hat" because she will not make public appearances, in the face of the fact that there is a great demand to see her in person. She is adamant on this, without stating her objections.

"She's as stubborn as the devil himself," say producers who have approached her with public-appearance proposals. "She



Russell Ball

Above, you see Constance Bennett's newest studio portrait. She is registering neither gaiety nor gloom, but is simply revealing herself as one of the best-dressed and most poised women in Hollywood. Right, you see "Lady Jekyll"—the star pictured by her friends as sweet-tempered, charming, and full of fun and laughter. What a contrast with the Connie on the opposite page!



won't even listen to us. Wonder if she's trying to pull a Garbo?"

Photographers who have attempted to make pictures of her at odd moments claim that they get only the "Mrs. Hyde" frown, and that she always protests against the use of these photographs. She very nearly has got to the point of trying to smash cameras, they claim.

At the Mayfair Club recently, she was reported to have made faces at a photographer and to have threatened his company with suit if they used

By Edward Churchill

the pictures.

"Mrs. Hyde" is said to be hard on the lesser fry at the studios, bulldozing and browbeating them with complete abandon, as well as making impossible demands on them. It is claimed that some workers do everything possible to avoid making a picture with her. They are "afraid of her outbursts of temperament."

One of "Mrs. Hyde's" habits is to find fault with articles written about her, to the extent of calling editors on the telephone and demanding that retractions be printed. She often declares that she has not said things attributed to her.

(Continued on page 70)

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

Lupe Leaves Screen For Stage



Longworth

When Lupe Velez finished "The Broken Wing," she left town in a hurry. (What's Hollywood, with Gary Cooper away?) Now she's vamping Buddy Rogers in Ziegfeld's new hit, "Hot-Cha!"

GANGSTERS have threatened Howard Hughes, but Hollywood's youngest producer (he's only 28) isn't half so worried as the gangsters are. The reason is his production of "Scarface"—which is likely to tear the lid off the underworld. The picture was finished about eight months ago, despite the muttering of the chiefs of gangdom; but Hughes' battle had only begun. He ran up against the censors.

Fighting every inch of the way, he "toned down" the film as the Powers suggested. He eliminated several of the most powerful scenes, left out the accusation that gangsters often control politicians, had one of the characters praise law enforcement, and changed the title.

The censors turned thumbs down, anyway. That made Hughes see red. He ordered all the original incidents put back in the film, and announced that he would release it in that form, censors or no censors, gangland or no gangland.

AREN'T the censors keeping strange company, in trying to suppress the picture? Law enforcement bodies, police chiefs and critics have praised it to the skies. Every incident in it is based on things that have actually happened in real-life gangdom—things you have read about in your newspapers. It is an exposé of what gangland has been able to get away with. It asks the question, of both you and the government: "What are you going to do about it?"

That, as anyone can see, is an embarrassing question to ask in a stormy political year!

Howard just hates to embarrass the nice, lovable gangsters and the even nicer politicians—but he's going to do it. More power to him!

Mildred Davis Lloyd (Mrs. Harold) recently invited twenty young movie wives to a party. On hand was a Hindu soothsayer who offered to answer any questions they might write, put in envelopes, and seal up. Twelve of the twenty asked: "Am I going to have a baby soon?" Was his face red!

IT looks as if Clara Bow is getting all set for that comeback at last. She is now almost down to her normal weight again. Moreover, though she has turned down offer after offer from every studio in town, she has just bought the movie rights to a story called "Souls in Pawn," authored by Charles Furthman. The gentleman, in case you don't remember, adapted Elinor Glyn's "It" to the screen—and to Clara. She has just transferred her furniture from her beach house to the Bow-Bell ranch in Nevada. That's to be her rest place from now on.

Gilbert Roland has been a forlorn figure since Norma Talmadge went away to get a divorce from Joseph Schenck (and denied she would marry Roland). Even Norma's mother, who was once suspected of being cool to him, has taken pity on Gilbert and is seen with him now and then.

SPEAKING of comebacks, Corinne Griffith is making one—but in jolly old England, not good old Hollywood. She has been dancing with the Prince of Wales—and maybe she hates to stop. Also, of course, her husband, Walter Morosco, is kept abroad by being one of Paramount's head men in Europe. Anyway, Corinne is now making a talkie for British Paramount from Michael Arlen's story, "Lily Christine." Her leading man, in case you're interested, is Colin Clive, one of the best young actors still left in England. He was the lad who had the title rôle in "Frankenstein."

Cagney Going Abroad



Lippman

James Cagney hopes to rest up from his knockout labors in "Winner Take All" by seeing Europe with Mrs. Jimmy

SINCE her marriage to Rudy Vallee last July, Fay Webb has been back to Santa Monica three times. Each time, the divorce rumors started. But it seems that Fay "went home to Mother" to rest up from New York's night-life, and for no other reason.

Rudy, taking his first vacation in four years, has just been West to visit her—and to get a rest himself. The first few days, all he did was to sleep. In fact, he

was asleep on the roof of the Webb home when a group of newspaper photographers and reporters came a-calling. Fay and Mrs. Webb called Rudy a couple of times, but he slept soundly on. At least, he pretended he did.

COULD Pola Negri have meant anything personal when she made this remark in Chicago recently:

"My next husband—whom I shall marry in June—is going to be someone whom everyone looks up to and admires"?

And the account added coyly: "Miss Negri has been twice married to European noblemen."

Betty Bronson, 22, who had a "Cinderella beginning" in the movies, has also had a Cinderella exit. The former *Peter Pan* has just wed wealthy Ludwig Lauerhaus, 27, of Asheville, N. C., where Marjorie Rambeau, now Mrs. Francis A. Gudger, is a society leader.

THE "fighting McLaglens" haven't kissed and made up, but they'll have to settle their differences this side of court. Last year, you remember, Victor was sued for $90,000 by brother Leopold, an author and lecturer. He claimed that Vic had said unkind things about him. Before the recent trial of the suit could be finished, the judge, acting on a writ won by Victor's lawyer, threw the case out of court.Victor, by the way, is now in vaudeville—and thinking of going back to England.

WHEN John Considine, Jr., married Carmen Pantages in February, Hollywood thought that it was just a happy ending to a long romance. But it was also the beginning of a new movie company. Alexander Pantages, vaudeville magnate, has just announced that he and his new son-in-law will be partners in a new film firm, which will also include Pantages' two sons. Oddly enough, Considine's father and Pantages used to be bitter enemies in show business. "We plan to buy a studio," the theatre man says. "There are plenty for sale." This is not humor, but fact. Five minor studios *are* for sale—though they don't have "For Sale" signs on them yet.

JACKIE UNDER GUARD



Hurrell

When Jackie Cooper goes out to play, these days, there's a guard nearby. No one's going to kidnap *this* famous boy

MARY NOLAN and her young husband of a year, Wallace Macrery, Jr., decided not to settle out of court with employees of the defunct Mary Nolan Gown Shop, who claimed that the couple owed them back wages. Mary and her husband paid when the case went against them, but Judge Nye declined to suspend sentence.

In fact, in sentencing them to jail for thirty days, he lectured them severely. Macrery, thought to be wealthy, testified at the trial that he had liabilities of $12,000 and no assets. Together with Mary, who is one of the "fighting Irish," he obtained release on $200 bond, pending appeal. Meanwhile, Mary is considering several screen offers.

JOAN BENNETT CHANGES NAME TO MRS. MARKEY



Wide World

For screen purposes, she will still be known as Joan Bennett—but in private life she is now Mrs. Gene Markey. Photo shows couple getting the license. They were married on March 16 by Judge Lewis R. Work, who also married Connie and the Marquis

RKO is the latest studio to discover "another Gable." Before the discovery his name was Jacques de Brujac—but now it's "Bruce Cabot." And the young Frenchman is studying dramatics under Josephine Dillon, Gable's former wife and instructress!

MIRIAM HOPKINS and husband Austin Parker have again decided to be "just friends." When author Austin isn't lunching with his wife, he's dining with Thelma Todd. Thelma is putting on just a little weight—but then Ziegfeld, himself, says that curves are coming back.

Margaret Livingston—who married Paul Whiteman, the Jazz King, last August 19—has just struck it rich. An oil well at Venice, Cal. (not so far from Hollywood), in which she sank some money in January, 1931, recently gushed forth with two thousand barrels a day!

ETHEL BARRYMORE is coming to Hollywood this summer to make her début in talkies and "the first lady of the theater" will be supported by none other than John Barrymore and her equally famous brother, Lionel.

So far, the story has not been selected. But it is a cinch that it will afford good rôles for all three of the famous Royal Family of Broadway. Ethel's son, Samuel Barrymore Colt, is already in the movies—as a beginner at Paramount.

LILY DENIES WEDDING



Richee

When Lily Damita went to Hawaii on vacation, suitor Sidney Smith sailed, too. But both deny honeymooning

DIRECTOR Edmund Goulding sought to introduce John Barrymore to Arthur Brisbane, noted Hearst editor, on the "Grand Hotel" set recently.

"You know Mr. Brisbane, you said?" began Goulding.

"I ought to!" replied Barrymore. "He's responsible for my being an actor. He kicked me out of his newspaper office when I tried to make an honest living as a youth!"

WAS Tallulah Bankhead surprised when London papers printed a report that she was to wed Joel McCrea? You can imagine what Tallulah said! For publication, these were her words: "Ridiculous! I've met the man only once!"

What they're saying about Joel now is that he is the one Hollywood sheik with whom any husband, even the most jealous, could trust his wife. And says a pal of his: "If I were Joel, I'd resent that!"

Mrs. McCrea's boy has just come back from a location trip to Hawaii with the "Bird of Paradise" company, as bronzed as a Polynesian, and raving about "the beautiful little dancers." It seems, according to Joel, that the natives may demand plenty to be picturesque for the tourists, but for movie players they will sing and dance for nothing, except the privilege of being near them.

From Joel's remarks, you get the idea that Hawaii isn't unsafe for white women at all. But how about the white men, Joel?

Six months ago, friends warned Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller that if he and Bobbe Arnst remained in Hollywood, something might happen to their marriage. Johnny laughed. Can it be true, as Hollywood now hears, that Bobbe is about to return to the Broadway stage—which she left for Johnny's sake?

WONDER if it's true that Gary Cooper called on Lupe Velez in passing through New York?

WHEN John Boles was signed for the rôle of the self-centered hero in "Back Street," his friends told him that they probably wouldn't recognize him.

"Don't worry," said John. "When they get through rewriting that part, Fannie Hurst, herself, won't recognize it!"

DOUG GOES NATIVE



Douglas Fairbanks will be a 1932 Robinson Crusoe in his new comedy, "Tropical Knight," which he is now filming in the South Seas

SHE APPEALED TO TOM



Freulich

Besides picking a pretty new wife (Mabel Ward), Tom Mix chose Claudia Dell as his gal in "Destry Rides Again"

RONALD COLMAN took such a long vacation that the romance rumors about Thelma Todd and himself died a natural death before his return. Ronnie is one of the few people who know if he was divorced while abroad.

PARAMOUNT is harboring the idea of bringing Bing Crosby back to the town where he got his start, by starring him in "Wild Waves," a satire of a radio-entertainer's life. And just among ourselves let it be known that either Rudy Vallee or Russ Columbo is open to persuasion also. Russ is another local boy—as well as vocal boy—who made good in the big city. Russ used to be a "singing double" in early talkies—for Gary Cooper, among others.

Clark Gable hasn't let Fame and Fortune, those gold dust twins, change his mode of living much. He still smokes a pipe, wears his inevitable gray suit, lives in a modest apartment (not a Beverly Hills mansion)—and denies that Mrs. Gable's trip East is a separation, except in the matter of miles.

FUNNY how studios change their minds about their players! When Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen made "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-Eyed World," they were the prize money-makers and favorites at Fox. Now they have both parted company with the studio. And when Peggy Shannon was first "discovered" by Paramount, she was all set to take Clara Bow's place. Now out of Paramount, she is going places at Fox—playing opposite Jimmy Dunn in "Society Girl," for a beginning.

AFTER James Cagney and the missus get back from that European trip, the picture he's likely to do is "Blessed Event." Warners paid a fancy price for the screen rights, for the play happens to be one of the big hits of Broadway—satirizing, as it does, the life and times of Broadway's noisiest and best-known columnist. Universal is plotting one with the brilliant title of "Beau Peep."

AND what if Walter Winchell, himself, comes out to play in one of them—as it is rumored he may? What those women for whom he has forecast "blessed events" won't tell him! Ditto the star who, he says, sells her old clothes to her maid!

Like Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, who let the world know in advance that they would have a child in April, John and Dolores Costello Barrymore have publicly stated they expect their second child in May. And May McAvoy (Mrs. Maurice Cleary) is also expecting in May.

HAVE you been wondering what ever became of Gene Raymond, the blond chap who made such a hit in his first picture, "Ladies of the Big House"? Investigation reveals that Gene has just returned from Broadway, where he used to be known as Raymond Guion and whither he went to straighten out a tangle about a stage contract that conflicted with his screen offers. You'll soon see him again.

YOU don't hear any more about John Gilbert's hankering to leave the screen, as you did a few months ago. In fact, John is all pepped up over his next picture, "Downstairs." He is supposed to have written it, himself—which would make it appear that he has a rôle to his liking. He also may have a hand in its direction. His leading lady will be Maureen O'Sullivan, whom M-G-M liked so well in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," that they gave her a contract, renewable after six months.

GARBO'S contract is up for renewal again and, as usual, you hear rumors that she "tank Garbo go home now." But Hollywood doesn't actually expect this to happen, although it wouldn't surprise the folks if Greta did go back to the homeland for a short visit with her family. She has a new house in Santa Monica (Miriam Hopkins is now living in her former domicile)—and the indications are that she expects to stay awhile.

Marlene Dietrich has one picture to go on her present contract, but already Paramount has signed her to a second contract, calling for three more pictures after that. Paramount isn't taking any chances of losing their most exotic beauty!

FRIENDS of Gene Markey had predicted that he and Joan Bennett would not be married, unless the ceremony took place in his church. Perhaps Joan's divorce from John Martin Fox prevented this. They were wed at the Town House—by a Judge.

CLARA'S SUCCESSOR?



Wide World

Sari Maritza, reminds some of Dietrich—and others of Clara Bow. In any case, can you keep your eye on the ball?

Aileen Pringle has been separated from her husband for so long—eight years—that few people remembered she was married. But she has just reminded them, by announcing she would seek a Mexican divorce from Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, chief privy counselor of Jamaica.

WHEN Pathé merged with RKO, everybody expected Constance Bennett or Pola Negri to get the prize dressing-room. These Bennett girls have a way of getting what they want—and you know how temperamental Pola can get! But Ann Harding was the girl who won the coveted berth.

Ann, according to our undercover agents, objects to being a "sexy" type, as it is reported she is slated to be in her new pictures. Can that account for her urge to leave the screen in 1933—and return to the stage? In the meantime, she is trying her hand at short-story writing. This is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s favorite pastime, aside from acting; and Elissa Landi has just blossomed forth with her third published novel, "House for Sale." It's about English life.

GWILI ANDRE, new foreign "find" of RKO, has been taking English lessons from Irving Pichel—who has been having her read aloud from the Bible, a book that *can* be read dramatically and excitingly.

Despite her having been in Hollywood only a few weeks, she is already being rumored as the feminine half of a romance with Willis Goldbeck, M-G-M scenario writer.

You will get your first glimpse of her in "Roar of the Dragon," the new Dix picture. And gossip has it that Anna May Wong—the Chinese girl with the English accent—threatened a walkout from the cast when she discovered that the newcomer was originally to be billed above herself.

Will Rogers, who had been with the Lindberghs only two weeks before, was all broken up over the kidnaping of the famous baby. "We decided, after seeing Lindy's baby," says Will, "that our house wasn't homelike nowadays with all the kids growing up, and we'd have to adopt a little feller to play around."

LIONEL BARRYMORE, like John, is a model devoted husband. His wife, Irene Fenwick, has been ill in a Pasadena hospital, and twice every day he has made the long trip from Beverly Hills to visit her. This gaunt, gray man comes limping down the long corridors, adjusting a gay smile as he approaches her door. The limp, by the way, is very pronounced these days. Before the camera, however, Barrymore seems able to hide it whenever he chooses—and to become tall and strong, even young, just by force of will.

MAURICE COSTELLO, noted matinée idol of a generation ago and one of the early stars of the screen, walked into a Beverly Hills drugstore, and, while being waited on, suffered a stroke of apoplexy.

Rushed to a hospital, he was later removed to his own home to recuperate—

(Continued on page 85)

The Real Reasons For *Ann Harding's* DIVORCE!

"WE, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce—"

It was unbelievable—even though a messenger had delivered notes bearing this message to the Hollywood office of MOTION PICTURE Magazine, even though they were typed on the personal stationery of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, even though they were signed: "Ann Harding Bannister" and "Harry C. Bannister." Why, this was the happiest marriage in screendom—the one out-and-out case of love that was lasting! How could they even be thinking of divorce?

"There is nothing," said Ann Harding to the world, holding her golden head high, "that I can add to the statements Mr. Bannister and I released to the press. They are, I believe, self-explanatory."

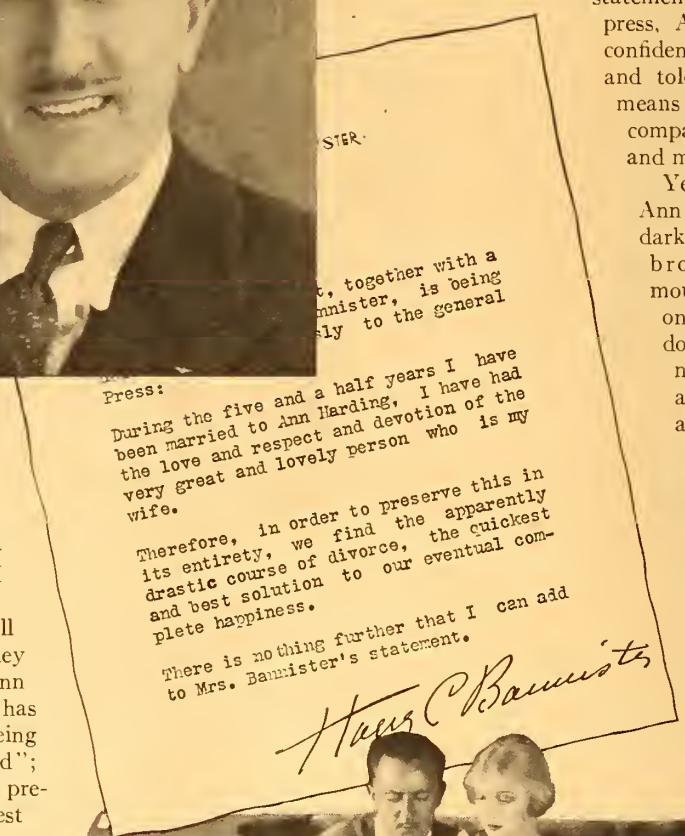
The statements that burst like a bomb all over America *are* self-explanatory—so far as they go. They state that Harry Bannister and Ann Harding are to seek a divorce because Harry has been gradually losing his identity and is being looked upon merely as "Ann Harding's husband"; and—strangest phrase of all!—"in order to preserve this love and as the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness."

In this town where people believe in few things, the love between Ann Harding and Harry Bannister was believed in. For three years, writers have poured out their most idealistic words on stories of their mutual devotion, their happy home, their beloved baby. They were pointed out as triumphal proof that married happiness was possible even in Hollywood.

"When we decided to come out here," Ann Harding once told an interviewer, "our friends warned us that our marriage would go to pieces like other film marriages. But we knew better. We knew that Hollywood couldn't hurt us."



If Harry Bannister (left) had had a screen "break," would he have written the statement below?



...STER

...t, together with a ...nnister, is being ...ly to the general

Press:

During the five and a half years I have been married to Ann Harding, I have had the love and respect and devotion of the very great and lovely person who is my wife.

Therefore, in order to preserve this in its entirety, we find the apparently drastic course of divorce, the quickest and best solution to our eventual complete happiness.

There is nothing further that I can add to Mrs. Bannister's statement.

Harry C. Bannister

Ann on Verge of Breakdown

AND, again, only two weeks before these statements were sent to the press, Ann Harding smiled confidently at another writer and told him, "My career means nothing to me in comparison to my husband and my home."

Yet, at this moment, Ann Harding lies in a darkened bedroom in her broken home on the mountain top, hovering on the edge of a breakdown, while Harry Bannister has established a residence in Reno and is bringing suit for divorce at the end of six weeks—though a Los Angeles divorce attorney publicly doubts that a divorce for such friendly reasons as the couple have announced is possible, even in Nevada.



Right, a typical home picture of the Bannisters—with Harry helping Ann even in a game of solitaire

BANNISTER IN RENO

After he and Ann Harding issued their startling statements, Harry Bannister left for Reno at once—to establish residence for the divorce. When asked on what grounds he would sue, he declined to say. Hollywood divorce attorneys doubt he can get a divorce on the friendly grounds he and Ann offered.

And, for once, Hollywood does not have the inside story. Ann and Harry have never taken the world into their confidence. They made no exception now.

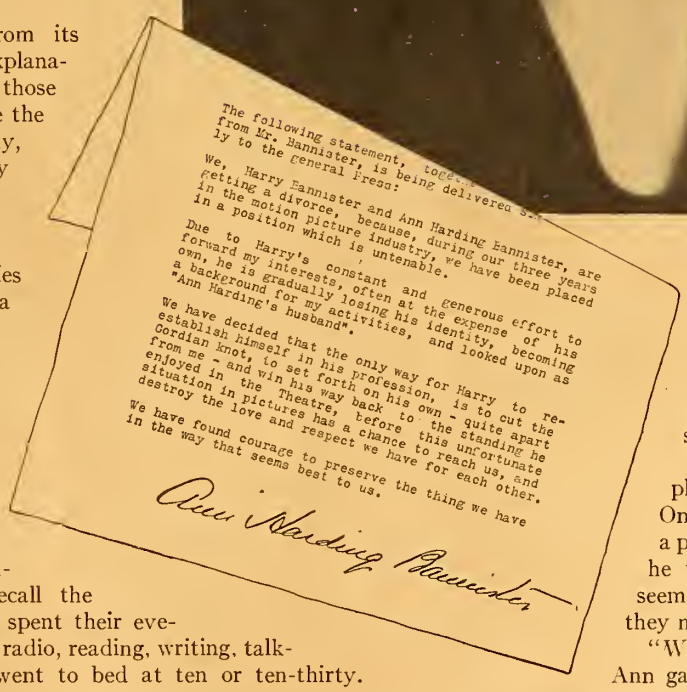
Ann Harding, who was once a stenographer, typed these letters to the press with her own hands. The first her confidential secretary knew of the matter was when the newspapermen descended on the house. The first her studio heard of the incredible news was when the RKO telephone lines began to hum with excited inquiries. Mrs. Robert E. Nash, Ann's sister, was first told of the divorce plans by a reporter. Joan Crawford and Loretta Young, Ann's closest girl-friends, were shocked into tears by the news.

Ann and Harry, of course, immediately "disappeared"—Ann to fly to Palm Springs and Harry to start his trip to Reno.

Hollywood, recovering from its first shock, already has "explanations" to offer. There are those who mention other men (one the mayor of a mid-Western city, another an actor who recently played opposite Ann)—and other women (one said to work as an extra in Ann's own studio). There are stories of Harry's reputation as a *gallant* in his old bachelor days on Broadway. He is painted as something of a fortune-hunter, although the proposed property settlement gives Ann everything, including the custody of Jane. People wag their heads over the folly of isolating themselves from society and recall the Bannisters' boast that they spent their evenings quietly listening to the radio, reading, writing, talking or playing cards, and went to bed at ten or ten-thirty.



Bachrach



The following statement, toge... from Mr. Bannister, is being delivered s... ly to the general Press:

We, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding Bannister, are getting a divorce, because, during our three years in the motion picture industry, we have been placed in a position which is untenable.

Due to Harry's constant and generous effort to forward my interests, often at the expense of his own, he is gradually losing his identity, becoming a background for my activities, and looked upon as "Ann Harding's husband".

We have decided that the only way for Harry to re-establish himself in his profession, is to cut the Gordian knot, to set forth on his own - quite apart from me - and win his way back to the standing he enjoyed in the Theatre, before this unfortunate situation in pictures has a chance to reach us, and destroy the love and respect we have for each other.

We have found courage to preserve the thing we have in the way that seems best to us.

Ann Harding Bannister

Was Ann Harding's statement (left) dictated by her desire to repay Harry for his "martyrdom" for her?

NOT the Reasons for Divorce

THOSE who blame Harry for precipitating the divorce interpret the letters as meaning, under their kind words, that Harry was jealous of Ann's success and fame. Those who blame Ann read into the soft phrases that she preferred to remain in Hollywood with fame and fortune rather than to abandon her career and follow her husband to New York.

We believe that we can say absolutely that these conjectures are wrong. A writer for MOTION PICTURE Magazine has been honored by the friendship of these two unusual people, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. He was the last writer to talk with them before their decision was announced to the public. And although he was as much taken by surprise as everyone else, he sees in their decision an amazing story of devotion and self-sacrifice.

The letters announcing their divorce plans were delivered on Wednesday. On the previous Sunday evening, after a preview of "Symphony of Six Million," he talked with Ann and Harry. They seemed as happy as a pair of youngsters as they met him in the theater lobby.

"We have the most glorious news!" said Ann gaily. "Yesterday Harry obtained his release from his RKO-Pathé contract. We are so happy! It means he's free at last to do what he wants to do!"

"Isn't it great?" Harry asked. "I feel as though a tremendous weight had been lifted from my shoulders. I am no longer tied down. I'm free, I tell you—free as a bird! I'm going back to the stage!"

"Come up to the house tomorrow night," they urged, "and we will tell you all about it."

For three hours, on Monday evening, the Bannisters talked with our correspondent and his wife. Harry and Ann, sitting on the divan holding hands, seemed light-hearted and gay. Their attitude toward one another was no different from what it had ever been. If anything, they laughed more than usual. It was

(*Continued on page 72*)

Numbers Tell the *Truth* about JANET GAYNOR

By the science of Numerology, Clifford W. Cheasley reads Janet's character and predicts what she will do when she leaves the screen (probably in 1934)

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

ATTACHING the numerical values of the ancient Greek system of Numerology to the name and life of Janet Gaynor and interpreting their meanings, I find a different type from the personalities previously analyzed in this series.

Janet was born Laura Gainer, October 6, 1907. The vowels of this name, when added, indicate that she was born with the Ideality or Motive number of "11." A complete addition of all its number values gives an Expression or Method number of "8."

These are the numbers of one who, while having dramatic talents, is somewhat too practical and technical to attempt sensational success in a popular, modern, glamourous direction, such as motion pictures. A more detailed analysis of Miss Gaynor's temperament may explain.

The Ideality number of "11" shows that Janet's original outlook upon life was imaginative, romantic, idealistic, impressionable. She came naturally by a genius for adapting herself inwardly to any kind of surrounding or work, for she could never be sure what else she would prefer to do. Nor would she have felt quite enough confidence in her own ability, had she been able to make up her mind.

A glance at the numbers of the day, month and year of her birth shows what this idealistic and impressionable nature had to meet in early life—and proves that Miss Gaynor went through a great deal, not always pleasant, before she adjusted her ideas to a more sensible basis. Disillusion and despondency, at times the sense of inferiority and a disinclination to face the rougher experiences of life alone, were all keenly felt.



General Forecast for June, 1932

June will have a more harmonious, constructive and positive influence in world affairs than May (a month of nervousness and uncertainty all over the world). General conditions will settle and, in the United States especially, developments will be constructive and the effect upon economic life favorable.

Foreign situations are by no means adjusted. The important and definitely aggressive moves made by any foreign power in April will be carried into further action in this month. Russian and Japanese contentions will bear watching as a stage for immediate developments.

Manufacturing, real estate, and the clothing industry will find definite benefits from this month's developments.

Individually, this is a favorable time for the expression of personal opinions and is encouraging to artists, salesmen and advertisers. Everyone can adopt the suggestion of the number of this month—"3"—which is, Self-Confidence.

Cheasley

Not Born to Be Tragic

THERE was an early love of music and acting, and a tendency to dramatize the simpler events of her life. But her nature is not all serious, for the number "5" in this position of the Numberscope makes a contrast with its companion "6" (the serious side), and indicates love of pleasure, excitement and an inclination to experiment with life, as well as an appreciation for quickly changing experience, new faces, new places and unknown opportunities. The logical result of this combination of numbers with the dramatic talent gives a decided gift for mimicry, rather than for success in the heavier forms of dramatic expression.

With such motives deciding expression, Janet Gaynor would naturally be dependent upon what others could do for her. She would need great encouragement or somewhat of a definite push to enter into situations where she would be forced to make decisions or accept failure

(*Continued on page 83*)

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.





Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH

This newest portrait of Marian emphasizes the fact that she is very, very young—a fact lately borne home to Marian, herself. Starred at the beginning of the year, she has just been asked to return to featured rôles—since she was, really, "about three years too young for stardom"! Marian took it with a smile—like this. Proving that she has brains, instead of temperament

Chevalier—Money—Charity!

This ends the myth that Maurice Chevalier is a miser—the first story of the free clinic he has given to the Paris poor and supports with his own money!



Dyar

He doesn't spend his money—he GIVES it away

"THEY" say that Chevalier is "stingy." "They" are that envious, invisible army who seem to influence public opinion by gossiping about things and people they know nothing about; an invisible army who never give their names or their addresses. You don't know who they are. You can't spot them. You wish you could. You'd like to tell them a thing or two about Maurice.

They say that Chevalier is "tight," that he never gives to charities, that he goes about without change in his pockets that he could dole out to those who think that movie stars owe them a living, that he ignores piteous appeals for help.

And I say, "Oh, oui? OUI?" In other words, "Oh, yeeeeah?" Because here is one case where you and I can answer those vague and groundless accusations with one ringing phrase. It is: *DISPENSAIRE DU SPECTACLE—FONDATION MAURICE CHEVALIER!*

What does it mean? Just this: In Paris, at 65 Rue Raumier, there is what Americans call a clinic or a dispensary—founded and supported by Maurice Chevalier. It is a *free* clinic, this *Fondation Maurice Chevalier*—free to all those of the theatre world, from the grubby *garçon* who sweeps off the stage to the most illustrious star who has fallen on evil days and ill health.

Chevalier's great project began, really, during the World War. For in that bloody shambles, as a young Poilu, he saw both French and German doctors and surgeons at their unwearying and merciful work. German surgeons, in fact, saved his life, after his chest was torn with shrapnel. It was borne in upon him that, of all the men who help their fellow men, these same doctors and surgeons are the most unselfish, the most needed. In health, he says, a man may conquer the world. But in illness, no matter what his station in life, a man is beaten before he begins. And if his illness is part of the burden of poverty, he knows the literal meaning of hell on earth. It is double torture.

He Had to Wait Twelve Years

AT THAT time, however, Maurice told me, he had no conscious idea or plan of doing anything about lightening such torture. He didn't think that he ever could. But the seed was planted—the seed of the idea that if a man would help his fellow men, the way to begin is to mend their sick bodies.

Then, two years ago, when Maurice was in Paris on a holiday, he ran across his old friend, M. Blon-Dhin. This Monsieur Blon-Dhin was once a spectacular star of the musical comedy world, but the years had not dealt too kindly with him. He slipped from the top rung of the footlight ladder, and as he went down and down, he met others on the way down, too. He met men and

By Gladys Hall

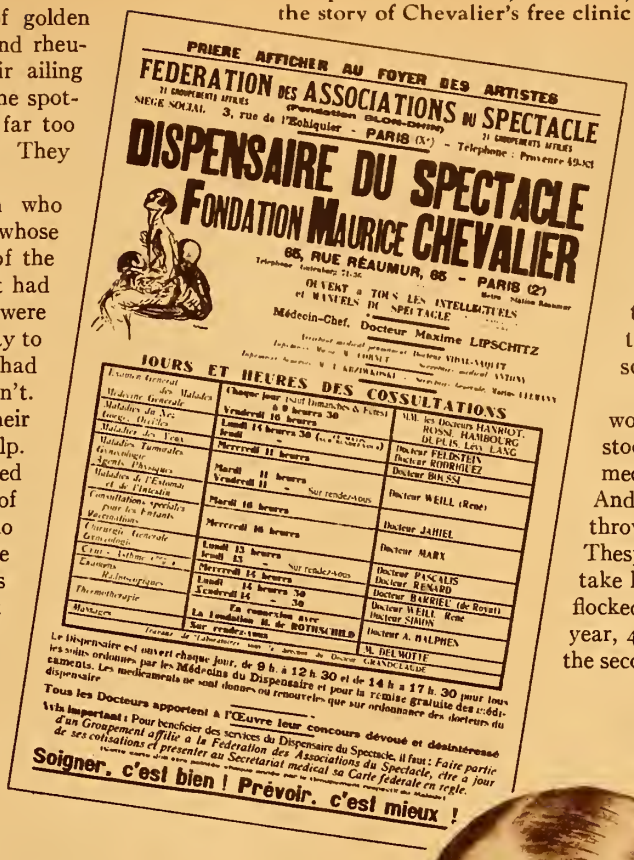
women whose very names had once evoked storms of applause and showers of golden francs—now old has-beens, feeble and rheumatic and, largely because of their ailing bodies, unable to struggle back to the spotlight again. And all of them were far too proud to go to "charity" hospitals. They preferred death to such dishonor.

M. Blon-Dhin met young men who might have had their chance, but whose very talents were crippled because of the crippling of their bodies—lungs that had gone back on them, limbs that were twisted. If they could have gone away to the mountains, if they could have had treatment—but of course, they couldn't. They, too, preferred to cough their lives away, rather than ask for help. There were families of undernourished babies and rickety children, all kinds of sick and unfortunate stage folk who had been high up or who might have *gone* high up if their broken bodies could have been mended without death to their passionate pride.

How He Started His Clinic

FOR long hours, M. Blon-Dhin and his successful young friend and comrade of the theatre, Maurice Chevalier, talked this subject over. A subject that, before the talk was ended, became a bond, a passion, a cause. Here was something close to the heart of Chevalier. Here was something that mattered, something fine and enduring that he could do for those nearest his heart, for his own people, the people of the theatre.

The poster below tells, in French, the story of Chevalier's free clinic


PRIERE AFFICHER AU FOYER DES ARTISTES

FEDERATION DES ASSOCIATIONS DU SPECTACLE

SIEGE SOCIAL 3, rue de l'Echiquier - PARIS (X^e)

DISPENSAIRE DU SPECTACLE

FONDATION MAURICE CHEVALIER

65, RUE RÉAUMUR, 65 - PARIS (2^e)

OUVERT A TOUS LES INTELLECTUELS et MANUELS DU SPECTACLE

Médecin-Chef, Docteur Maxime LIPSCHITZ

JOURS ET HEURES DES CONSULTATIONS

Maladies Générales	Vendredi 16 heures 30	MM. les Docteurs HANROT, ROSNE, HAMBOURG DEPLUS, LEVY-LANG
Maladies de la Voix, Laryngo-Otologie	Lundi 14 heures 30	Docteur FELDSTEIN
Maladies des Yeux	Mercredi 11 heures	Docteur RODRIGUEZ
Maladies Tuberculeuses, Gynécologie		Docteur BIN SSI
Agents Physiques, Maladies de l'Estomac et de l'Intestin	Mardi 11 heures Vendredi 11 " Sur rendez-vous	Docteur WEILL (René)
Consultations spéciales pour les Enfants, Rééducation	Mardi 16 heures	Docteur JAHIEL
Chirurgie Générale, Gynécologie	Mercredi 16 heures	Docteur MARX
Cure Thermale, etc.	Lundi 15 heures Lundi 15 " Sur rendez-vous	Docteur PASCALIS
Examens Radiologiques	Mercredi 14 heures	Docteur RENARD
Thermothérapie	Lundi 14 heures 30 Vendredi 14 " 30	Docteur BARRIEU (de Royat)
Massages	En connexion avec la Fondation M. de ROTHSCHILD	Docteur WEILL René Docteur SIMON
	Sur rendez-vous	Docteur A. HALPHEN M. DELMOTTE

Le Dispensaire est ouvert chaque jour, de 9 h. à 12 h. 30 et de 14 h. à 17 h. 30 pour tous les soins ordonnés par les Médecins du Dispensaire et pour la remise gratuite des médicaments. Les médicaments ne sont donnés ou remoutrés que sur ordonnance des docteurs du dispensaire

Tous les Docteurs apportent à l'Œuvre leur concours dévoué et désintéressé

Very important : Pour bénéficier des services du Dispensaire du Spectacle, il faut : *Faire partie d'un Groupement affilié à la Fédération des Associations du Spectacle, être à jour de ses cotisations et présenter au Secrétariat médical sa Carte fédérale en règle.*

Soigner, c'est bien ! Prévoir, c'est mieux !

Maurice didn't wait to make appeals for money. He bought, at once, the small, two-storied house in the Rue Raumier. He had personal interviews with the most eminent specialists, surgeons and medical men of Paris. He laid before them his plan of mercy. He enlisted their free services for certain hours of certain days of the week. He was especially fortunate when the most eminent of them all, Docteur Maxime Lipschitz, proffered his time.

With this accomplished, Maurice working with his advisory board stocked the clinic with all necessary medicaments and clinical supplies. And the doors of 65 Rue Raumier were thrown open to that ailing army of Thespians who were not too proud to take help from one of their own. They flocked to it. Within the space of one year, 4472 cases were cared for. Within the second year there were 4501 patients.

(*Continued on page 76*)



Chevalier, who owes his life to surgeons he could not pay, knows what illness and poverty are like



From the grins that Sally Eilers and James Dunn are wearing you might think that they have just discovered MOTION PICTURE—the magazine that pictures Hollywood as entertainingly and honestly as they portray Young Love. But long before they were in the movies, Sally and Jimmy both had the habit of turning to MOTION PICTURE to learn all that was worth knowing about the stars. Now that they're stars, themselves, they've discovered it doesn't make any difference—they still have the habit!

Is George Brent *Another Gable?*



That's just one question Hollywood is asking about the newest he-man sensation. Here are the answers!

By Charles Grayson

Last month, MOTION PICTURE nominated George Brent for stardom—and told you why. You are going to see plenty of this young Irishman. You are bound to hear him compared to Gable. You will want to know more about him. Here is the whole story.—Editor.

GEORGE BRENT, the latest young man to have all Hollywood in that well-known dither, is almost a pure Irish type—black of hair, hazel of eye, fair of complexion. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, March 3, 1904, and thus is but twenty-eight years young. He looks considerably older. This is because George, with that flair for adventurous living so peculiar to the Gaelic temperament, has crammed into his few years a great deal more action than a half-dozen ordinary men experience in the whole sum of their standardized existences.

"I loathe routine," he says in a voice that is like the bass notes of a harp. "No punching of time-clocks on steady jobs for me. I couldn't stand living that way. I never have. I never will."

Ironically enough, although George was drawn to pictures by the romance of them, so dazzling and immediate has been his success that he is finding himself working at the game—and hard! Here's his schedule: leads opposite Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Blondell in "The Rich Are Always With Us," "So Big" and "Miss Pinkerton" without a day's rest in between; then one opposite Kay Francis, one with Constance Bennett, then back to Chatterton and Stanwyck for two more! That's what it means to be a Hollywood sensation. Alongside it freight-handling is nice, light work.

First Here When Eleven

GEORGE first came to this country when he was eleven, in 1915; but his father, a Dublin newspaperman and the descendant of a long line of Irishmen who served with color and distinction in the British Army, presently returned him to the little green land for his education. George attended public school and the National University in Dublin. There he was interested only in football and amateur theatricals.

Soon, however, he wasn't being confined to the school plays. At this time the great Abbey Theatre was just swinging into the full beat of its spirited song. Writing and acting for it were such mighty figures as William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, George Russell ("A. E."), Sean O'Casey, and Padraic Colum. They were giants and George knew it. More and more he would steal away from the University to work with them.

"It was the theatre at its

(*Continued on page 74*)

What Does Gable Think of Brent?

Clark has a healthy respect for George. You see, they knew each other back in the Broadway days—and in those days it was Clark who was said to resemble George.

In this story, you learn that George's favorite Broadway play was "Love, Honor and Betray," in which he played leading man to Alice Brady. In the cast was another young man who looked so much like George that he was often mistaken for him.

That young man was Clark Gable—who got to Hollywood ahead of him.

A Coming Star —Tala Birell— Reveals Some Coming Fashions



Tala Birell's pajamas, designed for evening wear, are of cream-colored Alençon lace over satin. The jacket worn with the pajamas is of Nile-green chiffon velvet made with leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The sandals are of silver leather



The stately charm of Tala's Roumanian beauty is displayed to the best advantage in this very elegant evening gown of ivory satin. It has a slightly raised waistline and a double strap effect that are out of the ordinary—like their wearer

These portraits of Tala Birell, wearing gowns designed by Irene of Hollywood, were taken by Ray Jones for MOTION PICTURE



Tala Birell's exotic beauty inspired this outfit, which consists of a black satin afternoon gown, black hat, black satin sandals, black suède gloves, and two full silver fox furs



Above, Miss Birell is wearing a lovely sapphire-blue afternoon gown and wrap. The coat is made with long sleeves and trimmed in a most unique manner, with two leis of blue fox fur dropped over each shoulder with the arms passing through



The profile view of the beautiful Tala reveals one of the fascinating small hats trimmed with satin bows that rest on the hair, and the batteau neckline and sleeves puffed at the shoulders which were hidden with the furs in the picture at the top



Bachrach

When Richard Dix was finally snared into matrimony, it wasn't any screen charmer who accomplished the well-nigh impossible feat. Winifred Coe was just one of thousands of girls who have fallen in love with Rich on the screen—and never expected to meet her hero, much less marry him. But Rich succumbed at first sight—and, as in a movie, didn't win the girl without a struggle. If you saw him in "The Lost Squadron," says his bride, you'll know what he's like in real life. And you'll know how marriage has changed him—after reading the story opposite

How MARRIAGE *Changed* DIX

You don't know Richard Dix as he is to-day until you know the girl he married—and why. Don't miss this new close-up of him!

RICHARD DIX, like Babylon, has fallen. Maybe neither Babylon's fall nor Rich's marriage comes under the head of hot news at this late day. Nevertheless both events are historic. Each may be classified as a phenomenon of its era. And while Babylon fell many times, the indications are that Dix will succumb but once. This being the time, Hollywood the place, and pretty Winifred Coe, from San Francisco, the girl.

Ever since your Sister Susie's youngest kid was knee-high to nothing, Richard Dix has been Hollywood's bachelor *par excellence*. That he has taken many a ride on the merry-go-round of love has never been denied. But he never caught the brass ring that entails a one-way walk down that church aisle from which no bachelor returns. The single-minded pointed to him with pride. The Benedicks envied. And both maids and matrons viewed with alarm.

Rich (he's always Rich to his friends—never Richard) was the supreme Lothario. He popped up here and there with this or that charmer on his arm. But he never popped the question. He seemed Hollywood's personification of Kipling's young man who traveled the fastest because he traveled alone. Then, suddenly, wedding bells rang through the desert from Yuma. And over the sands from sea to sea wires whispered that the perennial bachelor had been roped, tied and branded like any susceptible maverick.

It was a shock to the boys. To the girls, too, for that matter. But they made allowances. Perhaps good, ol' Rich had been swept from consciousness by the limpid glances of some cinema siren. Many a good man had been rendered temporarily ga-ga by baby-blue eyes glistening in the Malibu moonlight. The crooning of Pacific waves is a good excuse for a sentimental mood.

THE GIRL WHO BECAME MRS. DIX



Seely

Rich's brother and Winifred Coe's brother married sisters—and that's how Rich and Winifred happened to meet. The pretty San Francisco society girl was engaged to one of the home-town boys at the time—but she kept postponing the wedding, and finally broke the engagement. When Rich heard the news, there was a whirlwind courtship, ending in an "elopement." And now the chap who used to be Hollywood's prize bachelor is telling the folks that he's "the luckiest man alive" and hoping to be a big-family man!

By CRUIKSHANK

In Love Five Years

HOWEVER, it develops that Rich is not only a gay deceiver—but a deep and devious one, besides. For during all these years that he has been swaggering through fight and frolic with the pose of one heart-whole and fancy-free, he has, in fact, been the ardent swain, the patient suitor, the sighing lover!

Moreover, the girl o' his dreams, far from being a film femme, is on the other side of the movie fence. For Ernest Carlton Brimmer (to call Rich by his real name) has married a fan—one of the countless girls who has watched his picture gallantries through the years from "The Vanishing American" through "Cimarron" to "The Lost Squadron." No, Mrs. Dix hasn't missed one of Richard's pictures in the past five years.

In fact, she loved him first before she met him. She thrilled to his manhood as the rescuer of many a movie maiden in distress. She trembled when the "menace" seemed triumphant. And, it may be presumed, she applauded right out loud when Rich and Virtue emerged Triumphant, while Vice and

(*Continued on page 86*)





COLMAN *sees* WAR *in* CHINA

Ronald Colman, just back from five-month world tour, tells what he saw happening in Asia—and in Europe, too

It is a rare star who is so interested in "how the other half lives" that he is willing to interrupt his career for a half-year to find out. But Ronald Colman is like that. And in this exclusive interview—one of the longest ever obtained from him—you have your chance to see the great world drama through his eyes. They are keen eyes, and his account is a vivid one.—Editor.

WHAT was life like in Shanghai, during the recent heavy fighting? Ronald Colman can tell you. He was there. The great Chinese seaport and richest city in China was one of his last stops on his five-month world tour, just completed. More than that—he can tell you of the contrast of life in Japan, only a few score miles across the Yellow Sea; he can draw for you the picture of what life is like to-day in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Rome—places *you* would like to see, yourself.

"Shanghai might well be a City of the Dead," he says, "after ten o'clock at night. There isn't a sound of a motor—not a civilian footstep—not one hastening shadow in all that immense city."

Swiftly and excitingly, he pictures the harassed city—where war sweeps a tragic pall of smoke over a countryside, across a people, and yet where there is an oasis of safety, protected by the ready guns of the foreign warships in the Whangpoo River. This is the International Settlement, where more than one hun-

Ronald Colman met Richard Barthelmess in Kyoto, Japan. They visited a Japanese studio—and met some of the leading ladies (top) and learned how Nipponese movies are made

dred thousand Europeans and Americans, while not technically besieged, live under the conditions of a siege.

Shanghai, "the pearl of the Orient," presents a modern face to approaching ships, he says. There are towering office and bank buildings; there is commercial intensity in the air; the spirit of the Twentieth Century. But in its narrow native streets, outside the Settlement, there is a sudden about-face, an echo of the ancient, inscrutable China. Shanghai is a city of contrasts. One hundred thousand Europeans and Americans dominating a million Chinese. A city of strangeness. And nothing is more strange than the war outside the borders of the International Settlement—the war that approaches within a literal foot of it, yet leaves it physically untouched.

Reports of His Arrest False

"YOU know there's a war when you're in Shanghai," declares Ronald Colman, "—not so much by the rumble of distant guns, as by the deserted shops and offices. Every man in the Settlement is assigned a definite period for duty on the barricades and fortifications. Business, as a result, is paralyzed. During the day, the thunder of firing is drowned in the noises of the city, but when night comes on—after the curfew rings at ten o'clock—then you can distinctly hear the bombardment. I was there when the Woosung Forts were stormed. I don't know how they ever held out so long, against such an onslaught—from air, land and sea.

"I understand that a story went the rounds that I was arrested in Shanghai because I went out after curfew. That's the first thing a stranger learns in Shanghai—that curfew is ten o'clock. Nobody breaks it. My arrest makes a good story—but it doesn't happen to be true.

"Restaurants close at nine or nine-thirty. No theatres, no motion pictures are open at night. During my stay, a hotel advertised a dance from nine in the evening until four in the morning—and that meant that if you attended, you had to remain there until street traffic was permitted at dawn the next morning. If there were parties, they had to last all night.

"But everyone in the Settlement takes the war and its restrictions philosophically. You hear very little complaint. After a manner, they have had this sort of thing on and off for a good many years. The Wall around the Settlement has been maintained—and Shanghai has never been unprepared for war, though the war expected was one among the Chinese, themselves.

War Only a Few Feet Away

"I WENT out with my uncle and cousins, who live in Shanghai and whom I visited, to see the barricades, which are placed at strategic spots in the Settlement. Outside the walls, there was constant fighting in the ruins of Chapei. From the protection of the barricades, we saw hand-to-hand skirmishing not a block away. But within, it was safe. Thousands of native women and children entered for refuge.

"We saw proof that the Japanese bombing planes are unerring in their accuracy. Where only a narrow street separates the International district from Chapei, the native district, small bombs had been placed so perfectly that houses on the Chinese side were destroyed, while those on the neutral side were intact. In many instances, we saw shell holes within a half-foot of the fortifications. Japan is mighty careful not to give the Powers any excuse for interference.

"Everyone in China is fairly well accustomed to excitement, but they are getting weary of it. I talked to many Europeans and Americans who expressed themselves as not caring who won, so long as a lasting peace resulted, with a government strong

(*Continued on page 77*)

WHERE COLMAN HEARD THE GUNS ROAR



This is where the white and yellow races meet in Shanghai—on the Bund, the waterfront boulevard in the International Settlement. Here, one hundred thousand whites are surrounded by one million Chinese. In the daytime, noises of traffic drowned out the roar of bombardment—but at night, Ronald Colman reports, there was not a sound on this once-gay thoroughfare



Acme Photos

Japanese bluejackets carry wounded comrades away from "the front lines" in Chapei—a sequel to one of the first skirmishes between the Chinese and the Japanese marines. When Ronald Colman reached Shanghai, the latter had been reinforced with army divisions and airplanes. He tells, in this story, of the accuracy of the Japanese bombers. He saw it, himself

The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



GRAND HOTEL

Sensation—You Owe It To Yourself To See It: The greatest all-star cast ever shown on the screen—Garbo, Lionel and John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, even the tiniest bit played by a "name" and all to perfection—makes this picture a smash sensation.

Lionel Barrymore out-does even himself as the pathetic clerk, *Kringelein*, who is attempting to crowd a lifetime of living into his last few days of life. His eagerness is the most poignant thing imaginable. This is truly the finest performance of the year. Joan Crawford may surprise you by running a dead heat with the great Garbo for premiere feminine honors. She plays the bedroom scene with a sullen futility of which we did not believe her capable. These players dominate a cast that is superb. The direction is brilliant. You owe it to yourself to visit "Grand Hotel."



SCARFACE

Spine-Tingler—In Class By Itself: From the crashing of machine guns which ushers in this epic of a nation's shame to the rattle of police rifles which are the Law's final answer to *Scarface*, Gangster King, the atmosphere of every scene is electric, vibrant with danger, quivering with menace. It is hard to speak in a coldly critical vein of such violent action, such magnificent clamor of guns and broken glass, such a parade of unrestrained emotions. It is even more difficult to temper praise for Paul Muni's amazing characterization of *Scarface*, the killer whose one weak point was adoration for his kid sister, or for Ann Dvorak's performance of that sister. She is the emotional find of the year. Others deserve mention—Vince Barnett, George Raft, and Karen Morley. You have never seen gang pictures till you see "Scarface"—if the censors ever let you see it. It has the tingling effect of an electric shock.



CARELESS LADY

Mild, But Pleasing Enough: Don't hope to be shocked by this pleasant little version of the Ugly Duckling theme. The title is misleading. Even with an adjoining-bedroom sequence the plot is entirely innocuous. Following her sister's example, Joan Bennett plays a shy, unpopular and plain young woman of wealth who longs for men's attentions. Brought up by maiden aunts in the garments of the Nineties—and very charming she looks in them, too!—the heroine goes shopping in the city where a worldly-wise shop girl (noisily played by Minna Gombell) offers to show her Life.

Among the complications which follow are a raid on a speakeasy, a Paris gigolo with bad intentions and—John Boles. If the director wanted the picture to be just a bit naughty, however, he shouldn't have cast honest John in the rôle of the bachelor husband.



THE BROKEN WING

Its Best Bet Is Lupe: Passion versus amnesia (no, not asthma) is the basis of a story that takes place in what looks suspiciously like Mexico disguised as a mythical kingdom. Leo Carrillo, a coquettish bandit, is the local despot who is bent on marrying Lupe Velez. But Lupe won't have him, and who can blame her? She prays for a blond, and who should drop out of an airplane into her garden but Melvyn Douglas. Melvyn, with an unbecoming bandage around his head to indicate amnesia, seemed to us a rather lukewarm lover.

How Lupe gets her man, in spite of Leo's fiendish plots, Melvyn's forgotten wives and other obstacles, you must see for yourself. We wouldn't be caught recommending this except that Lupe, in one of her gentler moods, is very pretty, very cute, and worth seeing. And if you like the coy Mr. Carrillo and his accent, you'll get plenty of it.

Parade

NEWEST PICTURES



MAN WANTED

No Great Shakes, But Satisfies: Warner Brothers now present Kay Francis as the dangerous brunette. Kay is the editor and publisher of a de luxe magazine housed in a suite of very de luxe offices. She is efficient and rabidly devoted to her work. And she is, as a sideline, more or less, married to Kenneth Thomson, a wealthy playboy. David Manners, our hero, secures the job of secretary to Kay and as their work together develops into love, both the wealthy playboy-husband and Una Merkel, David's fiancée, fade into insignificance.

After a series of mildly amusing situations, some funny and some wistful, the playboy-husband does a final fade into a Paris divorce and the petulant Una into the arms of another boy friend. Which leaves Kay and David free to work and love to their hearts' content. Your pulse will not quicken, but you will be entertained.



THE MOUTHPIECE

Rather Talky, But Acting Is Okay: Warren William gives a hard-bitten, brilliant performance in this story of the life of a great criminal lawyer—which makes him a significant screen figure to be mentioned in the same breath with the Barrymores. An idealist, like most young lawyers, he pleads his first case so zealousiy that he sends to death an innocent man. Embittered, he turns his talents over to the service of the underworld and, shamelessly, wins cases for crooks, with a bottle hidden behind his lawbooks to help him with his brilliant jury-baiting.

Two women come into his life. One, an innocent little typist (Sidney Fox), he tries cynically to make and finishes by loving. The other, his silent repressed secretary, brilliantly played by Aline MacMahon, who loves him without hope. The direction is very good, keeping the interest at high tension by cleverly-spaced surprises.



BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

Fair Moments In This One: Whether or not you will like Robert Montgomery as a gigolo is open to debate. His rôle is of no heroic proportions. In fact, he is an avowed fortune-hunter bent on marrying a wealthy woman who will support his father and him in the manner to which they aspire. When he falls in love with a poor widow, his engagement to the rich *Lady Joan* becomes complicated. But he is saved by his father, who marries money.

The comedy is in the distinctly Continental manner, delightfully witty and, at times, spicy. Bob is sparkling. Unfortunately, he receives little aid from Eleanora Gregor. She is completely overshadowed by Heather Thatcher as *Lady Joan.* Hers is the individual hit of the show even against such competition as C. Aubrey Smith, Edward Everett Horton and Frederick Kerr, offer. Nils Asther does well in a deplorably small rôle.



SO BIG

Sincere, But Lacks Pace—Acting Fine: This literal translation of the Ferber book into picture language suffers from its very sincerity. It plods along slowly, recounting, faithfully, every incident described in the book, carrying Barbara Stanwyck from romantic girlhood, through her drab marriage to a Dutch truck farmer and into a cleverly simulated old age when she reaps at last the harvest of devotion she has sown in the life of her son.

Toward the end the action quickens, providing several intensely dramatic conflicts of personality. A long, distinguished cast includes Hardie Albright, who is very good in the thankless part of the selfish and snobbish son. Bette Davis, intense and earnest as the girl he loves, and George Brent, as the neighbor's son who worships *Selina* with a boy's passion are fine. The photography is worth a word of praise in itself.

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 64

Three Slants on the ANN DVORAK—LESLIE FENTON *Elopement*

by SONIA LEE

SO THEY were married—nineteen-year-old Ann McKim, who is skyrocketing to fame as Ann Dvorak, and Leslie Fenton. And behind their surprise marriage is great drama. The cast of characters:

Ann Dvorak, the startling girl about whom you have read on pages 26 and 27, and seen in "Scarface," "Sky Devils" and "The Crowd Roars."

Leslie Fenton, who can stand Hollywood just so long. Leslie Fenton, about whose adventurings and experiments with life legends have grown. The self-confessed Bad Boy of Hollywood, subscriber to every sort of emotion and experience. The man for whom love was an incident, and a woman—any woman—a diversion. The man whose restless soul demanded, above all earthly things, *freedom*. The Man Who Walked Alone. And wanted it so. Until now!

And Ann's young mother—Mrs. A. R. Pearson, who was once famous on the screen, herself, as Ann Lehr. She is no different from other mothers in her desire for her child's happiness, in her fears and trepidations. Yet there is this difference: Little Ann was to have a great career. Will marriage retard it? Will it change her deep desire to be a great actress? Can two such seemingly different personalities find contentment together? The mother looks ahead and remembers other girls who missed both happiness and a career—because love came too soon.

And each of these three has his own version of this extraordinary, exotic, surprising marriage!

SUES BRIDEGROOM



International

Just after his elopement with Ann Dvorak, Leslie Fenton was made defendant in two lawsuits totaling $250,000, filed by Gladys Freeman, actress, above. Miss Freeman, who is known on the stage as Julie Carter, asks $125,000 damages for breach of promise, and a like amount for alleged betrayal. She claims that Fenton promised to marry her.

And Ann Dvorak Fenton says steadfastly: "Leslie's yesterdays—any man's past, for that matter—are his concern. Only his tomorrows belong to me."



Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton met for the first time on New Year's Eve—and on St. Patrick's Day flew to Yuma, Arizona, to be married

THE MOTHER'S STORY

ANN'S mother says: "When Ann came to me and said, 'Mother, I love him. I want to marry him'—I was afraid, terribly. She was so young. She had had so little experience. Life was just beginning for her. And Leslie, I felt, was a man of the world. What could a young, unsophisticated girl have in common with a man who had experienced every sensation life had to offer?

"But Ann and I are friends first. The relationship of mother and daughter in no way limits our understanding of each other. And so I thought, 'If she can find happiness, or even if she only *thinks* he's the right man for her, then I am

The Bride—the Groom—and the Bride's Mother all tell what they think of the romance and marriage



Fryer

Ann Dvorak Fenton says: "If there had been any obstacles to our marriage, I would have gone to him without hesitation. Our love is like that!"

not justified in my opposition.' I dropped my objections.

"After all, we live in a modern age. *I saw that it was either an affair or marriage*—and I was glad that her life would start with marriage. I naturally felt that her career would suffer. She had really only begun to develop—to make an actress out of herself. And it occurred to me that with her goal almost achieved, with the things for which we had both fought so hard almost within her grasp, she was giving them up for a hasty and possibly ill-advised marriage. She had known Leslie only a few weeks. I, hardly knew him at all.

"Ann was crying. 'Mother,' she said, 'there is something within me that responds to Leslie. I must—*must* marry him. And I know he'll be good to me.' The following morning they left for Yuma and were married. They wanted me to go along—but I felt that I wouldn't have the courage to go through it like a trouper. So I gave them my blessing—and let them go.

"Even if it were only for a little while, I thought, marriage and love were worth it. It would develop Ann, give her a new outlook, deepen her character.

Revealing Ann's Character

"MAYBE she has chosen wisely. There is much of the adventurer in my Ann, and much that is stoical. She has a man-like honesty about her, and courage beyond what most women possess. Even when Ann was in school, she showed that quality. She was attending the fashionable Page School—tuition was high and she knew that money was scarce at home. So every morning Ann was up early, helping the younger children at the school dress—and in that way earned most of her fees. I didn't know what she was doing until the principal told me. I was very proud of my girl, for it takes character to assume a humble position among youngsters with whom you are equal.

"I'll be terribly lonely, now that she's married. I may return to the screen, if I have the opportunity. Ann's marriage will have another effect, too. Mr. Pearson and I have been separated—to some extent by her career. For my present husband, to whom I have been married fourteen years, and who loves Ann like his own child, bitterly opposed her entering pictures. He wanted a more normal life for her—a peaceful girlhood, minus the turmoil and the struggle; and then marriage—with a solid, substantial business man. But that was not for Ann. I knew it. She knew it. And so Mr. Pearson and I drifted apart. But I know that we'll be happy together again. Now with Ann gone, I'll be so lonely—and Mr. Pearson is lonely, too. We need each other.

"Ann has a great career ahead of her. I hope that marriage—and happiness—will make it greater!"

HOPES FOR BEST



Mrs. A. R. Pearson, Ann's mother (above), was once a famous screen star, herself, under the name of Ann Lehr—and it is she who has taught Ann what she knows of acting. Her life, since Ann was born, has been devoted to making her daughter a great actress. And now, on the threshold of her career, Ann marries. Will the mother's hopes be ruined?

When she saw the extent of Ann's love for Leslie Fenton, she could not object to their marriage. She did not go to the wedding—but gave them her blessing.

THE MAN'S STORY

SAYS Leslie Fenton: "When a man goes wandering over the world, as I have, he is searching for something. Often he can't define his own wants—frequently it is nothing more than an urge. I've never been able to stand Hollywood for long—very soon the brilliant lights of the Boulevard begin to get me. The faces are the same. The talk is the same. There is no diversity of interest. And all you are conscious of is a great loneliness—as if you're a soul alone with not one single thing familiar or dear to you.

"I might have signed contracts and made a big name on the screen. But because I've never considered motion pictures as a career—as *my* career—I've hopped the first boat and gone away when the restless fit got me. It didn't matter much where I was

(*Continued on page 84*)

Was Greta Nissen the *Secret Bride* of Weldon Heyburn?

Maybe she was, and maybe she wasn't—Greta had her reasons for not telling!

By MARGARET REID



Phyfe



IF HOLLYWOOD'S eyes, ears and that sixth sense of which it is so proud are to be believed, Greta Nissen was secretly Mrs. Weldon Heyburn several weeks before she flew to Tia Juana, Mexico, and married him in a well-reported ceremony. That was March 30.

You and I might ask: "If they had been secretly married several weeks before, why marry again—why not just announce the first wedding?" Hollywood wonders that, too—but Hollywood is convinced that they *were* married before!

Hollywood can't forget that, previous to March 30, Heyburn would smile evasively when asked if they were married—and Greta would politely hint it was nobody's business. And—

Weeks before March 30, Heyburn, coming upon a particularly beguiling photograph of Greta in the Fox gallery, stood raptly gazing at it. When the photographer remarked that the subject was as beautiful as they come, the actor replied with proud enthusiasm, still gazing at the picture: "She certainly is. And she's my wife. We got married in Caliente." When roused from his reverie by the shouts of astonishment, realizing what he had said, he fled in a panic and later declared the whole thing was a joke.

A local householder, about to rent her canyon home, was visited by a tall dark young man and a beautiful blonde lady who inspected the house. They said they were Mr. and Mrs. Heyburn. But the owner of the house knows her movies and Greta Nissen's isn't a face to forget. A trifle uneasy, the owner protested to her real estate agent, "I don't want to rent my house under such circumstances." And the agent replied, "But they're married. Secretly. They told me so."

If they were just *planning* to be married, why call themselves Mr. and Mrs. already?

And—Nissen, the intellectual and recluse, has been learning to play polo. And Heyburn, the athlete and *bon vivant*, has acquired an interest in the fine arts of the intelligentsia.

Your Honor, Hollywood rests its case.

Has Greta Nissen attempted the impossible, battling against over-

(*Continued on page 90*)

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn first met when making "The Silent Witness," and it was a case of "Opposites attract." A few weeks later, they went to Agua Caliente together. And a few weeks after that, Weldon, in a forgetful moment, spoke of Greta as "my wife." Later, he claimed that he had been "joking." Oh, yes?

"I was a careless wife — till a beauty expert warned me"

More than 20,000 experts advise one way to a youthful skin; daily use of Palmolive — only world-known soap made of olive and palm oils.



"CARELESS wives! Neglect and indifference spoil their youthful freshness. They take chances with love, with happiness. . . . Unnecessary chances, since the right beauty care is so simple." So one beauty expert voices what many experts believe.

* * *

Simple! Yes! Over 20,000 beauty experts outline a daily skin treatment. . . and every one has specified Palmolive Soap. Palmolive —because of the generous amount of olive oil put into every cake—because this priceless beauty ingredient makes it more than a soap . . . actually a beauty treatment, in itself! With your hands work a lather of Palmolive and warm water into the skin of face and throat. Rinse . . . first with warm water, then with cool. Feel the fresh radiance of your skin.

The Rejuvenating Beauty Bath

Shave a cake of Palmolive. Add 4 cups of water. Heat till the soap is completely dissolved. Pour this rich liquid into your tub. Massage the body with lather from another cake of Palmolive. Rinse! Then, you'll want to go places, do things.

Careless wives, take heed! Let expert counsel warn you, now, today: keep your skin young, vital, radiant by observing the simple beauty treatments outlined here.



Retail Price 10c



"An irritated skin means you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive, which is made of vegetable oils. It keeps skin free of irritation, leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

—Vincent of Paris
Distinguished Beauty Specialist

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

__ Is 29 an



Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

Screen Stars know the Secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no! They keep youthful loveliness through the years.

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart, "but I don't dread my next birthday a bit! Nowadays it's possible for a woman to grow even *more* charming as the years go by—if she is willing to take sensible care of her complexion!"

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. We on the screen, of course, *must* keep youthful charm and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary!"

How, you wonder, *do* these beau-

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary" she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

LUX

age to Dread?



tiful stars keep their skin so youthfully lovely?

"Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin," says Anita Stewart.

"For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap," says Esther Ralston. "And my complexion is younger-looking than ever!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is so gentle, so beautifully *white*—as no soap less pure and carefully made could be! Because the stars' preference is so well known, the big film studios have made it their *official* soap.

Surely *your* skin should have this safe sure care! Buy several cakes and begin today to guard complexion beauty as the famous stars do!

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

Toilet Soap—10¢

They're calling Jimmy Durante "Cyrano de Hollywood"—because of his schnozzle. Jimmy doesn't mind, but he wants the folks to know HE has a sense of humor. As if everybody didn't know it!



As told by Jimmy Durante to Terrence Costello



Walter Hampden as *Cyrano*

Nosing into Stardom —*that's Jimmy Durante*



...hard Bennett as *Cyrano*

"AN' SO now, hey, dey's a callin' me the Hollywood *de Bergerac*, the guy wit' the nose?" asks Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante. "Well, well, well—am I got chagrin? Oh, a course I knows the play about 'at bozo always is pop'lar—look at Walter Hampden an' Richard Bennett playin' it atta same time here onna Coast—but lissen! Far be it from me ta sticks my nose in the air, but I figures I'm a workin' in a league 'at Cyrano guy couldn' even carry water for!

"Oh, sure he has his pernts—his schnozzle, fer ins'ance. He has a man-size bugle—butta trouble is he lets it get him down. Goes aroun' moanin' how the dames wouldn' goes for him onna 'counta the size o' his beak. Mebbe times change, but 'at cer'ainly ain'ta case these days. Now the turkeys goes for a guy wit' a mighty beezer. Seems dey figures he's also gotta hefty bankroll. A course in my case dey always finds out he's justa bum. All dey gets from me is my bes' wishes.

"Itsa diff'rent when I was a kid. I was pretty mortified about thisa smeller o' mine. Or mebbe 'pretty' ain't justa right word to use. Anyway, I is sorta 'shame o' it, an' if dey had had these-a-plastic surgery guys then, I mighta has it trimmed down.

"An' if I has, atta same time I woulda been whittlin' down onna old cash balance—cuttin' off my nose ta spites my fortune—'cause the schnozzle has helped me a lot in show-bizness. When we use-ta feels a dull spot in a routine somewhere, for ins'ance, it was always good for a laugh ta have my par'ner grabs me by the snout while I goes '*a-a-a-ahh*' like a goat.

"Not I'm sayin' it's always an anvan'age, havin' such a beak. It's kinda hard for me to get in a door side-aways, an' nen dere was a time I sticks my head outta train winder an'

(*Continued on page 94*)



"Well, then, why don't you try it too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."



The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.



Treat . . . your Eyes to Beauty

safely, simply and smoothly with the NEW *non-smarting, tear-proof Maybelline Eyelash Darkener*

You wouldn't dream of appearing with a shiny, red nose or pale lips—then why allow light, scanty eyelashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? A few brush strokes of the *New* Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms colorless lashes into the appearance of long, dark, glossy, curling fringe.

The *New* Maybelline embodies every desirable feature of the perfect eyelash beautifier—it is absolutely harmless, practically waterproof—its beneficial oils preserving the lashes against brittleness. And best of all, the *New* Maybelline is positively non-smarting, and applies quickly and easily. Treat your eyes to beauty with the *New* Maybelline. Black or brown. Moderately priced at 75c—at all toilet goods counters.

For 10c and coupon below we will send Special Purse Size for trial.

The NEW *Maybelline*
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Clip—FOR PURSE SIZE 22-6

MAYBELLINE CO.,
5900 Ridge Avenue, Chicago

10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 55*)



THE SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION

Cortez Fine In Dramatic Story: It would be impossible to make a Fannie Hurst novel into a movie without sentimentality. Having started with this premise, let us hasten to add that this general study of a Jewish family struggling to raise itself in the world by changing its address from the Ghetto to Park Avenue is a really fine human document.

As the idealistic young *Doctor Felix* who loves his people and finds tragedy in leaving his fifty-cent fees and beloved clinic for the fashionable clientele which satisfies his family's ambitions, Ricardo Cortez touches true greatness. He keeps his young doctor sincere and convincing. Irene Dunne, as the social worker who wins him back from rich patients to the people of the slums is sweet, though a trifle shadowy. The others of the cast are good. But it is Cortez's picture and it should establish him once and for all.



DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

Mix and Tony Will Please Youngsters: Nothing of the "super-special" production was attempted in the picture that brings Tom Mix back to the screen. Apparently Universal's aim was to give Mix a return vehicle of the same school as the series of Westerns in which he previously won fame. His enormous kid following will be delighted, but there is not much entertainment for adult audiences. There have been many better Westerns and scores of worse ones.

The story is of a righteous vengeance theme. Mix serves a prison sentence after being double-crossed by his trusted partner. Upon his release, he rides again to revenge all the wrongs for which he has suffered. Finding a few other miscellaneous wrongs in his journey, he rights them, too.

Mix is as always—aided and abetted by the indefatigable Tony. Claudia Dell is a bit miscast as a typical heroine of the old West. Earle Foxe is an A-1 villain.



GIRL CRAZY

Gags By Wheeler and Woolsey: It is taken for granted that those who go to see Wheeler and Woolsey in this farce of the whimsical doings on a dude ranch, go because they enjoy Wheeler and Woolsey. Bearing this premise firmly in mind, it seems to us that such people will not be disappointed. There are old familiar gags and jokes to laugh at and a generous assortment of new ones as well.

Kitty Kelly is a new and noisy personality and sings "I Got Rhythm" to the accompaniment of a clever series of camera angles and photographic lighting effects, which alone makes the picture worth anyone's admission. Yet in spite of Gershwin music and the hard-won laughs from the spectacle of Woolsey, cavorting as an Indian squaw, and Wheeler, campaigning for Sheriff, you'll have to like this pair to like the picture.



THE MIRACLE MAN

Not As Dramatic As Expected: It was rather shocking to one who, remembering the silent version, was thrilled more by that fine picture seen in retrospect than by the new film unreeling before him. It is still a great story—of the regeneration of four crooks who, setting out to hoax the public with the aid of a blind and unsuspecting old faith-healer, find that there are such things in the world as faith and miracles. And Paramount gave its all to the cast, which boasts Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, John Wray, Irving Pichel, Ned Sparks, Hobart Bosworth and Robert Coogan.

But something went wrong somewhere. Sylvia Sidney, too sure of herself to try very hard, was a bitter disappointment. And it didn't help matters to hear a symphony orchestra blare forth every time the faith-healer appears.

(*More Reviews on page 66*)

ONCE WAS ENOUGH

FOUR hours ago he hadn't dreamed he could kiss this beautiful and famous woman.

They had been strangers then, though across the damask of the candle-lit table their eyes met in eager challenge. Gridley, no less than she, had always scoffed at the idea of love at first sight. But tonight, at their first meeting, they did not sneer

And now he was holding her in his arms... her warm lips on his in a kiss half of yearning, half of tenderness. One kiss... and only one. It might have carried them to the altar. Instead, it parted them forever.

For in the instant that his lips held hers he knew that she was not the woman for him. He knew the reason, too. But she didn't... and probably never will. It is a matter people do not discuss.



No one is immune

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is unpardonable—repellent in either man or woman. It breaks up many a friendship, romance, and occasionally a marriage. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you; the subject is too delicate. The same applies to the presence of body odors which are second only to halitosis in their power to offend others.

Why risk either? Why not make sure that your breath is sweet and agreeable? Why not take precautions against body odors?

Swift deodorant power

Halitosis yields immediately to Listerine, the quickest of deodorants. Simply gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time with ordinary antiseptics; it takes them 12 hours or more to get rid of odors that Listerine conquers instantly.

After your bath, Listerine

Body odors, including that of perspiration, are the result of a chemical action in tiny glands. No mere washing with soap and water will remove these odors. That is why we say to you: after your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. It checks body odors without altering or impairing natural functions.

Keep Listerine always handy in home and office. Carry a bottle in your handbag and the side pocket of your car. It is your protection against infection in an emergency, and your constant assurance that you won't offend others.

By the way, we have a small but useful book of etiquette that tells you what to wear, do, and say at formal and informal occasions. A copy will be sent to you free if you will write Dept. MP6, Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE *ends* **HALITOSIS** *checks* **BODY ODORS**



Spend less-

and have the best vacation ever!..

THRIFT SAYS—"Save a lot of dollars on your vacation this year." But Common Sense adds—"Have a great time. Relax, enjoy yourself..visit new places, see new things!" You can do *both*, going by Greyhound Bus. Fares are much lower, every day, every schedule. Coaches are parlor-type, with deeply cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Clean-cut dependable drivers.





Visit the Olympic Games at Los Angeles, Washington Bicentennial, Northern Lakes, Maine Woods, Niagara Falls, Rocky Mountains, the Ozarks, Tennessee and Carolina Mountains . . . wherever you will!

Send the coupon for vacation booklets — *today.*

The Greyhound Lines

CENTRAL-GREYHOUND
PENNSYLVANIA-GREYHOUND
PACIFIC-GREYHOUND
PICKWICK-GREYHOUND
NORTHLAND-GREYHOUND
SOUTHLAND-GREYHOUND
ATLANTIC-GREYHOUND
SOUTHEASTERN-GREYHOUND
DIXIE-GREYHOUND
EASTERN-GREYHOUND
CAPITOL-GREYHOUND
RICHMOND-GREYHOUND
CANADIAN-GREYHOUND

GREYHOUND Lines

Greyhound Travel Bureau, East 9th Street and Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.: Please mail me your full-color pictorial booklet "Down the Highway"...also Vacation folder describing trips to:

Name_____

Address_____ MP6

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 64*)



THE FERGUSON CASE

Lively Melodrama Has Its Moments: Another picture which will have to make its peace with the Fourth Estate. Newspapermen are going to resent the assumption on which this mystery picture of murder and yellow journalism is based, namely that the press tries and convicts and punishes on its own responsibility merely in order to make a good story for its front pages. An unwanted husband is killed and his wife and his wife's supposed lover are arrested. Reporters from big city dailies flood the small town in which the crime occurs and have their own way with the accused, the witnesses and the lawyers, causing suffering and one death.

Tom Brown, as the small town newspaper boy who believes in human nature, solves the crime and shows up the metropolitan press as pre-judging the case. The story takes precedence over the players, who, including Joan Blondell, are all excellent.



THE WET PARADE

Your Money's Worth—But What Of It? Propaganda—but propaganda for *what?* The audience, preached at by prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists, harangued by politicians of both the big parties, assailed by sentiments patriotic and pacifistic, emerges from this ambitious Pageant of Drink a trifle bewildered. Framed on epic lines, the story follows the fortunes of two families from before the Eighteenth Amendment to the present days of prohibition agents, hi-jackers, and bootleggers. A boy and girl whose lives have been shadowed by tragedy due to liquor, meet and marry. What happens you will have to see for yourself. In the midst of the welter of wars, drunken orgies, gang murders, obstetrics, politics, Schnozzle Durante's portrayal of the prohibition agent stands out unforgettably well. You will like Robert Young, a lot too. Walter Huston has a powerful rôle which he portrays very well.



YOUNG BRIDE

Human Touches Make It Worth Seeing: When a pretty, romantic little library worker goes on a blind date she meets—Eric Linden! When a cocky, swaggering young fancy-footer who wins dance trophies at public ballrooms and talks in terms of millions goes on a blind date he meets—Helen Twelvetrees. The result is a romance of youthful dreams and disillusion with the dramatic highlight the moment when the young bride confesses that she is going to have a baby.

A really smashing climax in which the young braggart suddenly "gets wise to himself" and, smashing the derisive faces of his associates, fights a bloody way from the fetid dance hall to sob out his self-shame at his wife's feet, changes what would be a rather commonplace little story into real drama, and, of course, gives an opportunity for the Twelvetrees' tears. A gripping picture with a heroine whose hysterics are the best on the screen.



THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD

You Can't Help Liking This Picture: The best of the series depicting the trials of the families brings them tourist-camping across the country to Hollywood to seek their fortune among the stars. Although the story is told crudely, and the characters resemble the figures of the comic strip in their emotions, there is a warm humanness about the Irish papa of Charlie Murray and the Jewish patriarch of George Sidney which is very endearing.

Alternately, the fortunes of each family rise to the superb heights of *nouveau riche* snobbishness only to topple with the whimsical vagaries of studio policy. The pretty Irish daughter loses her movie contract when her voice doesn't register. The singing Jewish son loses out when musical comedies are abandoned. Though prosperity and jealousy has driven the two families apart, failure reunites them and they disappear, tourist campers again.

"Please, please . . . *make me Lovelier*"

•

TO 15 CONSCIENTIOUS DOCTORS

a cold scientific test

TO 50,000,000 WOMEN

the answer to a plea

•



Some women search in vain, throughout a lifetime, for a magic road to complexion loveliness; for a way to keep a nice skin young and fresh; or to make a faded skin bright again.

No wonder this way is so hard to find. There are so many conflicting theories. One friend says, "Use soap and water." Another says "Nothing but creams." And still another advises "Just try liquid or lotion."

Now, Science settles the argument, clears away your every doubt. Gives you clinical *proof* of the way to have a pretty skin, to improve a blemished skin, to make a naturally good skin even clearer and fresher than before.

15 famous dermatologists tested and compared the leading soaps, creams, and lotions on the faces of 612 women. And *proved* that Woodbury's Facial Soap does more for the skin than other beauty treatment methods.

Read the details of this scientific Half-face Test in the columns at the right. Read how Woodbury's triumphed over other soaps, over expensive creams and lotions, in the radiant results it produced on women's faces! Read how it smoothed dry, rough skin; toned oily skin; cleared blackheads; refined coarse pores; corrected blemishes . . . when other beauty products failed. Read how even the naturally good complexions were made lovelier still by the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap!

To the constant pleas, "Please help me get (or keep) a lovely skin" . . . the nation's leading dermatologists reply, "Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. We saw it give hundreds of women lovelier skin than they ever had before."



NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

Tune in on Woodbury's Friday evenings, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Leon Belasco and his orchestra. WABC and Columbia coast-to-coast Network.

Try Woodbury's for yourself and see your own skin bloom. Buy it today at any drug store or toilet goods counter. It costs 25¢ a cake, or less than a penny a day to use. Or, if you wish, send the coupon for generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness.

•

SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART . . . 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST . . . For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one-half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE . . . New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

RESULTS . . . Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to any one genuinely interested.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 918 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By J. E. R.

















HEAVENS! MY HUSBAND!

Mack Sennett calls this a comedy special—and he isn't kidding you a bit. It is especially long (three reels, instead of two), and especially funny. It couldn't help being the latter, with bewhiskered, befuddled Andy Clyde as a bridegroom who also happens to be a night-watchman. But the story itself is packed with humor—beginning with Andy's mishaps aboard a Pullman on the return from Niagara Falls, and ending with his troubles when he believes a prying friend and suspects his bride (Dorothy Grainger) of being untrue. Andy makes a pathetic, comic bridegroom—and the Pullman episodes are the funniest in years. (Educational)

WAR IN CHINA

What has really been happening over in Shanghai, anyway? Here is the answer—told by the candid camera. Leon Britton and Charles Hugo, two Americans who were in the Chinese seaport during the heavy fighting, armed themselves with a movie camera and proceeded to shoot both Chinese and Japanese. You see the Japanese 'planes dropping bombs, the heavy pall of smoke over Chapei, close-ups of ruins and refugees, the defense work of American and other troops in the International Settlement. John S. Young, well-known radio announcer, tells you what it is all about. A glorified newsreel, and more informative than a newspaper. (Educational)

RED NOSES

Everybody can sympathize with Zasu Pitts and Thelma Todd in their newest bit of hilarity. The title has reference to what the girls are suffering from the fact that id is Sprig and they both have codes id de head. For relief, they go to a Turkish bath—and if you have ever been in such a place, you know its possibilities both for slapping and for slapstick. They make the most of the possibilities. Thelma has "the living daylights" shaken out of her in a vibratory chair, while Zasu gets tossed about unmercifully on an electric horse. They lose not only their colds, but their sweet dispositions. Rough, but funny. (M-G-M)

THE SUBWAY SYMPHONY

Fantastic—that's what some of these musical shorts are. But it's the producers' way of trying to get you to take music with your movies and like it—and also to find out just how you do like it. Here you are asked to imagine what it would be like if the subway people staged musical revues on station platforms during the rush hour to get the mob's mind off the idea of jamming into the first trains that come along. You're also asked to imagine (as you can see at the left) that people in evening clothes ride the subway. The dancing and torch song numbers, however, are put across neatly and with breeze. (Vitaphone Varieties)

THE MUSIC BOX

It looks as if Laurel and Hardy are getting in the mood to make another feature-length comedy—and that's news that isn't hard to take. Their latest "short" lasts thirty minutes. And it's a fast and funny half-hour. Perhaps they got their idea from Charlie Chaplin, who once was screamingly funny as a piano-mover's helper—but don't hold that against them. They have improved on Chaplin, which is no easy task. Their job is to move a player piano—and that's no easy task, either. Not with a pair as absurdly, ridiculously, insanely awkward as these two. The gags are almost as side-splitting as they are. (M-G-M)

MOTHER'S HOLIDAY

With Mother's Day just around the corner, Mrs. America is steeling herself to get a flock of presents she doesn't want and to have other unique demonstrations of affection hurled her way. And she'll get a great "kick" out of this little classic. So will the rest of the family—in a different way. Fern Emmett, one of the better character actresses, is *Mother*, and on "her day" her brood decide to do everything they can to please her. They give her presents (things they like, themselves), they plan a picnic (which she prepares), they have other happy thoughts that make her work as she never did before. Don't miss it. (Educational)

SPEED IN THE GAY NINETIES

This is the first month that we have featured two shorts starring the same actor—but this is the first month we've seen two Andy Clyde comedies in rapid succession. Like Chaplin, he has a genius for portraying the wistful underdog; and like Chaplin, he is so funny that you almost overlook the fact that he is also a great actor. In this, he is an inventor in the slow Nineties—and he's trying to fly and to contrive a horseless carriage. His fellow townsmen shake their heads and come after him with the little red wagon, but he eludes them—first by flying, then by driving his fantastic contraption. (Educational)

THE MOVIE ALBUM

Do you recognize the chap with the chin whiskers in the picture at the left? It's Leon Trotsky, who led the Red army in the Russian revolution—and who once was a five-dollar-a-day extra in the movies. The lady is Clara Kimball Young. And this picture is just a sample of what you will see, with much amusement, in "The Movie Album." From shelves in studio storerooms, old films have been taken down, scenes have been clipped from them, and you see what the movies were like when they were young and crude. Two of the best bits feature Chaplin in the unexpected rôle of a female impersonator, and the late Wallace Reid. (Vitaphone Varieties)

RUNS RUNS *Runs*



Why blame stockings when YOU *may be at fault?*

"ANOTHER PAIR GONE!"—natural to blame the stockings. But *you* may have caused those expensive runs!

When your stockings are new, they are *elastic.* They give instead of breaking under strain. Stretch and spring right back again.

But if you wash away this precious elasticity—rub stockings with cake soap so the fibres weaken, lose their supple "give"—then they *break.* At the slightest strain. Even bending your knee or fastening your garter may start a wretched run!

Fit, too, is spoiled. Lifeless silk sags, causing horrid wrinkles, crooked seams.

SO WHY take chances? Lux is especially made to *preserve* elasticity—all the "live" quality the silk has when it is new. That's why it offers you the sure way to make your stockings *wear*—make them keep their perfect, flattering *fit.*

The Lux Way to save the ELASTICITY *that makes stockings wear and fit*

Wash this 2-minute way:

1. One teaspoon of Lux for each pair.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze suds through stockings, rinse well.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys the elasticity.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens silk, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y



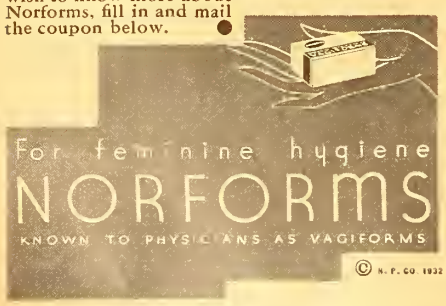
Women who dread uncertainty in personal hygiene, welcome Norforms.

Norforms are the tested formula of a nationally known pharmaceutical house... makers of such famous products as Unguentine and Amolin. ●

Their use entails no mixing of strong chemicals — no awkward or embarrassing apparatus — no unpleasant after odors. ●

Norforms are slim, convenient suppositories, ready for use. Powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing to delicate membranes . . . they are the simple, *safe,* easy way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms come 12 in a package. Order them from your druggist, or if you wish to know more about Norforms, fill in and mail the coupon below. ●



● Dr. M. W. Stofer, The Norwich Pharmacal Co. Dept. 96, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me booklet, "The New Way." I want to know more about the safe, modern Norform way of personal hygiene.

● Name.....

● Address.....

Connie Bennett—Has She a Dual Personality?

(*Continued from page 35*)

She is reported as being very vague on making appointments with those who pay tribute to her by wishing to write about her. Of this, the writer can bear testimony.

For three weeks, he attempted to arrange an interview, with the cooperation of the publicity department of a major studio. The heads of this department gave him the utmost consideration. However, on a certain Saturday they reported that "Mrs. Hyde" was confined to her bed with an infection caused by a wisdom tooth and would be unable to see anyone for several days.

The next day, Sunday, the writer saw her, a delighted spectator, at a polo game at the Riviera Polo Club.

It had been his hope to throw the weight of this evidence to the opposite faction. Now he isn't so sure.

CONNIE AS "LADY JEKYLL"

CALLED by her friends a perfect "Lady Jekyll," Constance Bennett is said by them to be charming, loyal, honest, and a very sincere young woman. She is pictured as a well-mannered and sweet-tempered person, turning a smiling, pleasant face to the world, and having a jovial word on her lips for everyone, great and small.

Through a misunderstanding, it is claimed, her wedding to Henri de la Falaise was closed to the press. It is reported that when "Lady Jekyll" heard that writers and photographers were out in the cold, held there through the orders of one of the Fitzmaurice servants, she asked that they be admitted. However, by this time, all had left in a huff.

Her excuse for not posing for intimate pictures was:

"Weddings are private affairs. They're sacred and decent and fine. No one needs to have such things emblazoned on the front pages of the newspapers. I'm willing to be publicized, but there are limits, even in the life of an actress."

Friends excuse her for berating the M-G-M press-agent because she feels that "posing for advertising is undignified." Garbo gives the same reason. Anent her difficulty with the Warner press-agent, she says:

"I was working night and day. I gave my word that I would be present for publicity photographs on a certain day at a certain time. I was deliberately annoyed. I later appeared as I promised."

"Lady Jekyll" always keeps her word.

When she faced the Los Angeles newspaperman so abruptly with the statement that he didn't like her, "Lady Jekyll" was merely being frank.

She Wins Them Over

LATER, it is said, the newspaperman came to know her, and now is one of her best friends and staunchest supporters. In the case of the writer she "stood up," she did not know that she was doing so, as she had not made the appointment. Later, she took him to a football game, proving herself a charming hostess and a real friend. "Lady Jekyll" and this man are now reported to be mutual admirers.

"Lady Jekyll" and directors, including Paul Stein, get along marvelously together. In fact, she is soothing to directors' nerves. On one occasion, the temperamental Mr. Stein "blew up," as he does at times, and was going right back to Germany because a "prop" champagne bottle in a scene had no tinfoil. No one could do a thing with him.

"It was Connie," says an eye-witness, "who went to him, put her arm about him, and got him calmed down in record time. Shooting was delayed less than five minutes. She's regular."

She is willing to pose for photographs at any time. Her friends point to smiling, informal pictures taken at polo games, at football games and other sports events to prove their contention adequately.

Proof of her kindliness to studio workers is said to lie in the fact that E. J. Babille always has been her assistant director, and is one of her greatest admirers. Sid Fogel always wants to be her property man. According to tradition, if stars are temperamental, assistant directors and property men are the first to fight shy of them.

A woman employed in a lesser capacity at one of the studios where "Lady Jekyll" has worked for some time is responsible for the following statement:

"There is one star in Hollywood who always says 'thank you,' no matter how small the favor you do. That star is Constance Bennett."

Why She Won't Appear

"LADY JEKYLL" refuses to make personal appearances because she is so frightened that she does not know what she is doing. This comes from the closest of authorities.

"Although educated at two exclusive finishing schools and perfectly at home with friends or before a camera," states this informant, "Constance is shy and afraid of crowds. She once consented to make an appearance with Mr. Stein and Joel McCrea in connection with the showing of 'Born to Love' at a Los Angeles theatre.

"I stood beside her while she waited for her cue, and she trembled like a leaf. Later, on the stage, she was barely able to get through her act. I understand her shyness, and I understand, now, why she does not go through another such ordeal."

The fact that she sometimes takes exception to articles about herself may be a heritage from her father, Richard Bennett, friends aver. They recall that Bennett used to take great delight in asking critics to attack his work and then replied to them openly, thus stirring a tempest in a teapot and securing remarkable publicity. He also used to delight in telling his audiences that they did not have enough intelligence to enjoy a good play, which made them talk.

"It's just good showmanship," they say.

The final assertion of those who know "Lady Jekyll" is that she enjoys being interviewed, that she never dodges a writer, and that she welcomes newspapermen to her home, and that she is at all times a charming hostess.

Certainly, in these two diametrically opposite pictures of "the Connie Bennett that Hollywood knows," there is a clear cause for controversy!

Did You Know That . . .

Marie Dressler, recovering from a serious illness, has been working only three hours a day on "Prosperity"?

Mack Sennett, famous comedy producer, was a British—not an American—citizen until last March 25? And that he was born Michael Sinnott?

Vicki Baum, famous German author of "Grand Hotel," has just come back to America, this time as an immigrant—and will become a citizen?

Warren William, in a burst of Spring fever, shaved off that Barrymore-like mustache?



LEW AYRES and MAE CLARKE in "THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN"
a Universal Picture . . . . *Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively.*

MAKE-UP MAGIC *from* HOLLYWOOD *just for You*

How to be more attractive by individualizing your make-up for your type... like Hollywood screen stars do!

A new and different kind of every-day make-up perfected by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, for the stars of the screen, brings amazing new beauty to you. It is based on Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color which revolutionized make-up in motion pictures.

Whatever your type in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, you may now be sure of correct color harmony make-up to blend perfectly with your complexion colorings.

Face powder, for example, is created by Max Factor to living screen star types. Each shade is a color harmony tone... not just a flat color... composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. No danger of off-color, spotty or powdery effects even under the strongest lights, because Max Factor's face powder has been proved perfect under blazing motion picture lights.

The texture is so perfect that even the motion picture camera cannot find the tiniest flaw. And it clings for hours... for stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

So here is the face powder that really creates that even, satin-smooth make-up you've so admired in pictures. Now you, too, may enjoy this luxury... Max Factor's face powder, created originally for the screen stars... at the nominal price of one dollar the box.



Bette Davis, Universal, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Lipstick.

Based on the same color harmony principle are Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow... fifty cents each. At leading drug and department stores.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR TYPE IN MAKE-UP?

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Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make Up,"*... also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

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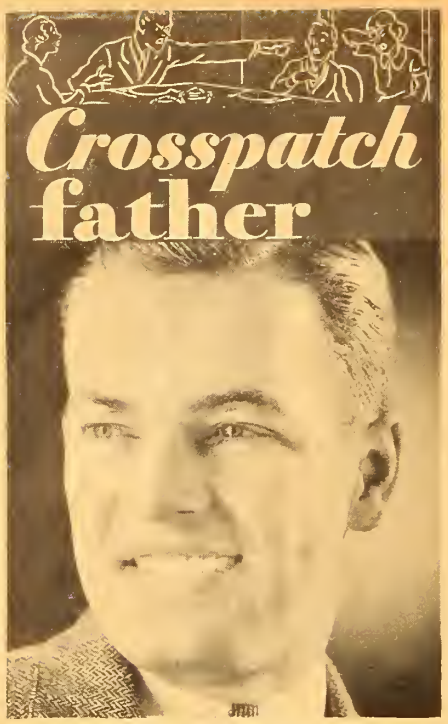
Complexion	*EYES*	*HAIR*	*SKIN*
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	*LIPS*
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	*AGE*
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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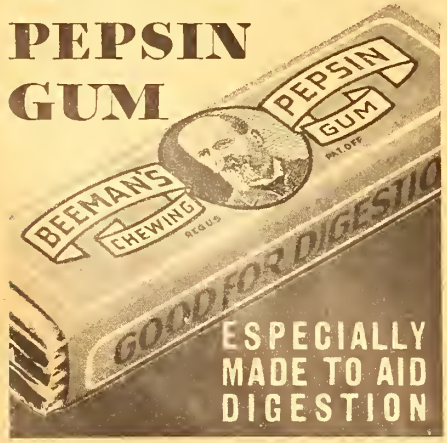


...laughing at breakfast

He cussed at his razor . . . and he stormed at the coffee and he kicked the cat off the front porch. No one dared to speak to father before breakfast. But thank goodness at last he found a way to end his indigestion.

Dr. Beeman certainly gave us a godsend in Beeman's Pepsin Gum. A delicious gum with pepsin to tone up the system. We all have our irritable times — just a touch of indigestion will spoil the best disposition. Often a package of Beeman's will help. Chew Beeman's every day. The flavor is *delicious.*

Chew
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



The Real Reasons for Ann Harding's Divorce!

(*Continued from page 41*)

a picture of marital contentment. And yet, even then, they had decided to divorce each other, as several remarks later showed.

Harry Tells of "Humiliations"

THE talk turned, naturally, to their three years in pictures—years that had meant the gradual loss of Harry's identity in the shadow of Ann's undreamed-of success.

"I have worked in only four pictures during the three years we have been in Hollywood," Harry said, "and I was so heartsick over my prospects that a month ago I would have been willing to tear up my part of the contract and call it quits. I tried to get them to release me, you know, many times. That was before I was assigned a good part in 'State's Attorney.' Then I thought that perhaps my chance had come."

With Ann interposing soft-voiced comments and explanations, the whole story came out. For more than two years, Harry Bannister had devoted himself to looking after Ann's affairs, always hoping that his own opportunity to show what he could do in the movies might come. For two years—disappointments, postponements, humiliations. Then suddenly Irving Pichel, borrowed from Paramount for a big part in "State's Attorney," was switched to director of the picture and Harry Bannister was given his rôle.

"If he had been allowed to keep it," our correspondent says, "*there would never have been any thought of divorce.*"

But Harry Bannister was not allowed to keep it. After he had worked two days, Pichel was ordered back into the rôle, a new director was assigned—and Harry was left out of the picture completely. He had been patient under disappointment before, but this time he could bear no more. After all, Harry Bannister was reckoned a good actor on the stage and he is a proud man. He went to the studio officials and he pleaded with them, as if for his very life.

"Don't do this to me!" he begged them. "You *can't* do this! It's my chance. I've waited for it a long time. You know what it means. People will say I couldn't play the part—"

The Thing That Decided Him

THEY agreed to think it over and advise him of their decision. The result of their deliberations was relayed to him by a secretary of one of the executives. They assured him that they would issue a statement to the newspapers, saying he was too ill to play the part.

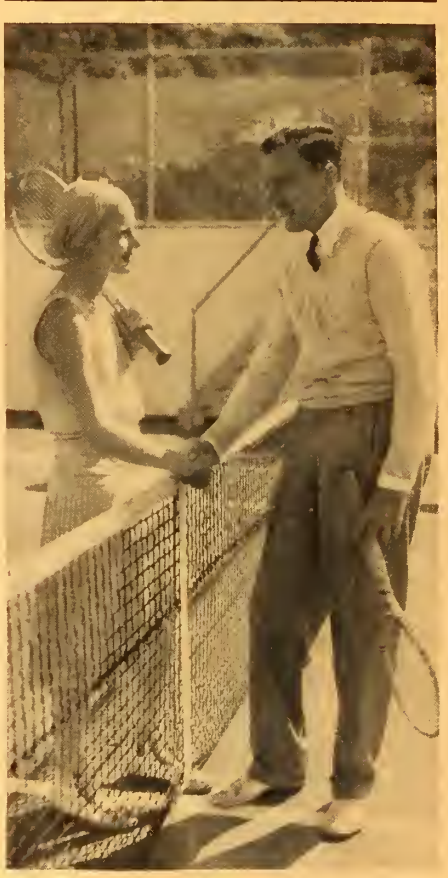
"I was to lie low around the house for a few days," Harry said bitterly. "Brilliant, wasn't it? I don't mind saying I hit the ceiling! This was too much. I told them that if such news were released, I would personally summon all the reporters in town to my house and tell them it was a lie!"

But there were further "humiliations" to come, Harry added. A favorite method of persuasion when studios wish to end a contract, or to bring a player to terms, is to cast him in an obscure rôle. The great Garbo was once slated to play the part of a maid servant to another star, for example. The studio promptly cast Harry Bannister—the actor who had dared to argue—*in what amounted to an extra's part in Ann Harding's new picture.* No doubt they expected that he would refuse indignantly to play it, and they would have grounds for ending his contract. At least, this was what Harry thought.

Bannister, however, did not refuse to play the part. "You can't get out of my contract in that way," he told them. "I'll play extra parts—I'll scrub floors if you tell me to! The only way I will release you is for you to buy my contract."

And on Saturday, he told our correspondent with a sort of fierce joy, his contract—calling for approximately twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week until May, 1933—had been settled for a substantial sum. (The amount is believed to be forty thousand dollars.) And thirty days before, he would have been happy merely for the opportunity of tearing it up without a cent of compensation!

Just Pals Now



When this photograph was taken, Harry Bannister and Ann Harding were putting across the idea that they were good pals, as well as Mr. and Mrs. And now they are "just pals"—and nothing more. You can't tell from their poses here which one had just beaten the other at tennis (on their own hilltop court). Just as no one can be sure now which really had the devorce idea first.

Couple Promised "More News"

THE correspondent for Motion Picture Magazine spoke of writing the story he had just heard, but Harry begged him to wait. "In a couple of days, you'll have a better story," he said. "There will be more news then. I'm not privileged to say what it is until a few details are straightened out."

"Yes, you'd better wait," agreed Ann—and she smiled at Harry.

They talked on, of various things, using

the familiar "we," speaking of the future. When they went to the door to say "good-night" to their friends, they stood, as they had often stood before, with their arms about each other, in the doorway of their home—and kissed each other, unabashed, under their friends' eyes.

When Ann and Harry built their home, they put it on a mountain top—and did not invite Hollywood to drop in and see them. Now that they are parting, they still are different from the rest of Hollywood. They still are keeping their secrets.

It is all conjecture, but this is how we see the situation:

Ann sees in Harry's generous efforts on her behalf, and willingness to efface himself for her career, a martyrdom. She has worried for two years over the injury to his career. Now, she feels she must repay him, and even the score. And so she is freeing him—freeing him completely, so that not even the shadow of the cruel term, "Mr. Ann Harding," will touch his future.

She is even willing to let *him* divorce *her*, to brave humiliation herself, as he has been humiliated. Being an actress, she does the dramatic thing, makes the grand gesture. Being a woman, she welcomes martyrdom for one she loves. While Harry will be aided by the divorce, Ann will suffer. She doesn't care. The only way you can pay for a sacrifice is with a sacrifice. This divorce is hers.

Ann is suffering intensely now. She chose a most inopportune time to begin her sacrifice. She was in the middle of production on her new picture, "Westward Passage," and she had to return to work on the day after the announcement was made. One of the characters' names in "Westward Passage" is *Harry*. She could not bring herself to say that beloved name. They had to shoot scenes in which *Harry* did not appear.

What Ann Did Not Foresee

THE next day, Ann still could not regain control of herself. She might have faced the future without hesitation, and sent Harry away to his career with a happy smile—but she could not realize the emptiness of life without him, until she had lived in their home alone. She wept openly outside of camera lines. Her tears ruined her make-up. Now she is under the care of her physician, who, by the way, accompanied Bannister on his recent impetuous airplane dash to Florida, when Harry heard that his wife had been hurt on location—a trip that almost ended in tragedy when the 'plane crashed in the desert.

Is this suffering necessary? Is the whole thing the quixotic, splendidly foolish gesture of two temperamental and strangely individual people? Would not a separation have done as well as a divorce?

But Ann Harding does nothing by half measures. She was brought up under the stern discipline and restraint of an army post. And, strangely enough, she believes that she has a contract (until May, 1933) which honor demands that she fulfill. Perhaps, too, she realizes that the publicity that has accrued from their amazing statements will help Harry launch the rebuilding of his career as he never could if he were still "Mr. Ann Harding." No theatrical manager would be slow to recognize the value, at the moment, of Bannister's name in electric lights.

The last chapter of this strange interlude in their lives is yet to be written. It is our guess—and no one can do more than guess—that the final chapter will find these two, who have loved so deeply and who have sacrificed so much for each other, back together again. If there is a divorce, we prophesy that there will be a remarriage. It may take place a year or two from now. It may come earlier. You wait and see! Even in their letters, did they not look forward to their "eventual complete happiness"?

Enter each day's BEAUTY CONTEST with a fresh, clear skin!

Eyes—Eyes—Eyes! Looking at you, judging you. Every day, all your life, you are in a Beauty Contest! Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay. Camay will keep your skin so fresh, so exquisitely soft, that you'll get admiration wherever you go.



This lovely bride has won the greatest Beauty Contest of all. Her precious veil is no lovelier than her exquisite skin. Keep your *skin soft and fresh with gentle Camay!*



Your other beauty aids will have a far lovelier effect if your skin is kept deeply clean with Camay — the blandest, most delicate of all beauty soaps!



Creamy-white, fine of texture — Camay is truly the Soap of Beautiful Women. No amount of money could buy a gentler, more luxurious beauty soap.

To take care of that precious skin of yours, take care what soap you use! Depend only on gentle, safe Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women — the one soap praised by 73 leading skin doctors. Its pure creamy-whiteness is natural. It has no coloring matter — no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. Get a dozen cakes today. One brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water — a quick cold rinse — and your face is so clean, so satin-soft! With each day your skin will be lovelier — and you'll win each day's Beauty Contest!

CAMAY

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WATERPROOF

EVEN the teariest talkie can't spoil your eye make-up if you use Liquid Winx. It is the one mascara that's really waterproof—that won't smudge or run—ever.

And how it flatters eyes! It makes your lashes look dark—long—full. It keeps them soft. Men are captivated by such lashes.

Liquid Winx is easy to apply. Beauty authorities recommend it. . . 75c at all drug and department stores. . . Or send 10c for the Vanity Size. It's enough for at least a month.

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"Old Town Boats"

For Baby's Tender Skin
Cuticura Talcum
Medicated and pure, it prevents chafing and assures Baby's comfort.
Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 11K, Malden, Mass.

Is George Brent Another Gable?

(*Continued from page 47*)

best," he testifies. "And how we loved it! Not the 'box-office' thing or the 'surefire' thing—but the good thing, the artistic. We were all a bit mad with the intensity of our endeavor, I guess. The Irish have a habit of becoming that way over causes they believe in. And certainly we believed in the splendor and the integrity of the Irish drama."

But the world was large and filled with things that demanded seeing, and there was plenty of time to be painting one's face and acting out written words. George wanted to *live* some drama. And he did. As sheep-herder, sailor, prospector, he did hard work in hard lands and strange. He saw things in the raw places of the world that are with him yet, seated far back in the depths of his sad level gaze.

Almost Lost His Eyesight

HIS wanderlust for the time appeased, the young Brent returned to the United States and entered the theatre here. Then came years of trouping all over this country and in Canada. This made him a finished actor—and all but ruined his eyesight. Learning an entire new part, well over a hundred speeches, is the weekly requirement of leading men in stock companies. George was a successful leading man. He has played over three hundred rôles. Presently he branched out into the ownership of stock companies. This also went well. He has owned and directed six.

With an appearance and a training and a voice such as his, the world of stock shows and road companies was not to be George's lot permanently. He was drawn to Broadway. Of the plays he did there, he looks back most fondly on "Love, Honor and Betray" with Alice Brady. Alice, who now is starring in the great Eugene O'Neill piece, "Mourning Becomes Electra," is an Irish girl. "And grand to work with," George declares, "if she likes you." She liked George. And, in that, William Brady's brilliant daughter seems to have something in common with the other young women who cross his path. Even Ruth Chatterton says: "I have never had a leading man who pleased me more."

As an aftermath of the overstrain of his labors in stock, he nearly lost his sight. Only a delicate operation on both eyes preserved it. Even now, he is not entirely free from the shadow of blindness. "A hell of a mess," he observes quietly.

After his bad scare, he decided that he needed a good long rest, out-of-doors. He went West, and decided to see what Hollywood was like. His first screen part was a small one in "The Big Trail"—so small that you didn't even notice him. Other "bits" came his way, finally culminating in one in "The Homicide Squad." In this, the critics spotted him, and the reviews took a "newcomer George Brent is splendid" trend. Universal let him slip away, however, and those cagy Warner boys captured the prize. Barring accidents, it seems a foregone conclusion that he will be a star within a year. Already he is being called "another Gable"—though that goes against George's grain. He isn't here to imitate anybody—even a Gable.

Fortunately, George likes Hollywood. He thinks that Southern California's climate is the best in the world, where one can earn a living. And he is deeply interested in pictures; unlike many stage actors, he doesn't look down on them. He says:

"It's creative work, in its way. Of course, it is not on the plane of painting great pictures, or writing fine books, or other more personal methods of self-expression—but it does have a manner of satisfying to some degree the artistic itch of people ungifted in other arts. This talk about movie-acting being dull work, a job and a tiresome one at that, seems silly to me. Because I do not believe that any of us ever stay for long in a pursuit that does not interest us."

Moody, Like an Irishman

GEORGE is six feet one, and weighs more than a hundred and seventy pounds. As a heritage from his hard-riding ancestors, his back is as flat as though planed. He is as powerful as a mule, and when he talks he looks you uncompromisingly in the eyes. He smiles but rarely; when he does, his face flashes with sudden warmth, as if a light had sprung up behind it. He thinks that all Irishmen are alike, all bearing the same curse of moodiness, hatred of shackles and distrust of responsibilities.

"I do not fear responsibilities," he says. "I simply never have seen anything I consider worth being tied to."

George is fundamentally an out-of-doors man. His earliest childhood ambition was to follow in the tradition of his forbears, the trooping cavalrymen. That, and to get out of school as soon as possible, for he had small use for formal education. Only his great love for the theatre kept him from the army—but horses remain his favorite pastime. He is easily one of the best riders in the movie colony, and his proficiency embraces polo and steeplechase-riding.

Despite his husky frame, so continued and arduous has been his activity from the Chatterton picture onward, that George is usually dead-tired. He is quietly amused by the swooping manner of his Hollywood success.

"It's a merry-go-round," he puts it. "You're either on top, and kept so busy that there's a breakdown just around the corner—or not in demand, and as idle as a half-dozen deep-South mountaineers."

His gravity and his habit of gentle speech—without any brogue, for Dubliners speak a pure English—belie George's intense nervousness. At the studio he invariably lunches alone, as in his present high-strung state he cannot eat and talk at the same time without suffering from nervous indigestion. He eats very little at any time, and much less than that when he is working. He lost ten pounds, making "So Big."

George—who greatly resembles Thomas Meighan, when Tommy was a much younger man—has a great regard for that big harp. Besides music, preferably Irish music, he is fond of aviation, the south of France, dogs, the products of Hollywood tailors, and tennis. It is reported that at times he also has been fond of Gilda Gray and Thelma Todd. *Chico*, in the stage version of "Seventh Heaven," is his favorite rôle. He has no preferences for parts in pictures, or people to play opposite; he merely asks that the part be a good one, and the player competent. A solitary, he loves to read—but has to be careful of his eyes.

Neither does his great tolerance allow him many marked aversions. Aside from milk, he hates only vulgarity and people who would infringe upon his privacy (he has the true Gael's fierce insistence on a private life). He is not at all interested in any phase of political economy or governmental problems. He leans to grays and blues in his suits, with solid-color ties and plain shirts. He wants to make money.

He wants money, and then he'll be on his way to those few places of the world he has not yet explored—the Basque country, Switzerland, the Far East—searching out a lotion for that peculiar ache of restlessness which is the lot of wandering Irishmen, dreamers and doers trapped on a tiny globe this side of Paradise.

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 6*)

resolve never to be fooled again by such extravagant advertising.

Thus do the producers defeat their own purpose, for had not our expectations been stirred up so highly by superlatives, we quite likely would have enjoyed the picture as average entertainment.

If only some producer would see that the descriptions of his releases were limited to a few simple statements of truth, and gave the fans half a chance to realize that his productions measured up in every respect to his claims for them, "Depression" would be only a word to him. *A. F. Sproul.*

Miriam Genuine "It" Girl

SEATTLE, WASH.—Why the movie moguls, ever on the alert for stellar material, haven't made more of Miriam Hopkins, is something I can't explain. For, she has intensity and good looks and histrionic finesse combined with more "It"—the genuine thing—than any other baker's dozen of the average blondes and red-heads who trip so entrancingly thru so many movies.

Remember when she threw her garters at Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in one of the picture's roguish moments? If you do, you'll understand what I mean. And did you watch her acting when the mood turned tragic? After seeing "Dr. Jekyll" I was convinced that here is a personality to break a box-office record if she is given rôles in a few more productions worthy of her talents. *Kay Beckwith.*

Why Good Pictures Are Ruined

SANTA ROSA, CAL.—I wish some enterprising and daring young producer would start his play—after he has enumerated all the millions of people who have had to do with the production—by asking the public to let the characters do the talking, because pretty nearly all of the audience will understand English and will not need the aid of the woman in back or the man on the side. There are some evenings when most of the talking is done in the audience instead of on the screen and if I am ever hung for murder it will be because of some good interesting play being ruined by these morons who explain pictures.

This doesn't apply only to our small town—I've had it happen in the best motion picture palaces in San Francisco. Surely there can be some method more subtle than strangling to eliminate this curse. Producers go to all sorts of pains to prevent little noises from ruining the talkie in the course of production—don't let them stop there!

Agnes H. Stephens.

Now It's What-A-Man Wally

NEW BERN, N. C.—Off goes our faded felt in recognition of Wallace Beery's remarkable versatility. Not so many moons ago, when ye raving scribe was a little boy with warts, Wally was reducing spinal temperatures with his vivid portrayals of nazzy ol' meanies, what never shaved nor nothing. Then, throwing away his trunk of assorted scowls, he teamed up with Raymond Hatton in a series of the funniest full length comedies we've ever scrutinized.

Since that time, Beery has been burdened with a lotta so-so rôles, but he came back in "The Champ" with a load of tear-jerking stuff that knocked the best of Jolson's sob scenes for a row of weeping willows. The Greeks had a name for folks like Wally, but we can only clear our larynx and murmur meekly, "What a man, goilies, what a man!!" *J. Gaskill McDaniel.*

Here's Good News for you YEAST EATERS!

Read every word of it! Then clip the coupon!



HERE'S a yeast that's good to eat! A yeast that causes no discomfort after taking! A yeast that keeps fresh for months!

No gas—no fermentation

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They have a delicate, nut-like flavor that everybody likes, even the children. They cannot cause gas or fermentation because they are pasteurized. For the same reason they keep fresh for a long time.

You can safely give Yeast Foam Tablets to children. They contain no drugs. They are nothing but pure yeast dried and concentrated into convenient tablet form. So pure and so uniform is this yeast that it is used by the U. S. Government and leading Universities for their research in vitamins. In fact Yeast Foam Tablets are the richest known natural food source of the health-building vitamins B and G.

End constipation and indigestion

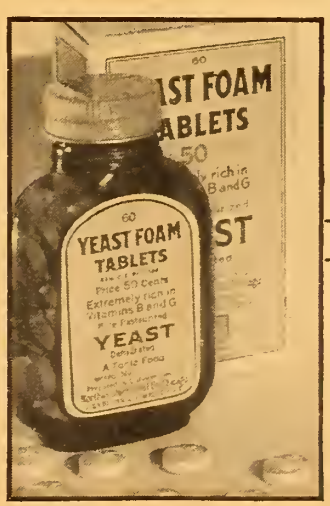
In case after case Yeast Foam Tablets are bringing joyous relief to men and women suffering from indigestion, constipation, hateful skin eruptions, "nerves," lost energy and vitality. Don't be a victim of any of these distressing conditions. Sixty Yeast Foam Tablets—enough for ten days—cost only 50c. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Know the pleasure of taking this new-type yeast. Start now to build health and energy!

Feels Like a Boy Again: *"When I wrote you for a sample of Yeast Foam Tablets I was so badly run down with constipation that I could not sleep well or do a full day's work and suffered with headache most of the time. Now after taking six bottles of Tablets I am free from both the disorders mentioned above and I feel like a healthy boy of eighteen."* BRIDGMAN, MICH.

Builds Up Weight: *"Since taking your Yeast Foam Tablets my weight has come back to normal and my arthritis has disappeared."* TORRINGTON, CONN.

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smart hairdressers use

FINGER-WAVING is so much easier if you use Wildroot Wave Set! Beauty experts say nothing else makes such lovely, lasting waves. Wildroot Wave Set contains no gum or sugar . . . leaves no stiffness or white flakes. Yet it's so inexpensive that a wave costs you almost nothing! Excellent for resetting . . . makes permanent waves last longer. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

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Safe, RELIABLE, *QUICK* — X-Bazin leaves the skin virginally white, smooth and free of hair. Discourages re-growth. Cream or powder . . . for fastidious women who want the best.

Large size, 50c at drug and department stores; special size at 10c stores.

HALL & RUCKEL, INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Established 1848

Chevalier—Money—Charity!

(*Continued from page 45*)

Every kind of treatment was given for every kind of human ailment. Whether these unfortunates needed treatment for myopic eyes or pre-natal care and Caesarian operations, they have been provided for.

In such cases as are beyond clinical treatment, the patients are sent to specialists in their particular diseases. And the treatment is carried through until a cure is effected, if a cure is humanly possible. When a surgical operation, major or minor, is called for, the operation is performed under auspices as fine as might be had for any sum of money.

The Chevalier Motto

THE motto of the *Fondation Maurice Chevalier* is: "To heal is very good—to prevent is better." The clinic hopes to be preventive in respect to the more serious maladies. When the malady is already advanced, the best medical aid obtainable is given—and absolutely, *all of it,* free of charge.

There is only one tiny bit of red tape and that is that the applicants must prove that they are, or have been, in some manner, however humble, connected with the theatrical world.

For the whole of that first year Maurice Chevalier supported that clinic himself. Every sou, every centime of its maintenance came from his pockets, or through his efforts. He laughs and says that it was probably one big mistake to have put his name to it. He did so at the insistence of M. Blon-Dhin. But when the public saw that he had started such an enterprise they thought, he says, "Ah, well, if Chevalier is so rich that he can found and operate a *Dispensaire,* let him do it . . ." And he did.

By the beginning of the second year, however, the *Dispensaire* was recognized for what it was and for what it was doing and for how it was being done. Then, by that time, other groups of artists, actors, musicians, and writers began to make contributions and donations. Now, at this writing, Chevalier contributes two-thirds of the upkeep of the clinic and from other theatrical sources comes the other one-third.

He will not say what it cost him that first year. But anyone who has even the vaguest notion of what it costs to maintain a clinic should be aware of the thousands and thousands and thousands of dollars that must have come from this one man's capacious pockets. And, surely, a generous purse obeys the dictates of a generous heart.

He Also Aids Americans

THE good work is fast gaining recognition. And healing is being done where only suffering existed before—for those who were too proud to accept "charity" do not feel that it is charity at the *Fondation Maurice Chevalier.* Here is a place run by their own, run for them. They know M. Blon-Dhin. They know and love Chevalier. When they go to the Rue Raumier, they are among their own. This is different.

In many ways, and especially this past year, Chevalier has worked to acquire more funds for his clinic. Last year, for instance, he gave a concert at Carnegie Hall in New York. He took in four thousand dollars. Two thousand he gave to the unemployed artists of America and the other two thousand to 65 Rue Raumier.

At another time, Adolph Zukor contributed four thousand dollars, and Chevalier especially appreciates that donation, because it was given him before Zukor could get through asking about the clinic. At still another time, at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, Chevalier was guest at a farewell dinner. He was en route to France. And at that dinner Al Kauffman asked all Paramount people present to donate something to the work Chevalier was carrying on, so much alone. Ernst Lubitsch contributed one thousand dollars. There were other donations, averaging fifty dollars apiece. The total came to two thousand dollars for that one night.

Chevalier never makes personal appeals to his fellow stars, or to his friends. He tried it once or twice, self-consciously and shyly, as he would. He said, "I always feel so ashamed when I ask . . ." And when I asked, "You mean, ashamed of yourself?", his brilliant blue eyes twinkled, and he said, "*Non, non,* ashamed—for them!"

Some day, after this world-wide depression is over and the wealthy people of the world have put their hoarded money into circulation again, Maurice hopes to expand his *Dispensaire.* He wants to add rooms and wards for resident patients. He wants the clinic to be but a part of a great hospital, where cases now sent to specialists may be treated by them under the roof of the *Fondation Maurice Chevalier* itself.

If this isn't a great Work—what is?

Where Else His Money Goes

MOREOVER, the benefactions of Chevalier do not stop with this merciful and munificent gift to his fellow-actors. He has, in his own family and in the family of his wife, eight persons of whom he is *the sole support.* He has as many more "not so lucky" relatives who write him constantly for help with little Jacques' teeth or payments on the house or vacations that are needed or school-bills that can't quite be met—all the extra odds and ends that break backs not broad enough to carry them. To such appeals Chevalier never has, and never will, turn a deaf ear. This I learned, not from Chevalier himself, but from someone very near to him, someone who attends to all the details of such matters.

He also contributes a portion of his weekly salary to the Motion Picture Relief Fund and to the Community Chest of Los Angeles. Whenever he gives a concert calling for donations or in any way acquires donations over here, he divides the takings between the unemployed artists of this country and the *Fondation* in Paris.

It is physically and also financially impossible for Chevalier to pay attention to the hundreds and hundreds of begging letters that burden his daily mail. A Croesus could not meet such demands. But he has his chauffeur carry change—to give to beggars at his direction.

It is well known, in film circles at least, that for Maurice's first pictures—which were money-makers from the beginning—he received only a very nominal compensation. He has not been in the Big Money for long. But ever since he has been there, he has given, surely, far more than his "mite."

When old friends come to him with heart-breaking tales, he never refuses to see them and he never refuses to help them. He doesn't plead that he already is carrying a heavy load. The wallet of Chevalier is as liberal and as compassionate as his heart. This lilting, laughing, smiling *Lieutenant* may have his tongue in his cheek, and a roguish glint in his eye, but he is thinking of something besides laughter and romance and song. He is thinking of those patients at the clinic in Paris.

If the *Dispensaire Du Spectacle-Fondation Maurice Chevalier* does not answer the niggardly criticisms of the gossips—then nothing ever will. Not even the rising hosannas of thanks that are given by the poor clowns and broken-down *Hamlets* of the theatre, who bless Maurice for their broken bodies mended and nothing asked, not even thanks!

Colman *sees* War *in* China

(*Continued from page 53*)

enough to subdue banditry and enforce law.

"The boat on which I sailed for Kobe, Japan, was convoyed out of the harbor by a Japanese man-o'-war as protection against snipers on shore. Shanghai lay behind us, incredibly big and important—with a skyline much like Philadelphia's. It looked peaceful and prosperous, not ominous at all. It was almost inconceivable that death and destruction surrounded it.

"When will it end? No one in Shanghai even ventures to guess.

Peace and Beauty in Japan

"IN JAPAN, by contrast, there seems to be very little excitement about the War. There is beauty, breath-taking beauty, on every hand. The gardens are like exquisite dreams.

"From Kobe I went to Kyoto and here theatres, restaurants are excessively crowded. Everyone is busy. And all Japan is decidedly movie-conscious. Fans collect autographs and photographs, and since it is considered undignified for women to approach strangers, the man of the family is delegated to secure the autographs. I was never asked for just one autograph—but usually from four to a dozen. The men evidently had very explicit instructions from the feminine members of their households.

"The Japanese have beautiful manners, and with all the volume of interest and attention bestowed upon me, I didn't feel that embarrassment I've experienced before the onslaughts of fans in other parts of the world. The Japanese crowd always follows at discreet distances. On my first day in Kyoto, after I had talked to the Press—and incidentally, Japanese newspaper reports of an interview are extremely accurate—we visited various points of interest. We went to see some famous gardens, stopped off for lunch and then drove through the countryside. We noticed a car with eight men following us. If we stopped, they stopped. When we continued on, they came along. We couldn't quite figure out who they were, and finally decided that they must be detectives.

"On the following morning the mystery was solved. Spread out on the front page of the newspaper was the diary of our day, with the exact time of every move.

Met Barthelmesses in Kyoto

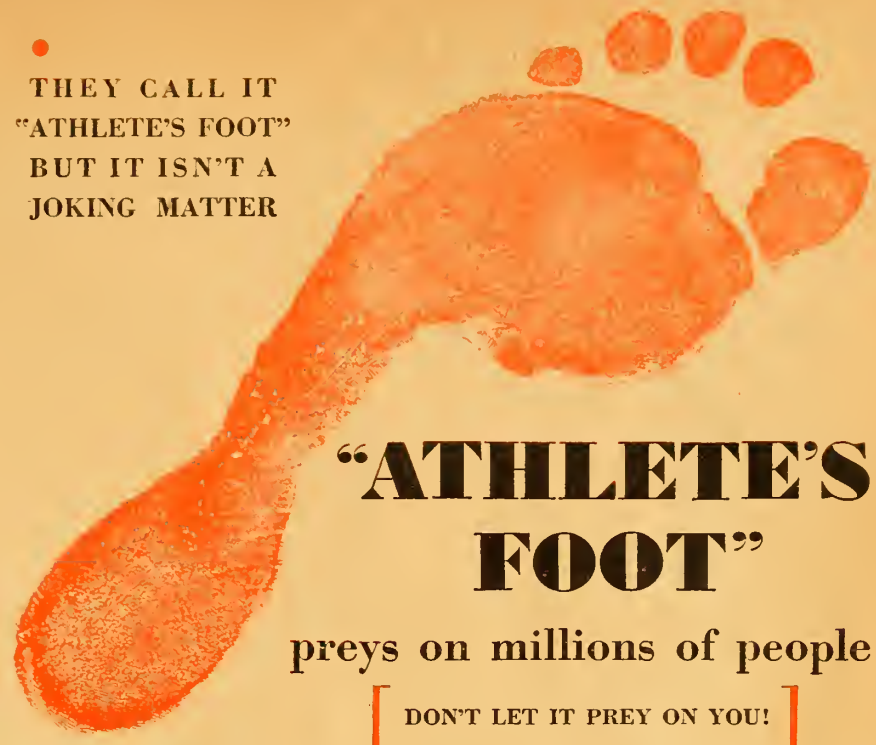
"I MET Jessica and Richard Barthelmess in Kyoto, and we did many interesting things together. For one thing, we went to a motion picture studio and saw 'silents' being made. We couldn't figure out whether it was a tragedy or a comedy. Their technique, I should judge, compares with that of Hollywood some six or seven years ago. Their themes are based on Japanese life and are made for home consumption.

"They haven't started making talkies as yet—but they take great delight in them. Motion picture theatres in Japan do not remove the sound track—with English spoken, of course—but place an interpreter right next to the screen and he explains the gags to the audience as they happen. And it was terribly amusing to us to see an audience rocking with laughter over some action that occurred a bit back, while the screen by then was showing something entirely different. The Japanese film fans are intensely interested in America and their theatres primarily show American-made pictures.

"We also attended the legitimate theatre in Kyoto. Their plays have adopted our technique—that is, they are presented with modern sets and lighting, and with both men and women in the cast. Formerly, men

(*Continued on page 79*)

THEY CALL IT "ATHLETE'S FOOT" BUT IT ISN'T A JOKING MATTER



"ATHLETE'S FOOT"

preys on millions of people

DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU!

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

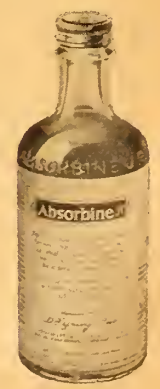
Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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. . . writes Miss Healy

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The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

LUPE VELEZ won't learn to play tennis. She's afraid she might develop muscles in her arms. She refused to touch a racket, even to please Jack Gilbert, after watching some of the Amazons galumphing about his court.

"I theenk a woman should be dainty, no?" says Lupe.

Senorita Velez has lost more than fourteen pounds in the past two months, beyond which daintiness can't go much farther.

WHAT happens to these girls who go to live on the Continent? Alice Terry came back for a visit, looking as if she had never heard of a diet. And now Nita Naldi, the vamp of the Valentino era, has swept into New York after several years of what must have been very good living in Europe. Nita has a frank and devastating wit that is reminiscent of Marie Dressler's—the kind that will always make her popular, whatever her age or size.

She lunched with Lilyan Tashman, who was wearing a smart, though quaint Paquin suit, and one of those small discs that are strangely called hats. Nita looked her over with contempt.

"Lil, you look like a glorified bellhop in that outfit," she said. "Why don't you go home and put on something that's presentable?"

Lil laughed heartily, secure in her knowledge that the Best-Dressed Woman can do no wrong.

Nita, herself, is so fat she won't take her coat off. She sat through a whole luncheon in an overheated restaurant, stubbornly camouflaged in an enormous sable coat.

But they have fun, these girls.

OUR foreign spies report, all the way from London, that Gloria Swanson has been lunching with Corinne Griffith, who is making her comeback as a talkie star in Michael Arlen's "Lily Christine." London society has taken Corinne to its capacious bosom, with the usual soothing effect. Even the Prince of Wales came out to the studio to watch her work, and autographed her script. Thus fortified, Corinne has regained her famous poise, in the fitting background of an old Tudor house in Mayfair, and, like George Arliss, takes tea on the set every afternoon at four-thirty.

We'll be disappointed if Corinne doesn't come home with an international reputation and an English accent in a few years, like Tallulah Bankhead and Anna May Wong.

WE'VE discovered Lupe's method of holding her own at parties where there's plenty of competition—a simple rule that can be followed by anybody. If her boy-friend's attention seems to be straying, Lupe simply lies down on the nearest couch, closes her eyes, and stiffens.

A little practice in stiffening enables her to look exactly like a good case of catalepsy. This so alarms the host, the boy-friend, and all the other guests that they forget everyone else and devote the rest of the evening to reviving Lupe. The possibilities it offers are endless.

On evenings when Lupe is too tired to stiffen, she simply remarks, "I am too attractive to be neglected like this," and walks out altogether, with somebody else.

But honesty forces us to add that on most evenings it is the other girls at the party who stiffen.

SOMEONE was complimenting the smartly-dressed Hedda Hopper on having the good taste not to wear a lot of necklaces and other appendages dangling around her neck, as so many actresses do.

"I don't have to, dear," said Hedda sweetly. "I bathe regularly."

PALM SPRINGS, or more especially the El Mirador Hotel, has been practically commandeered by the Marx Brothers. They outnumber the general public, and they give no quarter, annoying the management, the guests, and their own Hollywood friends indiscriminately. Chico, at the Saturday night dinner dance, went up to every man on the floor and asked in a loud voice if he was a gigolo. A lot of conservative gentlemen, who have been reared in blissful ignorance of the Marxian humor, didn't like it at all.

Groucho played duets with Jimmy Durante in the lobby. It was Groucho's first visit, but the management was ready for him. Ten minutes after he arrived, he went to the desk and demanded a screwdriver. The clerk just smiled understandingly. Then Groucho frantically asked for a set of tools. The clerk laughed his appreciation of the gag. It was some time before Groucho's wife, who had forgotten her trunk key, could get anything to pry it open with.

JEANETTE MacDONALD gave one of those political parties for a hundred or more guests, and to save the wear and tear on everyone's social talents she provided entertainment in the form of a mind-reader. One of those mystifying chaps who can take a sealed envelope in which the guest has written a question, and without opening it, can read and answer the question.

Carmel Myers Blum, at whose home the stork will make one of his very first stops this spring, asked when her baby would be born. The fortune-teller, putting tact before professional pride, answered, "July!", and Carmel didn't know whether to be flattered or alarmed. The date, she thought, was to be May.

After that, none of the guests had much faith left in the game.

Jack Oakie added just the right touch of democracy to the affair by taking off his shirt and wearing a red sweater under his tuxedo.

MAURICE CHEVALIER has a crush on Bobby Coogan. . . . Metro sent Anita Page and Dorothy Jordan up to Dr. Sansome's famous sanitarium in Santa Barbara, to lose pounds in certain conspicuous places. . . . Walter Huston's butler is an ex-Russian Grand Duke or something. It embarrasses Walter, and when nobody else is home, he invites his faultless servant to come in and sit down. . . . In a tailored suit, Marlene Dietrich went to the wrestling matches with Joe von Sternberg and Jack Gilbert. The lively Marlene did more standing up and yelling than any of the other onlookers. . . . Hedda Hopper always buys a red hat in the Spring, the way some people take a tonic, to combat that Certain Feeling. . . . Joan Bennett knows the words to every popular song and insists on crooning them, in a confidential voice, into the ear of whoever is with her—probably Gene Markey. . . . Despite that innocent profile, Freddie March is very naughty—conversationally. . . . "I saw Greta yesterday!" Ramon Novarro whispered, and then he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply.

Colman *sees* War *in* China

(*Continued from page 77*)

played all the rôles. There are still presentations of the ancient Japanese plays, but these are more in the nature of revivals."

Ronald Colman pauses to light his cigarette—and intelligent eyes and scholarly forehead are illumined for a moment before the lighter snaps shut. And Colman, in that one flashing moment, offers a key to his personality, which has proved so baffling to Hollywood.

He is primarily a thinker—not a talker! A man with a secret poise and an unerring appraisal of values, who in the very nature of things is a stranger to futile chatter and idle emotion. This man Colman is kind—with that shy, sympathy-compelling attitude that is characteristic of a great personality. As a reporter on a metropolitan newspaper for many years, I came to recognize that manner as the tag of the individual who has accomplished worth-while things. Men like that retain an innate simplicity, a tolerance and a detachment.

Only Paris Is Still Gay

BEFORE reaching the Orient, Ronald had spent considerable time in Europe—and had found:

Paris still gay and gallant!

Berlin depressed beneath its load of post-war responsibilities!

Vienna without glamour and without pomp—with suffering and unemployment everywhere!

"In Germany," he explains, "the restaurants, hotels and theatres are deserted. But the motion pictures and the afternoon dancing places (where one can remain for hours at the price of a glass of beer) are packed. It's all the entertainment the people can afford.

"As a matter of fact, the depression is a tangible, hideous condition in all of Europe. Resorts everywhere—whether in Southern France, Italy or Germany—are empty. Neither the English nor the Americans have the money to spend now.

"In Italy there are numerous public works under way. You see many new roads, much building. Conditions there are not so bad as they are throughout the rest of Europe. Incidentally, about every fourth person in Italy is in uniform."

There is very little travel and crossing of borders in Europe now, according to Ronald. No one is permitted to take money out of one Continental country into another above a certain sum.

"If a man really wants to have his ego deflated," observes Ronald, "he ought to go to Europe and try to cash a check. 'Ronald Colman?' Cashiers shrugged their shoulders. The name meant nothing to them or to customs inspectors. American picture names mean far more in the Orient than they do in Europe."

And now that Ronald Colman is back, rested and with refreshing memories of his trip, his interest is focused on his new picture, "The Brothers Karamazov"—of special significance to him, as the great story by Dostoievsky permits him to create a character utterly different from his *Arrowsmith*. He will play the oldest of the four tempestuous brothers. After that, he would like to do a rôle not quite so intense and serious. Only through variety, he believes, can the concentrated interest of the public be retained by a screen player.

His next picture is likely to be "Cynara"—the play based on the line from Ernest Dowson's famous poem: "I have loved thee, Cynara, in my fashion."

At the moment, Ronald Colman is opening Christmas mail and Christmas packages—piled high, awaiting his return. Christmas in Spring! Lucky Ronald Colman!

GUILTY—AND DIDN'T KNOW IT.....by ALBERT DORNE



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WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*) because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor. Yet *others* notice instantly. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching lather *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy protects.

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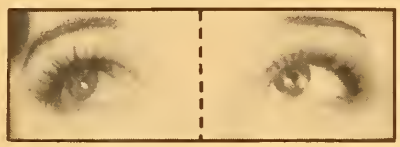


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The Inside Story of Garbo's Great Success

(*Continued from page 29*)

prised, she went around the end of this screen, only to find another one hiding the Swedish actress from her eyes. Wherever she turned, more screens sprang up as if by magic! She was the last outsider ever to see Greta Garbo working on a picture. From that moment, the Garbo sets were closed to visitors, the Garbo lips were closed to interviewers. The Garbo Legend was born.

In her early days on the Metro lot, Greta was so unimportant and unsensational that nobody thought to take notes about her for the benefit of a breathless posterity. Because there was nothing else to do with her at first, they took publicity pictures—fashions and gag stuff. They carried her, wide-eyed, to the Lion Farm and posed her with a lion cub; they took her to the woods and made dancing poses of her. They dressed her in a two-piece bathing suit and photographed her on the beach, and they put her in short cotton running trunks and a sweater and posed her with the U. S. C. track team.

What She, Herself, Predicted

SHE was, in the vernacular of the studios, "a glad-hand girl." But unimportant as these photographs of her were, the head of the publicity department complained that they were a waste of money.

"Who will want so many pictures of that dumb Swede?" he is quoted as saying. (How he must blush to-day, remembering!)

When they were shown to the studio heads, they caused consternation. Immediately a message came down to stop posing Miss Garbo in this fashion. "She hasn't the right kind of figure for such pictures," it said.

Through all this, Greta was cheerful but bored. She did whatever they asked her to do in those days, though once she made a prophetic remark. "When I am famous," she said, as they posed her shaking hands with a prizefighter, "I will not do such things!" But nobody paid much attention to the remark. There seemed a very small chance of Greta Garbo's ever being famous.

The publicity department buttonholed writers and begged them to do stories about the newcomer. Visiting interviewers were dragged out onto the set to meet her. Greta talked to them all in her broken English, giggling a little, anxious to please. To those who spoke German, she babbled joyously in that language. She had few reticences and alarmed the studio by her frankness on the subject of her love affairs.

The Garbo of the Legend shuns the society of human beings. The Garbo of those early days was lonely and friendly. She ate in the studio cafeterias, perched on a high stool at the counter; she hung around the studio publicity offices because she had no other place to go. She even allowed them to draft her for that most embarrassing form of movie publicity, a personal appearance at a theatre.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the manager of the theatre, "is Miss Greta Garbo from Stockholm. Miss Garbo doesn't speak a word of English."

"No," said Greta, "nod von vord."

No Mystery in Her Giggle

NO one who interviewed Greta in those early days seems to have thought her a great beauty or to have detected any hint of the "mystery" that was later to surround her. She giggled as she answered their questions—and nothing is so unmysterious as a giggle; she threw back her head and laughed loudly when anything pleased her. She was sometimes coy and flirtatious, and tapped people on the shoulder. She waved at them afterward on the lot.

"She was a girl in her teens then—and looked the part," one writer reminisces. "She was gay and happy. She wore sport skirts and little cheap sweaters, and she bounced when she walked, like a healthy young animal, instead of moving languidly as she does to-day."

Nowadays, not more than twenty people in Hollywood know Greta Garbo's address in Santa Monica. In the midst of Hollywood's gregarious and noisy society, she lives as secluded a life as any hermit in his isolated cabin. But when Greta first arrived, she had a room in a crowded little hotel, *just for the sake of sociability*—in order to be near the group of Swedish actors and writers who lived there.

She went out to parties, she appeared at a U. S. C. football game with Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, and begged to go home when it began to sprinkle. Eddie, intent on the game, brought a bundle of newspapers and wrapped Garbo in them, and she sat patiently without further complaint, peering over their pages at the game she couldn't understand. Imagine the Great Garbo of to-day cloaked in the comic supplement!

She was not the same Garbo we see now, perfected to her most exotic best in "Mata Hari" and "Grand Hotel." She was very much freckled when she first came to Hollywood. Her pale hair was bushy and straggled in wisps about her neck and ears. Even her teeth, so studio people tell me, were more prominent in those days, and she was too plump to photograph well. They told her, after seeing her first film, that if she hoped to succeed in American pictures she would have to diet.

The Four Who Influenced Her

BUT that first film, "The Temptress," startled the studio powers. Perhaps—they whispered among themselves—they had made a real discovery. So they put their best dressmakers and make-up men at work on Greta. *And they literally created the Garbo of to-day.* Her "creators" were Gilbert Adrian, the Metro fashion designer (who, according to a famous mind-reader, has been in love with Garbo for years), Cecil Howard, the make-up artist, John Gilbert and the late Lon Chaney. They were the ones who saw the potentialities—and Garbo, herself, was of course far from dumb.

Adrian found how to dress Garbo's big-boned, boyish figure, with its wide shoulders and large, though beautiful hands and feet, so that it became feminine, seductive. Howard had her hair cut individually, her eyebrows shaped and, working with rouge and powder, mascara and lipstick, like an artist, he brought out the immobile, strangely sullen beauty of her features and the fine bone structure of her face.

But John Gilbert and Lon Chaney were the ones who worked the greatest change in Garbo—by teaching her to be mysterious. John, at the time he was playing opposite her, was at odds with most of the writers of Hollywood, and thoroughly disillusioned. Just what he told her no one knows, but her last official public appearance was made at the première of "Flesh and the Devil," on his arm, and it was during the making of this picture that she decided never to talk to interviewers again.

Lon Chaney claimed the honor of making Garbo into a Legend. "I told her that

mystery had served me well," he related afterwards, "and it would do as much for her. She is a clever woman, and she adopted my policy of never having portraits made except in character, and never giving interviews—and look where it carried her!"

How Her Sunbaths Began

THERE are others, however, who say that the anemia which followed on her strenuous dieting so depleted her physically that she did not have the strength to live a social life. After Stiller's death, she grew homesick and cried a good deal. She had a couch put into her portable dressing-room and lay on it between scenes. She took to lying motionless in the sun for hours.

"I'll come down to the beach and go swimming with you," said a studio publicity girl whom she liked.

"You may come, yas," said Garbo, "but you will not swim with me. You shall sleep on the sand if you like. That is what I do when I am not at the studio."

Then doctors told her she must also exercise to build up her resistance. Garbo took to walking—alone, for alone she could stride faster.

Long before the public discovered Garbo, long before studio executives knew what they had, the men who worked on the lot began to absent themselves from their offices, to sneak away to the Garbo set and stare at her, fascinated, by the hour. "I don't know what it is about that woman," a scenario writer said, "but she's marvelous. Every move of her body is *sex*—"

Greta Garbo is not only a Legend, she is on her way to being made a saint. Any story that dares to breathe the slightest suggestion that she is human, or has ever been anything but the glamourous creature she is to-day, raises a storm of criticism. Letters pour in to the editorial offices, threatening, hysterical, heaping abuse on the writer. This story will doubtless be followed by such letters. Such worship is an amazing tribute—yet who can say whether it is a better thing to be a pale and lonely Legend, or a plump and laughing girl with freckles on her nose? Only Greta Garbo, herself, could tell us—and Greta is silent, as befits a Legend.



In more ways than one, Garbo leans upon Adrian, the famous M-G-M costume designer, who fashions all her screen clothes

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Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast.

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That's Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 16*)

AN imaginative fellow nearly swooned the other day when Tala Birell, the foreign star who will play the lead in "Nana," told him that in her country the people ate nothing but mice.

"Mice?" he demanded in horror.

"Mice," she replied firmly. "They make pies, bread, everything, of mice."

It turned out that she meant maize, the corn-like substance. It's only fair to add that Tala, tutored in English long and hard, speaks exceptionally well, except for a slip now and then.

THE people who pass on what we may be allowed to see have decided that the word "virgin" can no longer be used in movie titles, and a wisecracker is writing a scenario around the Virgin Islands, to see what they'll do about it.

TOM MIX once gave his daughter, Thomasina, a revolver. It was solid gold. Thomasina also kept house for the cowboy star until his recent marriage. Now she's teaching the new bride how to cook—and shoot.

STATISTICS note: Paramount has 20,000 costumes for women in the wardrobe department, only 12,000 for men. . . . Universal owns the bed slept in by Pio Pico, first governor of California. . . . Fox Movietone City covers so much acreage that they've built a schoolhouse on wheels, to follow the kid stars from set to set. . . . Directors like Ernst Lubitsch and von Sternberg receive fan mail, too, most of it from people who want to know, "How can I get into the movies?"

ANY day now we expect wedding bells for George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill. George's trip East was mainly for the purpose of seeing her.

JACK OAKIE's coming back big after dropping out of sight for a while. They call him the only comic who has made a success playing semi-straight rôles.

DOLORES DEL RIO and Joel McCrea, in Honolulu for the filming of the "Bird of Paradise," acquired such black tans during the first week of work that they had to put dark make-up on the natives, so they wouldn't look pale in comparison. . . . Rosco Ates, broke and returning from the gambling resort, Caliente, was stopped by a traffic cop and fined ten dollars for speeding. He didn't have it. "I'll give you a check," he said. "Oh, no, you won't!" the judge cried, explaining that he couldn't be Mr. Ates, since Mr. Ates stuttered. Rosco doesn't—off the screen.

ADD statistics: when a star is late for a big day's shooting in a big production, each hour's tardiness costs the studio just $2,500. . . . RKO, for no reason at all, owns a 350-pound turtle, which has been named Pansy.

Ceremonial gown worn by Dolores Del Rio in the Honolulu picture is over 150 years old, is made completely of breast-feathers of an exotic native bird, and required some 20,000 feathers in all.

NED TINKER, new president of Fox, sent out a call for new players, intending to build up his own big names. Everybody's being tested, both in Hollywood and New York.

And Radio has a school for young players under the direction of a former Harvard man, Albert Lovejoy. Among other things, he teaches the kids to keep physically fit, and Creighton Chaney (Lon's son), one of the pupils, was sent to study wrestling under a former champion. In less than a minute Chaney had the expert pinned with his shoulders to the mat, and explained afterward that he used to be wrestling champ of the Hollywood Athletic Club.

OTHER sports items include the fact that Edna May Oliver, since the first of February, has dipped into the ocean every day for a swim—and this with Unusual Weather!

Spencer Tracy, who stopped flying an airplane because his mother worried about it, took her to the polo field. That, at least, would be safe and sane. Three men were injured on the field, and Spencer plans taking up ping-pong, or something.

A MONTH or so ago we mentioned an independent producer, who was in dire straits. The company that sold him his film were holding the completed picture, till he paid them.

Last week they, in turn, went broke. From the bankruptcy proceedings the producer bought his picture for a fraction of what he owed, secured a downtown showing, and interested a big studio in the two-reeler.

Audiences liked it, the studio paid him $15,000 outright and offered him $1000 a month to make more. That's how quickly the scene changes in Hollywood!

ALONG the Boulevard: Lew Ayres in a white leather jacket, with a white cap pulled down over his ears. For his new picture, by the way, Lew wears make-up for the first time. He plays an Indian boy. . . . Clark Gable driving his roadster to the beach with a woman whose identity—darn it!—we couldn't make out. . . . Four different people who solemnly assure us that "Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are going to divorce. Really!"

ON the Stages: Joan Crawford relax- ing on a specially built couch during the filming of "Letty Lynton." So tight was the gown in which she danced the tango with Nils Asther that she couldn't sit down without wrinkling it. . . . A director, sitting on a toy hobby horse, yelling "Whoa!" when he wanted them to stop shooting. They say he has a Sense of Humor. . . . Joan Blondell, slightly in disgrace for lunching with an interviewer instead of rehearsing her lines.

THE "Keep off the Grass" sign on Lew Ayres' front lawn was stolen from a park in Minneapolis, when the Ayres lad was eight. Greta Garbo hid upstairs when other guests arrived at the house of a friend, whom she was visiting. How silly! Elissa Landi's new book, "House for Sale," in the book shops.

Numbers Tell the Truth about Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page 42*)

and where latent independence could assert itself. This necessary service was performed for Janet by her step-father, whom she affectionately called "Jonesy."

Once started on her career in 1924, which, according to Numerology, was not one of her active years but a time of great surprises, Janet Gaynor commenced a cycle of events that has been in action up to the present and will not change definitely until 1934.

The contrast between the inner nature of "11" and the outer expression of "8," in the name of Laura Gainer, is that between indecision and doubt on the one hand and a latent ability to exercise good judgment and common sense in associating with the right people, in handling economic situations and in presenting ideas and talents in a way that would appeal to practical every-day folk.

Her New Name Changed Her

IN her early efforts to enter the movies, she used her practical "8" Expression in appearing capable, courageous and businesslike, but she alone knows about the inner feelings of doubt regarding her own ability and her future, which were so often an undercurrent even in her bravest efforts.

Changing her name to Janet Gaynor brought some very definite qualities into her personality and changed the vibratory note of her expression from "8" to "4"—which is the number of hard work, of physical and mental endurance or "getting down to brass tacks." This number is a fitting sign for the success of Janet Gaynor who, unlike so many of her comtemporaries, does not believe in posing and acting when away from the camera.

She finds joy in working hard and likes to spend her spare time in activities that are sometimes delicate and studious, but are usually sensible, useful and helpful to herself and to others. She is not sophisticated and seldom purely social or frivolous. It is this number "4" that will make Janet Gaynor remembered by the movie public as one who expressed her abilities sincerely, simply, without show or pretense, but in a style calculated to appeal to the masses.

Her birthdate produces the total of "6"—a splendid prospect for living a sane, sensible life, not without hardship in earlier years, but without signs of tragedy.

Will Be a Writer by 1937

THERE was a strong link formed with professional life in childhood which seems to have revealed itself in some definite expression around her seventeenth birthday. Until her thirtieth birthday in 1937, the number "7" will keep her in close touch with stage and screen.

The cycle of public success and period of her greatest achievements, which commenced in 1924, ends with 1934. Within the period left of this cycle, 1933 will be more helpful in maintaining her position in the hearts of moviegoers, but 1932 is not quite so fortunate for her. It is possible in 1932 for Miss Gaynor to be poorly cast, and in her personal life there are important, but harmonious developments in her home.

The domestic side of Miss Gaynor's life, so the numbers say, is not likely to be disturbed permanently for some years, but will resolve itself into the really most important interest of her life. Much as she has sincerely loved her screen work and her public, domestic ties and interests will increase in importance. The dramatic sense, which will still remain with her and which will demand expression, will find its outlet in writing plays and some fiction, but this will not be serious until 1937.



The* SYRUP *that created a* MILLION-GALLON *Appetite

Of all the tempting drinks and delightful dishes served at Rexall Fountains, those flavored with chocolate are by far the favorites. It's easy to understand why.

Fully $50,000 was spent in perfecting the formula for the chocolate syrup used by these Fountains. Many world markets were searched for cocoa beans of proper color, flavor, richness and cocoa-butter content. Then blend after blend was tried, tasted and discarded—until the most delicious one was found!

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FOUNTAINS

Three Slants on the
Ann Dvorak—Leslie Fenton Elopement

(*Continued from page 57*)

going. I always had money to start with. The last time I had enough to last me two years—but it was gone in six months, and I was flat broke. So I shipped as a deck-hand on a boat to Trieste. I've been broke any number of times, by the way. I had planned to run away again in June. Hollywood was beginning to have its old effect on me. But now everything has a meaning. Even Hollywood.

"There's something missing when you see things and do things alone. It may be a French-woman one week—an English-woman the next week. You meet. And then you go your separate ways. Again you are alone. There's no one to share your ecstasy over a lovely sunrise. No one with whom you can laugh over passport trouble, and your sad mistakes in ordering from a foreign bill of fare, or even over your entanglements with the police. Everything is an experience and worthwhile—and often amusing—if there is someone with you, sensing, feeling, undergoing similar emotions and reactions.

Both Are Still Free

"IN A sense, our marriage—Ann's and mine—is different. We can marry and still remain free. We are alike—we have mutual enthusiasms. We both understand that happiness does not lie in a merging of personalities, but in maintaining individuality. Ann is one person; I am another. We happen to be in love—and to marry. Why should it interfere in any way with our careers? As a matter of fact, it gives us an impetus. We have something to work for. We both want to travel—a lot. We need money for that. So, for the time being, we are going to work very hard in pictures, as a means to an end—the *same* end—freedom.

"This isn't a Hollywood marriage. It's the biggest thrill in my life. Studio publicity tried to make it one of those What-a-Man romances—a gusty, wild meeting and mating. It wasn't that at all. It was deeper, saner, more beautiful. And so I took the four pages of publicity gush handed to me for my O. K. and tore it up."

Leslie Fenton points to his marriage certificate, displayed on the mantelpiece of his home in the Hollywood hills, and he points to the names—Ann McKim and Leslie Fenton "united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony" on St. Patrick's Day! They are both part-Irish and both answer to the nickname of "Kim." A nickname, incidentally, which each had acquired a long time before they knew each other.

"We went into the little parsonage to be married," Leslie relates. "A baby sat crying on the floor; an older child was nursing a bruised knee. And the minister called his wife, and the housemaid to witness the ceremony. The maid came in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. And there they stood, and even before her hands were quite dry, we were married. There was something very beautiful about the thought that we were married. That I was no longer alone—that I would never again have that loneliness anywhere on Earth.

"We'll do things together—Ann and I—that lacked flavor when I did them alone!"

THE BRIDE'S STORY

SAYS Ann: "It was New Year's Eve. Everyone was gay. I had just finished the final scene of 'The Crowd Roars,' and I had stopped in at the Make-Up Shop to wish Perce Westmore a Happy New Year. I was in a rush—mother was giving a dinner party—I wanted to get home and dress. Leslie was there. Perce introduced us. 'Miss Dvorak, this is Mr. Fenton.' I said, 'How do you do?' and sat down—and a moment ago I had been in a hurry. I knew that I had met a man I would never forget. He remarked that he had lost the keys to his car and I offered to drive him home. But he refused.

"It was quite a while before I saw him again. It was on the 'Molly Louvain' set. Leslie had the part of the bad boy. I played the lead. And we saw each other a lot. Long before the picture was finished, we knew we were in love. No one else mattered. Nothing else mattered.

ANN'S 19; LESLIE'S 29



Leslie Fenton was born in England in March, 1903—which makes him ten years older than Ann Dvorak. But the difference in their ages doesn't worry these independent elopers a bit. They say, "Look at John Barrymore and Dolores Costello!" But Ann doesn't expect to follow the example of Dolores and give up her career for motherhood—that is, not for years yet. And Leslie, who has a gay reputation like John, doesn't plan to "settle down"—as John has. They both intend to be free, though married.

"I love him not only emotionally—but also sympathetically. We understand one another, we are friends, we are companions. I don't like to flout convention. *But I love Leslie enough, so that if there had been any obstacles to our marriage, I would have gone to him without any hesitation. Our love is like that!*

"Few people know him. To me, he is the most remarkable person I have ever known. He is completely everything I've ever dreamed the man I'd marry would be. Ours is not a hasty, mad Hollywood marriage—it has been almost three months since we first met—ample time for two people to discover each other.

Married for Modern Reasons

"AFTER all, marriage, for a woman, is much different to-day from what it used to be. Marriage cloaked many motives a short while ago. Women married for a home; they married often out of selfishness. To-day they marry because of love. The new woman has a different attitude toward life—and therefore toward marriage. She is more honest in her affections. She is more independent.

"Take me as an example. I have my work, which is very important to me—for I feel that work of any sort keeps a woman from being self-centered, from being narrow-minded and from having a limited perspective. Marriage will give me mental and emotional stability. Nothing matters now; yet everything matters. There is a new impetus in achievement. Accomplishment means that Leslie and I will be able to realize our dreams more quickly—our dreams to travel to far places, to see queer people and quaint customs—to visit Paris and Rome and Berlin. We never want to be chained—we want to be free—and wherever Leslie goes, I shall go, too!

"Children? No, that wouldn't do at all—because then I could no longer be a companion to Leslie. No anchors—nothing to tie us down! Not for years, anyway.

"Being happy has developed my creative talent. I know that I was an infinitely better actress in 'The Strange Love of Molly Louvain' than I was in the preceding pictures—because I was content. I was no longer lonely. I was in love. The character I portrayed became a different character as my love for Leslie grew.

"I had always thought there would be many loves in my life. I expected it. Now I know there will be only one.

How They're Alike

"FUNDAMENTALLY, we are as alike as two peas in a pod. We both want adventure. Leslie has found that adventuring alone is a dreary business. So we'll go wandering together. A girl can be wonderfully attached to her mother—she may want to work for her, to accomplish for her. But the zest in the doing isn't there, compared with the joy of working for the man you love, and for something you both love.

"After all, a career should be incidental to being a person. What you are—what you make of yourself—is much more important than being a star.

"Both Leslie and I feel that neither one of us has a right to submerge the personality of the other. Marriage, to us, has a vitally different meaning than it has to the average person. I have no so-called wifely duties—that is, the management of a home, the comfort of a husband. Leslie doesn't have to worry about supporting me. Our only job is being happy!

"The tomorrows interest me a lot. The yesterdays, the past, not at all. We are frank with each other. If a question comes up, we answer it honestly, for after all, it isn't the perfect person we love—but the one with faults and virtues, the person who's human."

The mutual admiration of Leslie Fenton and his bride, Ann Dvorak, is defined by the disclosure of each other's accomplishments:

Ann's ability as a composer—her "Gold-Diggin' Baby" was one of the numbers used in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain."

Leslie's recognized literary talents—his published stories—his play soon to be produced.

On the marriage certificate the State of Arizona issues, there is etched a strong, steel arch—A Bridge—

To Happiness!—says Ann.

To Adventure!—says Leslie.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

at the insistence of his two famous daughters, Dolores and Helene. Until this reconciliation with them took place, he had not seen the girls face to face for nearly five years.

SALLY EILERS' only fault as a wife, says Hoot Gibson, is that she is an incorrigible practical joker. The other day, while we were calling on the Gibsons, Sally passed around a box of candy. When it reached Hoot, he took a piece, started to bite it, hesitated, and put it aside.

"No, sir," said he. "It's probably soap or something. I won't risk it."

Even when Sally protested vigorously that it wasn't a joke, Hoot balked.

"Honest, Sally, is it okay?" he begged wistfully.

Sally, by the way, is the latest star to deny rumors that she's awaiting Old Doc Stork.

ROBERT YOUNG, the new white hope of Metro, had given up hope of ever being an actor and had a job as a bank clerk when his Chance came. Robert's brother has been and still is a movie extra. Both of them played in the little theatres of the community and of Carmel. Another recent recruit from the semi-amateur stage is Gloria Stuart, who was seen at the Pasadena Community Playhouse by two studios, Universal and Paramount, and sent for by both to make a test. Universal won out and put her under contract. The exuberant publicity blurbs describe her as "a society girl who made her social début at Santa Monica, California."

RUSSELL GLEASON just put his head in my door to inform me that he and Ben Alexander had been seriously considering learning some trade or profession as a sideline to acting, and had almost decided on embalming. They actually spent a day at the Morgue, and looked up an embalming school which guaranteed a diploma in six months, but finally gave it up. "Too much home work," explained Russell.

(*Continued on page 93*)

CHILLED BY LUPE?



Is Gary Cooper bundled up like this because Lupe Velez gave him a Mexican cold shoulder—or because he's warming up to Mexico again?



HELEN CHANDLER *says:* "Every woman likes to express her own individuality. I believe that is why so many select one of the lovely French styles of furniture for the bedroom."

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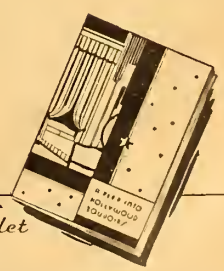
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Youngstown, Ohio. Box 472. Dept. M-1.

How Marriage Changed Dix

(Continued from page 51)

the villain bit the dust for a happy ending.

As for our handsome hero, with him it was love at first sight, second sight, and every other sight down to the present day and hour. And no one who has seen Winifred Coe, as Mrs. Dix once was, blames Rich for an instant, nor doubts that he retains his eye for beauty and for charm.

She's tall. Taller than the average. And slender, with that combination of long lines and graceful curves that is the mode. Her features are typically American—those more familiar in the South or West than in the Eastern beauties with their suggestion of Old World heritage.

Her hair is soft and smoky-blonde, like a fog with sunshine streaming through. It has none of the artificial brilliance of peroxide or platinum. Indeed, there is nothing artificial about Winifred. Her deep blue eyes, set wide and honestly apart, her warm smile, the gentle frankness of her beauty are convincing evidence of her sincerity and lack of artifice. After all, a phoney couldn't get far with Richard Dix.

How They Met

IT isn't hard to imagine that she enjoys the life in which her husband revels—the ranch, days full of the outdoors, riding, tennis and the like. And the cool California evenings before a ranch-house open fire, fragrant with the perfume of the logs. Dogs dozing on the hearth. Peace and love within. Outside, stillness and the stars.

It makes a picture in which Rich and Winifred both fit. And it is the realization of a romance that began five years ago. Like the lad who sought treasure throughout the world, and found buried gold in his own backyard, Rich met her in the home of his parents. It was this way.

Winifred's brother, Earl Coe, married Byrdie Miller. And Rich's brother, Dr. A. E. Brimmer, took Louise Miller as his bride. The Miller girls were sisters. And when one married a Coe and the other a Brimmer, it established a family contact sufficient to bring Winifred from San Francisco for a visit to Rich's folks in Hollywood. That was how it began. Quite probably, it is a matter of record that Richard was never home so frequently in his life as during that visit.

He knew, he says, that this was the girl the very first time he saw her. But—and this would happen to Rich—she was engaged to marry another chap back in the hilly home-town. So that made a perfect triangle for the scenario. None of the three knew it at the time, but as Winifred and Richard regarded one another across that first dinner table, the San Francisco romance went blooey, and another began right then and there.

Then, as in all good movie plots, conflict entered. The perverse destiny that likes to tease us by toying with our fate decreed that the girl go back home, while the boy was hurried three thousand miles away to make pictures in New York. Maybe it was a test. If so, their love survived it. For once, at least, absence didn't make her heart grow fonder of the other fellow.

So, little by little, with a year for every reel of the romance, the happy ending was attained, and on October 20, 1931, Rich and Winifred, the Brimmers and the Coes, with Jack (director) Ruben as best man and Josephine Brimmer as maid of honor, boarded Dutch Halloway's airship and flew into the future.

They're Publicity-Dodgers

THERE wasn't much fanfare about it. No publicity man was engaged to plant Page One pictures. (It has been done, you know.) But Dix is a little old-fashioned about such things. Oddly enough, he considers marriage a pretty sacred institution. And he didn't want his romance circused as some have been. By luck, and some good management, too, he obtained some measure of privacy. For the return air-voyage was a stormy one, and the 'plane was finally fortunate to land, bumpily but safely, at Palm Springs, rather than at Glendale, where scribes and cameramen kept vigil.

So the honeymoon couple was enabled to reach Richard's ranch under the protective darkness of the night. And for a few days that flew like hours they were the sole inhabitants of a little world created for, and belonging to, them alone. Of course, it wasn't to be expected that such bliss might be uninterrupted for long. The presence of Dix at the studios means too much to the producers, and those strange creatures known as stockholders. Dix pictures are money pictures. And money makes the movies go, as well as the mare. So it wasn't long before the star was called to resume the rôle of romance which he had been portraying so well with a real heroine.

You remember, Winifred is a fan—not an actress. She didn't know the business of movie-making from the inside. She was familiar only with the finished product in which her Richard galloped to the rescue while thousands, on and off the screen, cheered. But she began to learn a little. And now she knows that those thrilling scenes require almost a daybreak departure for her husband—and that she may not see him again until long after curfew time.

Rich, himself, tells what she said after four days of loneliness from six in the morning to ten at night:

"Honey, what do you get out of life? Is it worth while?"

That, says friend husband, is the only murmur Winifred has voiced. The only complaint about this strange, new life of the movies that seizes her man and gives him to the millions of other women who await him on the screen.

Rich might have answered her question. He might have said that the movies are his life. And that he loves them, as he does. And, after all, though they do take a toll from any man, they pay for what they take in coin of the realm. Of course, Winifred could have answered that the Government allows only temporary possession of that wealth. To which Rich, recently nicked for $124,000, besides Wall Street's cut, might have been forced to agree. But what he probably did was to take her in his arms and laugh that his lateness for dinner wouldn't happen again.

How Rich Has Changed

IT'S a little difficult to identify Winifred Coe's husband as rootin', tootin' Rich, the coast-to-coast kid, who, between pictures, was one of Broadway's most dashing blades, Park Avenue's pal, Galahad of the gay spots. He's very full of conversation about his wife. It's "my wife" and "Mrs. Dix." And dialogue is interrupted for kisses and interspersed with "honey." It's all kind o' idyllic. But it makes the old gang twist their hats and mutter about having an engagement.

"I'd have been married five years ago, if I'd had my way!"

Imagine that from Rich, the bachelor. Ah, the traitor!

"I'm the happiest man alive—and the luckiest!"

That's Rich, the roisterer, talking. Such perfidy!

"I wouldn't be single for worlds!"

Ah, me, Rich will never be himself again! He's a man in love. A happily married man. And he's lost forever to the Gay Companions.

"Whom do I see most? Why, my wife, of course!"

And in many little places on a host of side-streets, strong men gather behind grilled doors, beat their foreheads against mahogany, tap their feet against brass rails, and weep into their bitter tea with memories of Adventure and Richard Dix.

But if they could see the new Rich, if they could sense the happiness he has found, and that he is giving, there's nary a man among 'em who wouldn't trade what Dix has given for what he has won.

And, somehow, it seems that there's even greater joy just beyond the horizon for both these charming people. Whisper it lowly, whisper it softly. But when a fellow like Rich and a girl like Winifred get all sentimental over other folks' babies—well—you can guess the heights of happiness attainable for them in their own.

They're Married for Keeps

FOR, mind you, this marriage is not one of the so-called "modern" sort. This couple will welcome those responsibilities necessary to the establishment of an actual home, an actual family, an actual marriage. They'll be more than the casual "good pals" who play at matrimony.

Winifred doesn't hint about babies. She wants 'em. And she says so, directly, candidly, earnestly. She's a home girl. And she wants to make a home. Children are part of her scheme. And they are part of Rich's, too. Not one. Not two. Several. All that can be cared for. In this, as in all else, their ideas agree. They are utterly compatible.

Yet, never will motherhood be "smotherhood" for Winifred. Neither of them is ready to settle down—in the carpet-slipper sense. "I've never lived till now," says Rich. And that sweet smile of Winifred's echoes the conviction more plainly than any spoken eloquence. One knows she is all Rich claims for her—understanding, tolerant, a lover of simple things in life, a devotée of the home, one who can share his interest in things. Things such as their dog, "Flirt," and her pups, "Gloria," "Pola," "Greta" and "Norma," over whose antics they can laugh together.

When, in "Cimarron," Rich, as the memorable *Yancey Cravat*, referred to the picture's heroine as the perfect wife, the perfect mother—he must have had Winifred in mind. For she is just that. All of that. And more besides.

As a Dix fan, perhaps you'd like to hear that she regards "The Lost Squadron" as her husband's finest picture. In it, she says, he plays himself. So all you other girls, who are anxious to see the sort of fellow Rich is off-screen, may take Winifred's word for it, that he's just as you see him in his latest film. Which, perhaps, is one reason why Winifred loves him.

This was the picture that called Rich back to work after their brief honeymoon. When he finished it, the couple stole East and hid out in New York. But the "second honeymoon" also was brief. He had to get back for "Roar of the Dragon."

With these honeymoons interrupted by work, another, perhaps in Europe, is being planned. There's a clause in Rich's contract of which he has never availed himself. It calls for ten weeks' rest in every year. Hereafter it's pretty safe to say that the privilege will be exercised.

But a ten-week honeymoon won't be sufficient for this pair. Nor will one lasting ten years. For the light of their honeymoon will illumine the path they tread through all the years. Their children, and their children's children, too, will know the warmth and love of its rays. Forever.

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"The check, please," said the husband airily.

"Check?" echoed the waiter. "There is no check. Don't you know that Mr. Case plays host to everyone in the hotel on Christmas Eve? You ought to see the dinner *some* of the guests are eating tonight."

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How Hollywood Protects Its Children from Kidnapers!

(Continued from page 32)

unnerved. At any rate, they broke and ran after a few wild moments. Gwen has gone to school with an armed guard for years.

Joan's Voluntary "Protector"

SEVERAL months ago, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford had an unpleasant experience in the kidnaping cycle. A man made his appearance at their home one morning for the avowed purpose of warning them of an abduction plot. He claimed that he had become embroiled with a gang of Texas crooks who were planning to seize Joan and Doug and hold them for ransom. He said the scheme did not appeal to him and he had therefore taken the first opportunity to warn the intended victims.

While he told his strange story to Doug, Joan slipped out of the room and telephoned the police. It was her idea that the fellow had fancied the whole affair in the hopes of obtaining money from the grateful couple he warned. She informed him that the police were on the way, expecting him to beat an immediate retreat. Much to her amazement, he stayed.

He was taken to headquarters for further questioning and Joan and Doug thought themselves rid of him. A day or so later, he again appeared. This time he definitely asked for money. According to his story, during the period he was detained by the police, his gang had suspected a double-cross and, in retaliation, had stolen everything he owned from his rooms. He had hopes of obtaining funds enough to replace his belongings. He became a bit nasty when the request was refused.

This stunt of reversing the angle on kidnaping demands was also experienced by Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. A taxi-driver appeared at the Bannister house suffering from a gun-shot wound through the fleshy part of his leg. He told of four men hiring his cab and attempting to enlist his services in abducting their small daughter. When he protested, he said, they shot him.

In checking the taxi-driver's story, the police found several discrepancies. Further examination revealed powder burns on his trousers and led to the conclusion that his far-from-dangerous wound was self-inflicted. The Bannisters, however, have had so many other more serious scares that they have done everything in their power to protect their child. Just a few weeks before the Lindbergh kidnaping, they were threatened again. Like Pickfair, their home is a veritable fortress on a hill, almost inaccessible. No precaution has been overlooked. The family bedrooms face on a sheer precipice. Ann vows that no more photographs of Jane will be taken for publication.

Gloria's Two Not Photographed

A CLOSE friend of Gloria Swanson recently said that Gloria's attempts to surround her two children with mystery was dictated more by her fear of kidnapers than her desire to shield them from publicity. They are now in secluded schools in Switzerland. Can her feelings in the matter be shared by Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Nancy Carroll, Nils Asther, Joe E. Brown, Reginald Denny, Norma Shearer, John Boles, Clive Brook, Chester Morris, Joan Bennett, Will Rogers, Olga Baclanova, Bert Wheeler and others, whose babies are seldom or never photographed?

A man was arrested in San Francisco last winter for threatening Bebe Daniels. He was found to be a victim of shell shock, not a gangster—but since then Ben Lyon has seen that his wife is constantly guarded. Moreover, when they left Hollywood on their recent vaudeville tour, they took all precautions for the safeguarding of their



This gives you an idea of the residential district of Beverly Hills—where all the stars live when they become wealthy. It is one of the best-policed towns in the world, but many stars have their own private guards, too

infant daughter, Barbara Bebe, while they were away. Even so, while playing in Washington, D. C., the Lyons received demands for money under threat that their baby would be kidnaped. They turned them over to the police, who already had similar letters addressed to prominent Washington parents, including Mrs. Alice Longworth. President Hoover's grandchildren, who live in California, are guarded by Secret Service agents.

Following the Lindbergh case, executive orders were issued in at least two studios, prohibiting the publicity departments from releasing pictures of the stars' children or in any way commenting upon the subject of kidnaping. Specific mention of professional kiddies playing in the movies was toned down as much as possible. Most of the famous child actors, from Jackie Cooper down, have bodyguards.

No Star Is Immune

TERROR swept so many homes in Hollywood that the town was literally in a frenzy. If kidnapers dared to take "the most famous baby in the world," they dared strike anywhere. Hysteria and temperament are closely akin and Hollywood is noted for temperament. Anxious mothers recalled the stories that have been told here and others too numerous to be included. A mere listing of the film personalities who have been threatened at one time or another would be a roster of the motion picture industry.

No one is immune. From Bobby Coogan to John Gilbert, the list has been conned by cranks and potential kidnapers. Even the actors noted as two-fisted scrappers on and off-screen have had their share of threats. Gary Cooper once repelled an attempt to "take him for a ride" with a resistance as typically Western as any rôle he has ever played. Ten thousand dollars were demanded of him and when two men called to get the money "or else," Gary chased them off his property, brandishing a six-shooter in each hand.

Hollywood's defensive tactics must be good, for no abduction plot against it has ever been successful. In times of stress, vigilance is redoubled. But at any time, protective measures are twice as stringent as in the average community. Beverly Hills, where most film players live, is the best-policed town in the world. Forty officers guard its four square miles. When a picture star is absent from home, a policeman calls every few hours at his home to see that no intruders have entered.



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Was Greta Nissen the Secret Bride of Weldon Heyburn?

(*Continued from page 58*)

whelming odds? Was she trying to keep this romance—and purported marriage—locked close to her heart? A normal enough desire, certainly, for a person of Greta's innate reserve and delicacy. But a pathetic, hopeless intention in the face of Hollywood's stubborn interest and inquisitiveness. When Hollywood wants to know something, a bludgeon applied smartly to the civic skull is the only thing that will discourage its curiosity. And since the fragile Greta is ill-constituted for the wielding of bludgeons, her privacy has been invaded.

"I am afraid of the printed word. I've seen the terrible things it does to happiness here in Hollywood. Even to me, it has already done things. Twice before, I've been interested in certain people, but as soon as the papers began reporting my 'engagement,' the interest lost all its charm, its *personal* meaning.

"I've always felt that anything having to do with me, and me alone, should be my own property. Certainly nothing could be more intimate, more personal, than love. Therefore I just can't make public conversation of it. I think that in giving it out, as it were, you leave yourself empty.

"It is—it is so *nice* as it is now. I can't bear to have it changed."

Asked if the rumored marriage had taken place, she answered,

"Forgive me, but I don't want to commit myself. Please don't ask me."

Again, "Opposites Attract"

PERHAPS one reason for Hollywood's persistent interest in this particular romance is its seeming incongruity. The attraction of opposites has never been more graphically illustrated.

Greta is the fragile, proudly unbending Norse (not Swedish) maiden, who was "the lonely Scandinavian" long before Garbo was called that. Greta is a product of European culture, reserved, aloof from Hollywood social routine, immersed in books, music, painting, all the arts. And Weldon Heyburn is an ex-football star of his Alabama college, Broadway leading man, occupying his leisure with polo and golf, parties, cafés, all the customary diversions of the gay, not especially profound, young American.

What brought these two together? It is sheer captiousness to go probing into the magnificent illogic of love. East is East, and West is West, and often the twain *do* meet.

Consider, then, Greta Nissen. Such white and gold and sapphire loveliness is found only in princesses of Northland fairy tales. It is not modern beauty. It is not even medieval. It is only in folklore, in fairy tale, that ladies have skin as white as milk and transparent as moonlight, soft lips like rose petals, eyes like blue skies, hair like glimmering gold. It's all absurd, of course. Yet just such simple, Hans Andersen similes are the only ones applicable to Greta.

And the adventure of this tale, the adventure that befell this gold-and-white princess of the North, whose Queen bestowed favors upon her and whose little dancing feet were known the length and breadth of the land—the curious adventure that befell her was that she came to a place called Hollywood and fell in love with a brawny young man who had long forgotten that fairy tales, and the princesses therein, existed. . . .

Born in Oslo, Norway, of gentle and cultured parents, Grethe Ruzt-Nissen was dedicated to art from early childhood. At the Royal Opera House in Copenhagen, she studied music, dancing, singing, the drama. At six, she appeared professionally in the Royal Opera, as a cherub in the ballet.

Norway's gracious Queen, attending that performance, noted with pleasure the little "angel"—the miniature model of gold-and-white Norse beauty—dancing rapturously on twinkling toes. The Queen, aware of the small acolyte's talent, made her a royal protégée. Under the Queen's patronage, Grethe studied with the most famous teachers in Europe, including Fokine.

Graduated from apprenticeship, she gave recitals at the National Theatre in Oslo, made a successful tour of Europe, played in the legitimate theatre in Copenhagen. Then was brought to America to dance the ballet in "Beggar on Horseback."

Along with that moment when Maude Adams, as *Peter Pan*, implored the audience to say they believed in fairies so that *Tinker Bell* might live; that moment when John Barrymore laid *Hamlet's* torn, angry soul bare in the Soliloquy; that moment when Katharine Cornell in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" hears, with prophetic ecstasy, the footsteps of *Robert Browning* on the stairs for the first time—along with those events in theatrical history, New York remembers that brief, breathless interlude when Grethe Nissen, in the ballet of "Beggar on Horseback," floated like an enchantment into the spotlight, her gold-and-white grace transcending reality and evoking the gossamer of fairy tales.

Newspaper files reveal, in reviews of "Beggar on Horseback," astounding excitement in customarily stony critics. People returned to the theatre again and again to see this girl dance. In that performance, only a flash in the play, the essence of her talent and background and training were brought to a focal point. She was a young Norse girl, lavishing all the fervor of her adolescence in the temple of Art; sheltered by her family; loved by her Queen; schooled in all the graces and accomplishments that are neglected in our brash, modern times; approaching young womanhood a lyric poem of femininity and delicate artistry.

No Hollywood Social-Climber

IN HOLLYWOOD—for, of course, the movies snatched her up immediately after her New York début—the only concession she made to her new, alien environment was in her name, now Greta Nissen. Otherwise, she lived and was as before. She did not go to premières or cafés. She stayed at home with her gentle-voiced mother. She read books that Hollywood had never heard of. She painted charming, decorative studies. She modeled imaginative little figurines of clay. She sat long hours at the piano, playing strange, ancient melodies of her country. She conversed, subtly and learnedly, with the few people she found who shared her tastes.

Hollywood, inevitably, pronounced such judgments as "High-hat," "high-brow," "crazy"—all the usual condemnations that spring to its tongue when anything is beyond its not very flexible comprehension. At the same time, stories were written about her "loneliness," her too-sheltered life, her immersion in things of the intellect, her isolation from the "gaiety" of the picture colony.

But her mode of living was different, that was all. She was living as she wished, as instinct and cultural background prompted her. That talent for graceful living was as integral a part of her childhood training as were the ballet lessons—for values are dif-

ferent in an old country and life, itself, receives as much thought as a career.

After an absence on the stage perfecting her English, Greta Nissen returned to Hollywood about a year ago to fulfill a Fox contract.

Greta Tells How They Met

THIS, then, was the lady to whom Weldon Heyburn was introduced on the set of "The Silent Witness." The lady whom he was to choke to death during the course of the picture. The lady whom he was to marry in real life.

Greta, forgetting her belief that one's reactions to romance should be kept to oneself, laughs in gentle amusement at the beginning of that courtship.

"Just before the picture started, a newspaper writer did a story on 'What Foreign Actresses Think of American Men.' When she asked me, I said they were very nice for friends, but there was nothing romantic about them and I could never be deeply interested in one. How little we know about ourselves and what statements we make!

"Anyway, the statement appeared in the story and when Mr. Heyburn was introduced to me that first day on the set, he was thinking to himself: 'So that's the way she feels about us! Well, I'm going to change her mind.' He tells me now he was afraid to ask me to dinner or the theatre. But he looked up all our mutual friends and begged them to keep referring to him in conversation. Always, of course, in the most glowing terms.

"After two or three weeks of hearing what a remarkable person this Don Heyburn was, my interest was piqued. And feeling that the campaign was advanced enough for him to step in personally, he asked me to dine with him. But when he came for me, I could find no traces of this amazing human I had heard about. At the last moment, before ringing my doorbell, he had realized that his fine plan would surely betray him, that he must now live up to those wonderful reports.

Nothing In Common? Pooh-Pooh!

"SO I went to dinner and the theatre with a young man so embarrassed he could hardly say a word, so shy that he nearly bolted whenever I caught him gazing at me. He was such a humble, polite, uneasy little boy. Which was new for me, and refreshing."

Refreshing, too, Greta finds Heyburn's tastes.

"To all appearances, we have not one thing in common. But it seems to matter very little. Then, too, I have always had a taste for sports—riding and swimming and things like that—but the people I have known never gave them much time. Now I am learning to play golf. I am even learning to play polo. And I love it."

All Hollywood, all studio and local social demands, were unable to change Nissen's manner of life. But, in a few swift weeks, love has wrought a metamorphosis in her. Heyburn, naturally a convivial soul, likes to go to parties. So Greta goes to parties with him. They go to cafés, to theatres. Her fair skin is warmed pink by long hours in the sun—on the links, the bridle-path, the tennis-court.

Heyburn, a well-known leading man in the theatre, was recently brought West on a Fox contract. He slightly resembles Clark Gable in appearance—tall, dark, broad-shouldered, athletic, forthright. A sports enthusiast, he talks briskly of golf, polo, football, prizefights, or of Times Square and Hollywood Boulevard.

Hollywood has been puzzled, foolishly puzzled by the question: "Are they married, or not?" It should have been sufficient that the reserved, cultured protégée of Norway's Queen and the handsome, gay young sportsman are in love.

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 10*)

1. The famous crooner, Rudy Vallee, and his wife, the former Fay Webb, motion picture player, bought the beautiful home in fashionable Beverly Hills, Calif. It is one of the show places of Beverly Hills.

2. Joan Bennett, film actress, and Gene Markey, film writer, were married on that date. Constance Bennett, her sister, who is also a movie star, was Joan's attendant. This was Gene Markey's first marriage and Joan's second. She was formerly the wife of John Marion Fox, a Seattle broker.

3. Betty Bronson, who won fame as the original *Peter Pan* of the screen, became the bride of Ludwig Lauerhaus, of Asheville, N. C., on March 16th, in Santa Barbara, Calif.

4. Fay Marbe settled her suit for $100,000, against the Prudence Pictures Corporation for alleged breach of contract, out of court for the small amount of $6,000.

5. Ann Harding and her actor-husband, Harry Bannister, both sent out announcements which revealed they would obtain a divorce before the difference of their positions in the motion picture world could destroy their love. Bannister expects to return to New York, where he hopes to attain success anew on the stage.

6. Marjorie Rambeau, who retired from the screen last November when she married Francis A. Gudger, her third husband, has been ordered to pay Mrs. Mabel Manton $40,000 for alienating the affection of her husband, Kevitt Manton, an actor, now dead.

7. Gladys Freeman, known on the stage as Julie Carter, filed two suits totaling $250,000 against Leslie Fenton, when she learned he had married Ann Dvorak, motion picture player. Miss Freeman's suits ask damages for breach of promise and betrayal.

8. William Wallace Reid, who is the picture of his father, the late Wallace Reid, recently had a screen test made and may soon sign a contract with one of the large producing companies.

9. Tom Gallery and Madge Evans are often seen together and the gossipy know-it-alls of the movie city seem to think that when his divorce from Zasu becomes final, they will hear more of Tom's romance with Madge.

10. Estelle Taylor, former wife of Jack Dempsey, filed a suit for $150,000. against Frank Joyce, theatrical agent, in whose car she was riding and Noel L. Scott, the chauffeur, who, she says, was intoxicated and had fallen asleep when the car crashed. The injuries she sustained were a lacerated scalp, a spine injury and other hurts when the auto struck a tree on Christmas Day.

11. When Wayne King, popular Chicago dance orchestra leader, married Dorothy Janis, motion picture actress, he had to pay that amount to a friend with whom he had made a wager that he wouldn't be married until 1940.

12. Claire Windsor, a film star, although she had done little or no picture work for about three years, was sued for $100,000 by Mrs. Marion T. Read, for alienating the affections of her husband, Alfred C. Read, a broker. Claire, who is the divorced wife of Bert Lytell, stage and screen actor, said the suit came as a shock to her.

13. Tiffany & Co., jewelers of Fifth Ave., New York, has been granted an injunction against the use of its name by the film company, Tiffany Productions, Inc. The jewelry firm testified that the movie company, besides using its name, was showing a large sparkling gem on the screen as its trade mark and in other ways intimating that the two companies were allied.

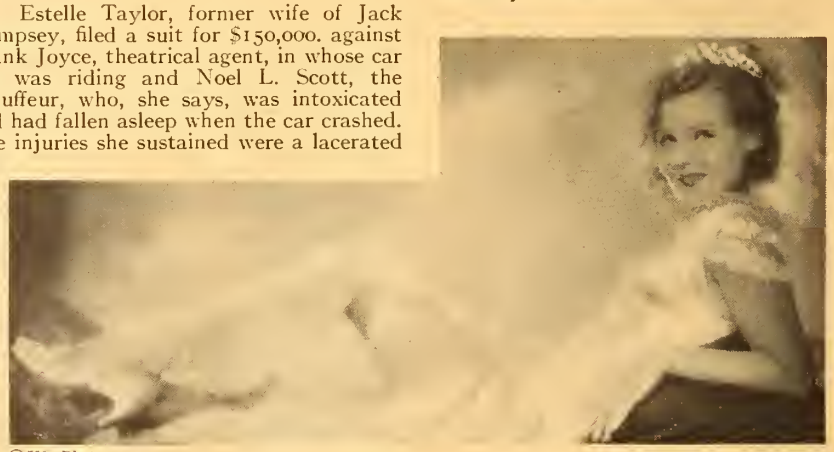
14. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is planning to revive "The Big Parade" and Clark Gable and Wallace Beery, two of the studios biggest bets, have been named for the featured rôles.

15. Sidney Fox is seen with Jean Negulesco, the artist, so much that Hollywood rumors insist it is a big romance and that they are engaged, but Sidney and Jean admit nothing.

16. Tallulah Bankhead termed the report that she and Joel McCrea, handsome and romantic screen hero, were going to be married "ridiculous" and said that she had met him only once since she arrived in Hollywood.

17. Fredric March became Mary Astor's "friend in need," when he came to her rescue by posting a $5,000 bond after Mary's salary was attached by commission agents.

18. Withdrawal by Mrs. Riza von Sternberg, former wife of director Josef von Sternberg, of her suits against Marlene Dietrich, charging libel and alienation of affections, cleared the star of the charges. Mrs. von Sternberg accepted a settlement out of court after it was proved that the libel statements supposed to have been made by Marlene were fabrications.



©Ufa Photo

She looks a bit like Garbo, but she's livelier—and her specialties are singing and dancing. Her name is Lilian Harvey, and you'll want to know more about her after seeing "The Congress Dances," sensational German film just released in this country



If you're good at figures, you'll discover that the circumference of this happy little circle is exactly twenty-four feet, with not an inch to spare. The girls, every one a beauty, were rounded up for some dances in "Night World"

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 85*)

MET Helen Ferguson, pretty widow of the late William Russell, at Mildred Davis Lloyd's the other day, and, of course, forgot what her new married name is. "Never mind!" said Helen, "my husband forgets himself! At the wedding reception he introduced me to all the guests as 'Mrs. Russell'—and we've been married a year and a half!" She is now Mrs. Richard Hargreaves and lives in an enormous house atop one of the Beverly Hills.

BY the way, Helen told us something curious. When Bill died, she lost sixteen pounds in one day and has never been able to get it back! She happened to have weighed herself the morning the news of his sudden death reached her. She took a train and spent the day pacing up and down the corridors. Whenever she passed the mirror in the door she says *she could see the flesh leaving her face visibly.* And when she arrived in Hollywood she weighed herself and she had lost sixteen pounds in twelve hours!

THE studio publicity wits are working hard these days. Here is one I found in this morning's mail. "June Clyde," it reads, "keeps a couple of hundred dogs of all breeds in her small apartment living room, on the shelves of her bookcase." Yes, they are china dogs. "There is one disadvantage," June explained, between shots of "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood" (there's the publicity catch!), "they're too fragile to be house-broken!" Really, now!

THE other day a young gentleman wandered into the office of a publicity man on the Metro lot and spoke hesitantly, almost apologetically. "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" responded the publicity man, wondering how the insurance salesman got by the gate.

"My name is Holmes," proffered the youth.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes—what can I do for you?" inquired the publicity man.

The young man squirmed visibly. "Well, you see, I'm working on the lot in 'Night Court,' and I thought maybe you might like to take some portraits of me," said he finally.

These studios are so self-centered that they see only their own pictures and the publicity man had never seen Phillip Holmes on the screen!

HOW do they ever get a picture made, we wonder? There was Director William Wellman overseeing a scene in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s new picture. He was on a rocking horse ("The Roan Stallion," murmured Doug, naughtily), and ending every scene with a yell of "Whoa! Whoa!" When they run the rushes in the projection room, won't the executives be startled!

GOSSIP from Palm Springs in the desert: Jack Oakie is vacationing at the El Mirador now and seems to find a turtle-neck sweater (ah, Mr. Gable!) so comfortable that he wears it all day and at all meals, even for the dinner dance Saturday night. Jack Hearst has been here three weeks now with a very swagger low-built Mercedes. The last week-end we had Clarence Brown, who flew down and joined Dorothy Burgess. Clarence never takes his dark goggles off except when eating, and looks as if he is doing a Garbo. He discussed aviation most of the time at the swimming pool with Paul Lukas, who flies his own machine. Mrs. Lukas was very active in the pool, and, unlike the majority of mermaids, she wore a plain grey-knitted bathing suit. Ira Hill, famous New York photographer, walked around taking snapshots of the celebrities. Edgar Allen Woolf was also there, no doubt dodging the bold kidnapers of the big city.

(*Continued on page 95*)



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Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

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Nosing into Stardom—That's Jimmy Durante

(*Continued from page 62*)

snares a mail sack onna old horn. An' nen this bizness o' boids thinkin' itsa poich. An' my han'erchief bill durin' colds is terrifick. When I gets a cold inna nose, boy, I'm *sick!*

"An' a course there's what it's done for me in the picher bizness. Would I be playin' on the same lot wit' Greta Garbo wit'out thisa schnozzle?

"An' wot a bizness thisa is! It'sa show game o' the time, an' no mistake. The theatre's dyin' on its feet; cafés an' night-clubs are onna rocks; aside from the Palace in Noo Yawk, dere jus' ain't any vaudeville any more. Pichers is the gag—an' don't let any mug tells yuh diff'rent. I should turns up my nose atta movies!

"Yuh hears a lotta actors tellin' each other how dey misses 'at old applause, all 'at old hooey. But how abouta times dey wasn' any applause? How'd dey feels then? How yuh suppose the Marx Brothers feels a playin' a Palace this las' time? Gettin' ten grand a week, but not gettin' over. After each performance, another one o' 'em would die. Dey likes pichers better now. So does anybody who can see further 'n' the enda his nose.

"It's all new an' innerestin' ta me, an' I sticks my nose inta everything these twenty years I puts inta ennertainin' wit' never a miss—shows, clubs, vaudeville—everything. Thisa last New Year's is a foist in all 'at time I isn't woikin'. I actually is a guest, thisa time! An' Jeez, I goes down at Palm Springs, an' I gets so lonesome I gets up an' does a number wit'out anybody astin' me!

Almost Became a Cop

"IT'SA been a long time since I does a number wit'out bein' ast. A course at foist I useta alla time. All anybody hassa say is 'Boo!'—an' dere is old man Durante's kid, whackin' the ivories an' puttin' outta number.

"Foist, I wants ta go onna cops, like my brother, Albert. I useta hangs aroun' the cop-house a lot; I likes a uniform an' the excite-a-ment. I guess I gotta nose for news. But after I sees Albert gone over a coupla times by da boys down dere onna East Side, I says, 'ta hell wit' it!'

"Wot I really likes to do is harmonize. Alla time wit' a boys aroun' a barber-shop an' the pool-rooms an' the cigar-stands down dere onna avenoo. Some o' them Irish kids has some good tenors, too, an' pretty soon weez gettin' all our beer free inna Bowery saloons, pickin' up a li'l jack onna side, singin' troo our noses.

"But pretty soon 'em Mike tenors begin ta gets in my hair (I has more o' it then) an' I starts out for myself, gettin' my own beer an' nickels. From them knock-down-an'-drag-out jernts onna Bowery, I goes over ta Brooklyn. Inna Flatbush dey calls their spots *parlors*—an' dey is kinda sissy—no 'mickey finns' an' only once a while a skull busts in a li'l back talk. Pretty soon I gets so 'feminate I'm a woikin' choich socials an' lodge benefits. Jeez!

"I dunno what mighta hap'n if I had'n' meets up wit' Lou Clayton. He wuzza only guy I ever sees 'at has a bigger schnozzle 'an me. I never meets thisa Cyrano boid, but I matches old Lou ups wit' him any day. Anyway, pretty soon we getsa holda Eddie Jackson—an' at wassa starta Clayton, Jackson an' Durante.

"'N' we really ups ta the big league an' socks it for a big-time goal. We makes 'em pay troo the nose, too. Dey goes for us great in vaudeville, an' nen we repeats in a musical, 'Show Girl.' Nex' we slays 'em inna 'New Yorkers,' an' nen a movie, 'Roadhouse Nights.' The picher ain't so hot, even though we has Helen Morgan in it wit' us. Alla time, too, weez woikin' in our own club, but weez not doin' so well. I wuz okayin' too many cold checks, an' we hasta fold.

"Show bizness wasn' much better. We takes it onna nose alla time. A piece either makes a hit on a foist bounce, or flops. Dey gets ta callin' Times Square the Island o' Frozen Faces. Alla actors wuz around feelin' the wind troo the holes in their pants. Even the boys in fronta the Palace, where all vaudevilluns hangs out, sorta stops tellin' each other how dey slays the house the las' time dey woiks. The chance ta comes ta Hollywood looks like a straight tip from the old feed-box, an' believe me I didn' turns my nose ups at it!

"An' it ain't woiks out bad, either. The picher wit' Billy Haines gets me away high, wide an' han'some, an' 'The Cuban Love Song' an' 'The Passionate Plumber'—dey's okay, too. Now 'The Wet Parade' looks even better, 'cause in it I goes dramatick. An' boy, am I drama-tick! I loves it! The only thing I misses is a Lou an' Eddie. Dey ain't doin' nothin' in Noo Yawk now, either. Nobody is—much. The play's all outta here. 'At's as plain as a nose on yer face—or mine, either.

"An' I wantsa stay here. So far they seems ta like me. I'm doin' a same comedy I always does—but for pichers dey tells me it's gotta 'fresh note.' A course yuh never can be sure wot 'at old debbil public wants, or for how long. Personally, I thinks dey wants laughs, an' natchralizm—an' 'at's what I tries an' gives 'em.

Wot's Wrong with Movies

"NOTTA stick my nose inner other folks' bizness, but I gets it figured 'at all these muzzlers tryin' to act something dey ain't is wotsa matter with pichers ta-day. Ex-night-club broads tryin' a swell aroun' an' make people thinks dey is ladies! An' these old-time chorus boys wit' their come-an-'go English accents—Jeez! The public don't goes for 'at old tripe. Dey knows those people is doin' things 'at ain't natchral to 'em, 'at ain't real. An' besides, wot dey cares about lookin' at sussiety, anyway? Dey wanta sees people doin' things dey can feel 'n' unnerstan' 'cause it's like their own lives. Looka the way dey goes fer Jimmy Dunn—an' why? 'Cause Jimmy is one a the crowd, 'at's why.

"Hones', I don't figures outta lotta these things, but I do dopes it out 'at 'at's jus' wot's wrong wit' the woild ta-day—an' always has been. Not enough laughs. We takes ourselves too ser'ous—an' why should we, 'cause after all ain't life justa bowla cherries?

"Thisa *Schnozzle de Bergerac*, for ins'ance moanin' aroun', worrin' about his smeller—whyn't he laughs it off, turns it into a asset like I does? Wot say, yuh think I ever lets it get me down 'cause I ain't born no Barrymore? I says not! Alla guy needs in this woild is conference an' he can go anywheres, pan er no pan; like dey says atta race-track—he wins by a nose!

"I always has plenty conference—has ta have plenty, I guess— but it sure woiks out alla right for me. I'm no shrinkin' violet now—butta give yuh an idea wot I was: 'Way back there in Noo Yawk, Jack Barrymore gives me a look one day inna Lambs bar. 'Yuh oughta playa *Hamlet*, Jimmy,' says him. 'Hell,' says me, 'Noo Yawk's good enough for me.'"

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 93*)

You know he has been threatened. Wheeler and Woolsey are with us, this time as a team; before this they came separately.

MEET Miss Patricia O'Brien—until last month Mrs. Eloise Taylor O'Brien, wife of Pat. When pretty Mrs. Pat decided that with all the nice things people were saying about her looks (comparing her to Evelyn Brent and Leatrice Joy and all those bee-youtiful actresses) she might as well go into pictures and make some money too, the question of a name came up. She couldn't call herself "Eloise Taylor" as it was too much like "Estelle Taylor," so she just feminized her famous husband's front name and there she was. And a nice compliment to Pat, I calls it!

ANN LEHR thought that she was through with the screen when her daughter, Ann, was born. When Ann grew up and became a movie actress, herself (Ann Dvorak), her mother settled down to being just "Mrs. Pearson," but now that Ann has run away and married Leslie Fenton, Mrs. Pearson may become "Ann Lehr" again and go back to the screen.

RONALD COLMAN came back from his jaunt around the world to find a heap of unopened Christmas packages. "What would you do," asks Ronnie in British dismay, "if fans whom you didn't know sent you expensive gifts?" Anyhow he wants us to extend them belated thanks through our columns for his Christmas presents opened in April!

ANN HARDING has saved every cent of her salary and salted it away in good safe government bonds, while the Harding-Bannister family managed to get along somehow on Harry's earnings. There's a woman who hasn't let Hollywood stampede her. Even when she was first made a movie star, she and her husband economized to pay every cent in cash for their home (the only house without a mortgage, they say, in Southern California!) and at one time she had only five gowns on her closet hangers!

PRETTY little Polly Walters left First National with a return ticket to New York City in her hand. It seems when the studios bring on a girl from Broadway, they guarantee to return her to the same place when they are through with her. Polly, however, didn't want to go back. She wanted to stay and try her luck with some other studio. A friend tipped her off. Why not cash in her return ticket and use the proceeds to pay for two weeks more of Hollywood? But at the station they told her there was a catch to it. "Your return ticket isn't even paid for," they explained, "until you step off the train in New York!"

JOAN CRAWFORD was wearing a gorgeous, but extremely fragile gown on the set the other day. And everywhere Joan went she was followed by a maid patiently carrying a sleeve board and an electric iron. Whenever the chance came, the maid would plug in the iron on some wall socket, slip the board up under Joan's gown and iron out the wrinkles, until Joan showed her an easier way. When we left, the maid had discarded the board and was ironing the gown on Joan herself, right where gowns get the worst wrinkles.

ANN ALVARADO, pretty wife of Don, is about to get a divorce and marry an important Fox executive, so gossip says. And after the divorce and marriage she will go into pictures on her own hook.

JANET GAYNOR has rebelled! After "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" had been heavily advertised, listing her in the title rôle, with Charles Farrell opposite, Janet put down her dainty foot—and Marian Nixon got the part. Janet, it seems, didn't care for the rôle (once played by

ONE BEAUTY CATCHES ANOTHER



Bette Davis can do something besides act ("and she certainly can do that," says George Arliss, among others). Here, for instance, is a fifteen-pound trout that succumbed to Bette's wiles recently at Del Monte

See! How easy to REMOVE HAIR this new way

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"Now—I can stand the Public Gaze." Can you?

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Delatone Cream makes it easier to remove superfluous hair—takes only 2 to 3 minutes. Used on arms, underarms and legs, it leaves skin hair-free, soft and smooth. Delatone is the quality depilatory. Pleasant to use. Economical because you spread it thinner. Avoid substitutes — ask for and insist on having

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Two Newlyweds In One Picture



The gentleman in the case is Donald Cook, who is now the husband of Evalyn Knapp, if you can believe the reporters. And the lady, of course, is Joan Bennett, the new Mrs. Gene Markey. "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" brings them together

Mary Pickford)—and was insistent on getting away from "sweet" rôles. And, since Janet had recently won a screen popularity poll in New York, the studio listened to reason. Her next will be "The First Year"—a comedy of the trials and tribulations of a young married couple. If he finishes "Sunnybrook Farm" in time, Charlie will play the young husband.

SO, in spite of the warnings of a prominent movie gossiper against the choice, Jean Harlow will play "The Red-Headed Woman"! Jean has returned from a vaudeville tour so successful that in one city they had to call out the police reserves to control the crowds about the theatre doors, and compel the theatre management to admit the public at nine fifteen in the morning for the two o'clock show. And yet they do say Ziegfeld didn't see Jean for his "Follies."

IS THERE a divorce ahead for the Buster Keatons (Natalie Talmadge)? After a recent family spat, Buster loaded the two youngsters, Joseph, 9, and Robert, 8, aboard a 'plane and headed for a ranch near Ensenada, Mexico. When Natalie realized what had happened, she had police hold the 'plane and its occupants at San Diego, where they had to stop for customs inspection. Buster promised to bring back the youngsters—by automobile, not 'plane. Both denied that there was any thought of divorce. But—

RENÉE ADORÉE, who has been in a sanitarium in Arizona these many moons, has finally been pronounced completely cured—and will soon be back on the screen. And to show you how glad Hollywood will be to have her back: Every studio in town has made her offers!

HOLLYWOOD'S newest newcomer is Anna Sten, from Germany, who will be Ronald Colman's leading lady in "The Brothers Karamazov." An actress in German films for several years, she won American attention in the recent Jannings picture, "Tempest"—and presto! came a bid from Samuel Goldwyn. Pola Negri, who became an American star, and Camilla Horn, who didn't, were likewise "discovered" when playing opposite Jannings in German films. Hollywood's wondering which Anna Sten will become—a Pola Negri or a Camilla Horn. Anna was born in Russia—which is one reason why Goldwyn figured she was the type for "Karamazov." She is married (to a Dr. Frenke) and her husband is accompanying her.

ANOTHER surprise of the month: Universal has taken over Paul Lukas' Paramount contract, and he will now be a Universal star, first appearing as such opposite Tala Birell in "Zeppelin," the "Grand Hotel" of the air, complete with rooms and bath.

The inside story, as reported from reliable sources, has it that a certain Paramount executive said that Lukas was a "ham" actor and that when his contract was up, he'd have to go back to Budapest for lack of work. And Lukas is said to have asked Paramount to tear up his contract, just so he could prove the exec was as mistaken as execs can sometimes be. The tempest seemed to die down—and then came the sudden announcement that Paul had gone over to Universal.

ARLETTA DUNCAN is the youngest of the new "nursery players" at Universal, being all of sixteen. But she has one advantage, she looks like a movie star. At a benefit performance the other day she gathered a crowd about her. People took one look at her poise and regal air and turned their backs on world-famous stars to ask her to autograph their programs.

ALICE WHITE is talking things over with Universal and another company or two, and Cy Bartlett, the ever-faithful boyfriend, is joining in the conversations. He's sticking by Alice, the way Rex Bell stayed

by Clara Bow—and some day, no doubt, Cy will get the gal to set a date for the wedding, as Rex did.

RUDOLPH SIEBER, director-husband of Marlene Dietrich, has hopped over from Paramount's Joinville (France) studio to pay his wife and daughter a brief visit. There is a well-authenticated rumor that kidnap threats against the little girl had him worried, and he came over to see if he couldn't persuade Marlene to let him take Maria back to Europe.

When he landed in New York, ship news reporters asked him if he thought there was any danger of his being called "Mr. Marlene Dietrich," as Harry Bannister had been called "Mr. Ann Harding." Rudolph didn't think so. In America, he suspected, people might think of him that way—but the fact didn't bother him; after all, he was in Europe most of the time, and in Europe, he was well known in his own right, as a director. So that's that.

IT'S NO more than a whisper to date, but there *is* a whisper that one of the recent much-ballyhooed screen discoveries may turn out to be another Carman Barnes. Carman, you remember, was the young authoress who was spotted in the story department of Paramount and hailed as "the next star" by the studio, which later discovered that the camera tests weren't as satisfactory as Carman in person. Carman quietly vanished, going on the stage. The exotic newcomer resembles Carman slightly—which may have given rise to the whispers.

A SOPHISTICATED star who avoids such obvious methods of seeking publicity as autographing photographs found herself neatly caught the other day. A fellow called and asked her for a picture, with an inscription—"very personal"—he could show to his friends. Indignantly she refused. Then she happened to visit the passport bureau, where the fellow worked. On his desk he had a photograph of the star, big as life, which he had had enlarged from her passport snapshot. It was as uncomplimentary as only such a picture can be, but when the star begged him to remove it, he said he didn't care to—unless, of course, she gave him another. She took the hint, and now the clever fellow has a brand new photo of his favorite star, with an inscription—"very personal."

KEEPS 'EM GUESSING



Who's Thelma Todd's boy-friend now? Some say, "Ivan Lebedeff." Others say, "Austin Parker." Thelma says nothing. That's why she's so popular



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HELEN TAKES THE TWINS FOR A STROLL



Okay, Walter Winchell—here's something you missed. Helen Twelvetrees and hubby Frank Woody, Jr., have just bought a new house, because they have two extra mouths to feed now. Here are the "chillun," getting some attention from Helen, who has just finished "State's Attorney"

PEG TALMADGE, spending the evening at the home of a friend, returned to her own house to discover twenty thousand dollars worth of furs, jewels and clothes stolen, among them a mink coat and a gold toilet table set.

MARLENE is to do a musical for Ernst Lubitsch this Fall—and it may not be a movie, but a Broadway venture. Lubitsch's not-so-secret ambition is to direct a stage musical comedy "that will pack the customers into the aisles." If things can be arranged, Chevalier will also be in the production. Maurice is willing (as you may have heard) to appear opposite Marlene at any time.

WHEN Johnny Weissmuller was "discovered" by director W. S. Van Dyke for "Tarzan, the Ape Man," the great swimmer was under contract to a well-known bathing suit company as a sales promoter. When the picture went over with a resounding bag, indicating that they had another big money-maker in Weissmuller, M-G-M tried to get him out of his previous contract. The bathing suit company said, "Yes—if he'll make a personal appearance tour first, boosting our suits." M-G-M had to agree—if they wanted Johnny. And how they wanted him! His next, when he gets back, will be a sequel to "Tarzan, the Ape Man."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, suspected of working up world-wide ballyhoo for "City Lights," is returning to Hollywood (at last) via the Orient. And with him is brother Sydney, which proves that if they ever did have a feud, it's forgotten now. Charlie is said to be planning to direct a talkie immediately after arriving—but he, himself, will not appear in it.

And where are Chaplin's two children—who are neither with him, nor with his former wife, Lita Grey Chaplin? They're living in France with Lilian Grey, their grandmother, and going to school there.

LUBITSCH and Ona Munson, who called off that wedding in March, are now making their friends wonder if they aren't planning a June wedding. Hearts in Hollywood are as changeable as movie titles.

ONE result of the depression that you probably haven't thought of before: Television, once "just around the corner" (like prosperity), will now be delayed indefinitely, so far as use by Hollywood is concerned. Studios can't afford the experiments.

IF YOU can believe all you hear from inside the studios, Howard Hughes is willing to auction off Billie Dove's long-term contract to the highest bidder. Sort of looks as if that particular romance were off for keeps.

DID Gary Cooper's mother go East to meet him on his return from his long holiday abroad? If true, as reported, Hollywood is convinced that "Mom" wanted to make sure that there wouldn't be any romantic meeting between her Gary and Lupe Velez. But in a restaurant one night, Lupe was dining on the floor level, while Gary was crossing his knife and fork on the upper level. And they didn't see one another! Not then, at any rate. But somewhere else, at some other time? Hollywood's laying bets that they did! Gary, by the way, came back from his trip up the Nile with fifty animal skins, five thousand feet of scenic film, several more pounds of weight and a regular Egyptian tan.

MARIAN MARSH has had the toughest luck of any girl in town lately. A long siege of influenza kept her out of two pictures: "Street of Women" and "Competition." Usually, when a player is "too ill" to play a part, the studio has changed its mind about wanting the player in the part. But that doesn't apply in Marian's case.

HOLLYWOOD says, "England's getting wise to itself." However that may be, English film magnates are angling after American film names. Jacqueline Logan, once a star over here, is now not only a star over there, but a director (or should we say directress?). Corinne Griffith, as aforementioned, is making her comeback in England. John Loder, who made his name in American pictures, has been lured back home. Adolphe Menjou has just finished a picture for an English company. Roland Young, who happens to be English, is scheduled to make a picture "back in blighty" shortly. British magnates have been trying to tempt Jean Harlow across the briny. Also Anita Louise. And Norma Talmadge. And Maureen O'Sullivan.

But England might retort to Hollywood: "Look at all the English stars in American pictures!"

WHEN Buddy Rogers was in the movies, his Dad was his business manager. And now that Buddy is one of the stars of Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha!" (in which Lupe Velez is a wow), is leading an orchestra at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, and is a radio entertainer, Dad may still be his son's b. m.—but he's taking things easy. By way of taking a vacation, he's prospecting for gold up in them thar California hills.

THE only other actor whose fame ever approached Valentino's is buried in another cemetery. The urn containing his ashes is near the entrance door and the niche above it is marked in huge letters. The idea seems to be that if this cemetery is good enough for celebrities such as he, it is good enough for *you*.

WIFE FLATTERS PAT



Ball

Eloise Taylor O'Brien is going on the screen, too—as Patricia O'Brien. Nice compliment to Pat, what?

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YOU'RE probably like that, too! Just *have* to have good-looking lingerie.

But the next time you don it—and cast a proud glance into the mirror—give your smile, your gums, your teeth—the once-over!

Is anybody ever going to say about *you:* "H'm. Pretty girl. When she keeps her *mouth* shut."

It's like this: you aren't attractive unless your teeth are brilliant and white. And good-looking teeth are absolutely dependent on the health and firmness of your gums.

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The soft foods of the present day and age don't *stimulate* your gums—give them enough work to do. And instead of staying firm and healthy, your gums gradually become flabby and weak-walled. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush".

And "pink tooth brush" is more serious than it sounds. It can dull the teeth—make them look "foggy." And it often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease and even the dread but far rarer pyorrhea. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

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F R E D R I C S Y L V I A

MARCH • SIDNEY



WHO could go to Hell quite so merrily, so charmingly, as FREDRIC MARCH? Here he plays, as no one else could, the brilliant, irresponsible playboy reporter who wins society's most sought-after heiress—but doesn't love her until he loses her! Perfect as he was in "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde", he shows his remarkable versatility in playing this gay, debonair, insouciant character so well.

ADRIANNE ALLEN
'SKEETS' GALLAGHER

Directed by Dorothy Arzner

THOUGH she tried her best to keep their marriage from going the way everyone predicted it would—he toyed with Love until he couldn't have it! The story was tremendously popular as a novel and newspaper serial under the title, "I Jerry, Take Thee Joan" by Cleo Lucas. As a Paramount Picture MERRILY WE GO TO HELL is not only "the best show in town"—it's one of the very best of the year! See it, by all means!



SYLVIA SIDNEY at last gets a chance to play a child of the rich—and appear in the gorgeous clothes she can wear so well. As the debutante darling of the "Four Hundred" she is simply exquisite, and her characterization excels anything she has ever done before.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y.

JUN 25 1932 ©CIB 158505

Motion Picture

JULY 1932

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-First Year
Volume XLIII, No. 6



CHEASLEY FIGURES OUT *BARBARA STANWYCK!*

No interviewer could reveal as much about the stars as Clifford W. Cheasley, the world-famous Numerologist. He tells you the inside story of their character, foretells their futures!

DON'T miss what he discloses about Marlene Dietrich on page 32 of *this* issue. Then watch for the August MOTION PICTURE and what he predicts for Barbara Stanwyck, the happy, scrappy girl!

He prophesies that Marlene, who has just been having some studio trouble, will see other changes in her life before the end of the summer. Wonder what Numerology will tell him (and you) about Barbara?

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS



Joan Marsh can come back with fast ones on the tennis court, too! No matter what she plays, the girl just naturally scores—as thousands of letter-writers tell her. She's now doing it in "Fancy Free"

$20.00 Letter

An Open Letter to Producers

PORTLAND, ORE.—So you've run out of plots, have you? You've taken your biggest box office stars and thrown them into tawdry pictures that aren't worth a blink of the eyelash.

Take, for instance, "Susan Lenox." I ask you—was that supposed to be a plot? Were Garbo and Gable really acting? Did they make you believe in them, make you live their lives, make you think they were really people? No! It was a long, slow, episodic, poorly directed, poorly photographed, poorly acted farce of unregenerate love. And did the public flock to see it! The magic of "Garbo in Gable's arms" cast its spell on the vast horde of movie-going people and brought them in droves to this picture.

And "West of Broadway." Someone used his imagination overtime when he thought of casting John Gilbert as a cowboy. Think of it! Our great lover and actor! A slap in the face couldn't have insulted him any more.

Why can't you give your stars the pictures they deserve? Perk up your ears and take this little hint: We fans are getting mighty tired of your sluffing. Give us new ideas, better acting, and bigger and finer plots. You are our entertainment, but after all, we are your livelihood. *Ruth W.*

$10.00 Letter

Gable a Man's Man, Too

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Lives there an actor with appeal so great that he can withstand the ravages of that hated appellation "The Great Lover"? To so designate a man is almost synonymous with saying that men as a whole detest him, consider him a "lil," and make remarks derogatory to his appearance, actions, and manhood. Perhaps it is jealousy that inspires this hatred of men toward women's idol.

We have all watched these screen lovers gain the approval of women and the hatred of men as they are cast in "he-man" rôles as soldiers and adventurers. To the male audience these rôles are sicklied over by the pale cast of "sloppy" love scenes and the general inability of a ladies' man to play virile rôles. We have watched, and finally we have had our reward, for upon the cinema horizon has appeared a man whom women admire and men respect. No one would have the nerve to call this Gable person a "lil." At least, not if they had seen him in "Hell Divers." Male opinion in this case is: "Let the women love him. I don't blame them."

He is no sheik, no passionate flower, but a man fortunately possessed of a personality and charm which appeal to the women, and somehow this appeal which Gable undeniably has leaves no bad taste in the masculine mouth. He isn't hated with the bitterness of jealousy even though he may be envied with the longing of admiration.

N. Glenn.

$5.00 Letter

Pictures Like "Arrowsmith" Help Keep Ideals

BOSTON, MASS.—At last a picture ("Arrowsmith") whose principal character everyone can admire. *Dr. Martin Arrowsmith* earns his living neither by breaking the law nor by exploiting his fellow man. He has no particular vice that makes him appealing to a movie public that no longer knows right from wrong. In fact the two passions in young *Dr. Arrowsmith's* heart are devotion to humanity expressed through medical science and loyalty to his wife, —a strange sort of character to be fathered by Hollywood.

Since the war we have had film after film showing up human depravity. We must have caught the idea by this time, Hollywood. Gin and jazz, guns and garters—season after season for 13 years. Will you ever give us a rest?

Perhaps "Arrowsmith" will suggest to our hard-boiled minds that life is more satisfactory devoted to principles than to passions. If such a philosophy catches on, maybe we'll get our Ten Commandments back and in time look forward just to being kindly, sober, and simple again. Let all movie producers consider the possibilities in this point of view and govern themselves accordingly. It may mean big money.

Marshall B. Mills.

More "He-Man" Pictures

CHICAGO, ILL.—If movie producers think the female portion of the world prefers impossible romantic hokum like "Delicious," "Polly of the Circus," or even "Mata Hari," they've got their labels mixed.

Give us more pictures like the meaty and masculine "Hell Divers," and we'll flock into the theatres faster than a speed cop on a country highway.

Eleanor Merriam.

As I See Him on the Screen

KERNERSVILLE, N. C.—He is handsome, dashing, chivalrous, romantic, yet he is serious, restrained.

He has personality, strength of character, brains. His evident culture is not acquired, it is his. You feel that if you were to converse with him he would not talk a great deal, but his words would be few and well chosen.

When he smiles it is contagious, but most of the time his expression is thoughtful, detached, with a dark hint of something—tragedy, possibly—in his eyes. He must be a philosopher, but you wonder if he is not perhaps a little cynical.

He does not act his parts, he lives them, for he is not merely an actor, he is an artist.

You've guessed it—Ronald Colman!

A. B. H.

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Orange juice to build teeth, Mother . . . and Pepsodent to keep them safe!

It's not so difficult to have strong, healthy teeth so modern science tells us. Just observe 3 simple rules.



THE rules for healthy teeth and healthy children are much the same. Feed them for sturdiness. Protect them from the causes of disease. When they are sick summon your physician.

Teeth also must be fed

Minerals and vitamins make teeth strong and hard; more resistant to the enemies that cause decay. Therefore start with the diet to have strong healthy teeth. The foods pictured below are highly beneficial.

Teeth must be protected

But diet alone is not complete protection. In the mouth are elements that combine and form a coating on teeth called *bacterial plaque* or film. Gelatin-like it sticks stubbornly to teeth . . . and absorbs ugly stains from food and smoking. This film is laden with germs—acid-producing germs—that dissolve tooth enamel. Then they attack the softer part beneath and finally reach the nerve. Protecting teeth means removing film—for film is the source of more tooth trouble than any other single thing.

The film-removing power of Pepsodent is unique—made possible by a newly discovered cleansing and polishing material. This remarkable material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively and in no other toothpaste on the market. As it removes film this new material polishes the enamel to high brilliance. More important still, it is safer—*safer* because it's two times *softer* than the polishing material commonly used in toothpastes. Safe even for infant's teeth and tender gums.

Seek dental advice

Teeth when sick must be treated and repaired, not by a toothpaste or yourself, but by your dentist. Often teeth require attention without giving any signs. Therefore, make it a standard practice to see your dentist periodically. Follow the three rules above and keep teeth strong and healthy all through life.

IN NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Only Pepsodent toothpaste contains this newly discovered cleansing and polishing material—twice as *soft*, twice as *safe*. Even the process of its manufacture is kept a carefully guarded secret.

1. Remove film—
use Pepsodent toothpaste every morning and every night

2. Eat these foods—
one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



3. See your Dentist—
at least twice a year. He can detect the beginning of trouble. He can stop it then at small expense and no discomfort.



Amos 'n' Andy are brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Albright, Hardie—playing in *Life Begins*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Alvarado, Don—playing in *Fancy Free*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Andre, Gwili—playing in *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—playing in *Tiger Shark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Arliss, George—recently completed *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Armstrong, Robert—playing in *Is My Face Red?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—latest release *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astor, Mary—recently completed *A Successful Calamity*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—recently completed *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Bancroft, George—playing in *The Challenger*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bankhead, Tallulah—playing in *The Devil and the Deep*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barnett, Vincent—playing in *Tiger Shark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Barrymore, John—recently completed *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—latest release *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Baxter, Warner—recently completed *Man About Town*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—latest release *Grand Hotel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bellamy, Ralph—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Constance—in *The Truth About Hollywood*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—playing in *Week Ends Only*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Richard—playing in *The Sporting Widow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—recently completed *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Birell, Tala—recently completed *The Doomed Battalion*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—recently completed *Big City Blues*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bond, Lilian—playing in *The Old Dark House*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Brent, George—playing in *Children of Pleasure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Blessed Event*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brook, Clive—playing in *Bride of the Enemy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—playing in *You Said A Mouthful*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brown, Tom—playing in *Tom Brown at Culver*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Bruce, Virginia—recently completed *Sky Bride*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Byron, Walter—playing in *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Cagney, James—recently completed *Winner Take All*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cavanaugh, Paul—playing in *Children of Pleasure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *Children of Pleasure*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clyde, June—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Bride of the Enemy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Colman, Ronald—playing in *Way of the Lancer*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—playing in *The Devil and the Deep*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—recently completed *When A Feller Needs A Friend*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.



James Cagney, all dressed for dinner, is waiting for the Warner Brothers to call so that they can talk over meal-tickets. Or maybe he's waiting to call them—and patch up that disagreement

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Is My Face Red?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—playing in *Rain*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Tom Brown at Culver*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cummings, Constance—playing in *Bitter Tea of General Yen*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Davies, Marion—playing in *Good Time Girl*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dee, Frances—playing in *Merton of the Talkies*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—recently completed *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—latest release *Shanghai Express*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Douglas, Melvyn—playing in *The Old Dark House*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Duncan, Mary—recently completed *State's Attorney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—recently completed *Without Consent*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Evans, Madge—playing in *Sky Scraper*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr.—playing in *Some Call It Love*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Fenton, Leslie—recently completed *Thunder Below*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—recently completed *Week-End Marriage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Foxe, Earle—playing in *Burnt Offering*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *One Way Passage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City Cal.

Gallagher, Skeets—playing in *Merrily We Go To Hell*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo—recently completed *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gaynor, Janet—playing in *The First Year*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gombell, Minna—playing in *Fancy Free*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—playing in *The Challenger*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—playing in *Downstairs*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Hall, Ruth—playing in *Blessed Event*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Halliday, John—playing in *Week Ends Only*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *The Truth About Hollywood*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harding, Ann—recently completed *Westward Passage*—Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—playing in *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *War Correspondent*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—recently completed *The World and the Flesh*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Horton, Edward Everett—playing in *The Roar of the Dragon*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—playing in *Dollar Parade*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—playing in *Red Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Hymer, Warren—playing in *One-Way Passage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Johann, Zita—playing in *Tiger Shark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

(*Continued on page 10*)

♦ **Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here** ♦

TOGETHER AGAIN
in another M-G-M *hit!*

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.





Joan
CRAWFORD
Robert
MONTGOMERY

in CLARENCE BROWN'S *production*

Letty Lynton

with

NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes

Nils Asther's return to the screen is something to cheer. He's great in this romantic drama!

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

(*Continued from page 8*)

Jones, Buck—playing in *Hello Trouble*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—playing in *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Judge, Arline—playing in *Is My Face Red?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Karloff, Boris—playing in *The Old Dark House*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keaton, Buster—playing in *Foollights*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Kennedy, Merna — recently completed *Ghost Valley* — Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy — playing in *Crooner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Knapp, Evalyn — playing in *Crooner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kohler, Fred—playing in *The Good Bad Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—playing in *Burnt Offering*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Leonard, Barbara—playing in *Children of Pleasure* — Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lombard, Carole — recently completed *Sinners in the Sun*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—recently completed *Attorney for the Defense*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—playing in *Zeppelin*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—playing in *Week Ends Only*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—playing in *Love Me Tonight*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

MacDonald, J. Farrell—recently completed *Night World*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Manners, David—playing in *Crooner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Merrily We Go To Hell* — Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maritza, Sari—playing in *Forgotten Commandments*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Joan—playing in *Fancy Free*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marsh, Mae—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—recently completed *Bird of Paradise*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolph—playing in *Fancy Free*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Merkel, Una—playing in *Sky Scraper*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mix, Tom—playing in *The Good Bad Man*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—latest release *Letty Lynton*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moran, Polly—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nissen, Greta—latest release *The Silent Witness*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Nixon, Marian—playing in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—recently completed *Huddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Nugent, Eddie—playing in *Crooner*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.



Tom Brown—the newcomer who's having a picture named for him ("Tom Brown at Culver")—is calling Arletta Duncan, another promising newcomer, sweet names, It's Hollywood's newest puppy-love affair—off the screen, not on

Oakie, Jack—playing in *On Your Mark*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Death Valley*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Hollywood Speaks*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Oland, Warner—playing in *Burnt Offering*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Ollvier, Laurence—recently completed *Westward Passage*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Osborne, Vivienne—playing in *Life Begins*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Page, Anita—playing in *Prosperity*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Parker, Cecelia—playing in *Death Valley*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pichel, Irving—playing in *Forgotten Commandments*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—playing in *Back Street*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *One-Way Passage*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *The Sporting Widow*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—playing in *Forgotten Commandments* — Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rich, Irene—playing in *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—playing in *Tiger Shark*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Rogers, Will—playing in *Down to Earth*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roland, Gilbert—recently completed *The Woman in Room 13*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Shannon, Peggy — playing in *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma — playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sherman, Lowell—playing in *The Truth About Hollywood* — Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Merrily We Go To Hell*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Simpson, Ivan — playing in *Burnt Offering*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Sparks, Ned—playing in *Blessed Event*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *The Mud Lark*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Red-Headed Woman*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Hollywood Speaks* — Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Lee — playing in *Blessed Event*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer — playing in *Society Girl*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—playing in *Is My Face Red?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Von Stroheim, Erich recently completed *As You Desire Me*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Walthall, Henry, B.—playing in *Strange Interlude*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Warner, H.B.—playing in *Tom Brown at Culver*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Washburn, Bryant—playing in *The Truth About Hollywood*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wheeler, Bert—playing in *Hold 'em Jail*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—recently completed *The Dark Horse*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Woolsey, Robert—playing in *Hold 'em Jail*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *Life Begins*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Sky Scraper*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Consult this handy list when you want to know what a player is doing

Every Star Except Garbo Sees "Grand Hotel"



Acme

When "Grand Hotel" had its première, Garbo was about the only star missing. No public appearances for Greta! Above are the newlyweds, Gene Markey and Joan Bennett, and Constance Bennett and the Marquis



Top right, Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels and Vivian Duncan arrive. All have just returned from stage tours



Acme

Jean Harlow arrives with Paul Bern, M-G-M executive, thus reviving romance rumors about them. Moreover, Jean's hair is temporarily titian—which indicates she *will* make "Red-Headed Woman"



In the lobby, Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable (center) run into Norma Shearer, his co-star in "Strange Interlude"

International



Wide World

All stars had to sign a register in the lobby, like the guests in "Grand Hotel." Above, you see Lew Ayres and his wife, Lola Lane, just after registering



Lappman

The MOVIE CIRCUS

Motion Picture presents the greatest show on earth—the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THIS merrie, merrie month will see at least one much-mooted question cleared up, solved and settled: if Greta ("I tank I go home") Garbo actually will when her contract expires, as it does in a few weeks. Those in The Know say she will—fed to the back teeth as she is with Hollywood and everything in it. Certain cynics, however, maintain that she's just trying to throw a scare into the Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer. Which is our idea of a large job.

IF THE flaming Nordic does actually depart, though, there is no dearth of young ladies willing to jump in and bat for her in the Pulse-Stirring Sweepstakes. The newest to appear as if she might come close to filling the ample Garbo brogans is Gwili Andre, contracted to RKO. The name is pronounced Jeelee On-dray, with the accent on the last syllable, and impassioned young men declare her beauty to be such as to make the male angels cry out in their sleep.

IN ALL of this Successor-to-the-Swede talk, however, it is wise to remember that while many are called, few are Garbo.

HO-HUM note: Kenneth Harlan, scarcely a laddie these days, trundling down the Boul in an open baby-blue roadster, dressed in knickers and a sporty dog, boyishly munching on a strawberry ice cream cone. Ah, these mad young people!

CREDIT Big Boy Williams with a "fasty," viewing the stills of Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy from the new *Quirt* and *Flagg* opus. Tracy was pretty proud of how tough he and Ralph looked until Williams cracked "*Skippy* and *Sooky*, huh?"

BUT speaking of sex, we bet you'd never guess who *That Authority* picked as the sexiest lass in town. None other than Janet Gaynor, Daddy Long Legs Delicious Merely Mary Ann. The pupils of her eyes are said to be the tip-off—the way they dilate and all—Tells Things. And how have you been, Mr. Peck?

OUR favorite poster of the month is the one which advertises the great "Intercollegiate Polo Match between the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer All-Star Studio Team and Loyola College (Pre Med.) Thrills and Chills." With, we suppose, Haines, Novarro, Keaton, Gilbert, Gable, Shearer, Crawford, Beery, Garbo and Dressler in the stands, spelling out Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with colored cards.

A new trio of peacherinos—or beacherinos, if you prefer—are Betty Gillette, Gloria Shea and Sheila Terry, all blondes, all from New York, and all looking for opportunities at Warner Brothers

THIS polo thing is getting the film colony in a big way, especially at Warner Brothers, where everyone seems to play except Jimmy Cagney. Cagney is too busy protesting that if Kay Francis is worth $3500 a week he certainly is worth more than $1500 because look—!

Box-office draw, that uncertain quality, is sort of like measles and lightning—you never can tell where it's going to hit. With the release of "The Public Enemy" many hometowners thought that Eddie Woods, who played Jimmy's friend in the picture, was going to get the big break—that Cagney's portrayal, swell though it was, would stamp him too definitely in one type of tough part. But do you recall Woods in any pictures at all recently?

CAGNEY attributes no small portion of his success to the psychological fact that "Women like a threat in a man. Openly or secretly they admire a guy who they feel might at any moment haul off and knock them flat." He seeks to get that threat into all of his screen characters. In private life he seeks quiet, cookies, Russian novels and the music of Debussy.

THE circus is in town, and all the elephants and midgets. Also a tribe of Ubangi savages with mouths so big as to make Joe E. Brown's look like a buttonhole. All Cinemania turned out during the week. Tom Mix was the most spectacular patron. He generally is, with that hat and all. Sometimes we get to thinking that really there ought to be a law.

(*Continued on page 73*)



Powolny

Greta and Weldon Honeymoon At Home





Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, who were married all of two months ago, haven't yet gone to Niagara Falls. And why should they—when they can honeymoon in privacy in their new Santa Monica home? At top, you can see the view they have (when they take time to notice it); in circle, you can see how dreamy they are (even when reminded of cameras); and, left, you can see that they're interested in a little family—of chickens!

Your Gossip Test



19. Can you name the pensive little blonde lady with the polka dot scarf pictured above?

1. Who are the three movie personalities who were suspended by their studios and what was the cause?

2. From the looks of things, a certain movie star and her divorced husband may become reconciled. Do you know them?

3. What has Jacqueline Logan been doing since leaving Hollywood two years ago?

4. Do you know the name of the movie actress who recently signed up to appear in burlesque?

5. Who is the screen comédienne who was granted a divorce on April 26th and on what grounds did she base her suit?

6. Under what conditions did a certain film star sign up to make pictures again after her retirement of almost a year?

7. Do you know the popular player who was sent to a hospital because of a too realistic portrayal of a fight scene?

8. Which one of the blonde Hollywood beauties recently suffered a severe nervous breakdown?

9. What are the names of the three film favorites who are reported awaiting the long-legged bird's arrival?

10. How did a well-known comedian try to show his wife that he was the boss?

11. Why was Gloria Swanson disappointed when her baby was born on April 5th in London, England?

12. What were some of the reports that got Greta Garbo's name in the headlines recently?

13. Who received notification that she had been made an honorary colonel in the U. S. Field Artillery?

14. Which one of the film stars was ridiculed at a recent Hollywood opening?

15. Who is the American screen player whose contract has not been renewed and who may go to England to make pictures?

16. What Western star won't be seen in Western pictures in the future?

17. How did a popular radio and screen crooner settle the $1,000,000 suit brought against him by a song writer?

18. Why has a living motion picture player been unusually honored by having a bronze statue of herself placed in a museum in Vienna?

By

MARION MARTONE

(*Answers to These Questions on Page 90*)

TABLOID REVIEWS

CURRENT PICTURES AT A GLANCE

By J. E. R.

Amateur Daddy—Before you can forget "Daddy Long Legs," Warner Baxter plays a similar rôle—as protector of Marian Nixon and her little sisters and brothers. Sentimental, but amusing (Fox).

Are You Listening?—William Haines almost forgets to be flippant, and goes melodramatic in a story of love and tragedy in a radio station. Far-fetched in spots (M-G-M).

Beauty and the Boss—The old story of the stenographer who wins her boss, but given a whimsical twist this time—with Marian Marsh and Warren William in the title rôles (W. B.).

Border Devils—Harry Carey, handling a horse, a lasso and a gun in expert style, breaks up still another band of villains down on that overworked Mexican border (Artclass).

The Broken Wing—An aviator (Melvyn Douglas) drops down in a mythical kingdom (which looked like Mexico to us) and wins Lupe Velez away from that coy villain, Leo Carrillo. Not much, except for Lupe (Par.).

But the Flesh Is Weak—And so, alas, is this sexy comedy, in which Robert Montgomery is again a wisecracking wastrel—in search of an heiress, but in love with her opposite (M-G-M).

Careless Lady—Looking very pretty, Joan Bennett goes to Paris and pretends she's the wife of John Boles—and then John turns up and makes her his wife. Hard to believe (Fox).

The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood—The best of this comedy series featuring George Sidney and Charlie Murray, with both families trying to crash the movies, and both deciding there's no place like home (Univ.).

The Congress Dances—A sparkling Viennese operetta, in English, about the romance of a dancer and a czar. You'll soon be humming the tunes and raving about Lilian Harvey, the Garbo-ish, but gay heroine (Ufa-U. A.).



Charlie Ruggles, Lily Damita and Roland Young are the three maddest merry-makers of "This Is the Night"

The Crowd Roars—James Cagney is a hard-boiled speedster in this auto-race thriller, which doesn't have much story, but is spectacular without it (W. B.).

Dancers in the Dark—Miriam Hopkins, Jack Oakie and the Valentino-like newcomer, George Raft, make this tale of life and love in a cheap dance-hall worth seeing (Par.).

Destry Rides Again—Tom Mix, unchanged after three years, comes back to the screen as a hard-riding, quick-shooting Westerner who believes in righting wrongs. Grade A Western (Univ.).

Devil's Lottery—Four lottery winners are week-end guests at an estate, and there's villainy afoot, with Elissa Landi foiling everyone else. Involved, but exciting at times (Fox).

Disorderly Conduct—It's a gangster picture, despite the sexy title—only you see the policeman's side this time, with Spencer Tracy doing great work as a good cop who goes wrong (Fox).

The Famous Ferguson Case—With the help of Joan Blondell, a small-town reporter (Tom Brown) solves a murder mystery—and shows up the scandal-hunting newshawks from the city. A strong sock at sensation-seekers (F. N.).

Girl Crazy—A Broadway musical comedy about life on a dude ranch comes to the screen, and Woolsey and Wheeler may extract a snicker or two from you. They're the whole show (RKO).



Maybe because he isn't her husband, Warner Baxter makes Marian Nixon's housework lighter in "Amateur Daddy"

Grand Hotel—Do you have to be told? It's better than both book and play, and you'll have a hard time deciding who does the best acting—Garbo or Joan Crawford or Lionel Barrymore or John Barrymore or Wallace Beery. One of the ten best pictures of all time (M-G-M).

Heart of New York—The movie version of Edna Ferber's comedy, "Mendel, Inc."—all about a Jewish inventor and his grasping relatives. Human, but slight, with George Sidney as the inventor (W. B.).

It's Tough to Be Famous—For saving a submarine crew, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., becomes a nation's hero—and can't find peace anywhere. A comedy with bright ideas, and Doug at his best (F. N.).

The Lost Squadron—Three ex-war fliers—Richard Dix, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong—become Hollywood stunt fliers, and the result is a gripping exposé of how some movies are made (RKO).

Love Affair—Dorothy Mackaill does her best with a story that doesn't give her a chance. It's one of those "shall-I-marry-for-love-or-for-money?" themes (Col.).

Love Starved—Helen Twelvetrees marries Eric Linden, and love's young dream fades into disillusion—until a smash climax. Absorbing little drama. Previewed as "Young Bride" (RKO-Pathé).

Man Wanted—Here's "Beauty and the Boss" with the rôles reversed—the woman (Kay Francis) is the employer and the man (David Manners) is the employee. Thin, but entertaining (W. B.).

The Midnight Patrol—Still another newspaper picture, with Regis Toomey the bright reporter who solves the murder mystery. The story is trite, but it moves fast (Monogram).

The Miracle Man—The talkie version of the silents' most famous crook melodrama—and almost up to the original, with Sylvia Sidney, Chester Morris, Irving Pichel, Robert Coogan and Hobart Bosworth in the cast. The story, you remember, concerns some crooks who hope to cash in on a faith-healer (Par.).

The Misleading Lady—When Edmund Lowe learns that Claudette Colbert had bet she could make him propose, he kidnaps her and teaches her an amusing lesson. Not at all serious (Par.).

The Mouthpiece—Warren William becomes a star—and rightly, too—in a memorable character study of a criminal lawyer. It has suspense from start to finish (W. B.).

Night Court—After this tense picture of the life that flows through a criminal court at night, you may expect a regular cycle of such films. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes are the principals (M-G-M).

One Hour With You—Chevalier proves again that he stands alone in the gaiety division. He's a doctor, with Jeanette MacDonald his wife, and Genevieve Tobin his most persistent patient. Just a little naughty, but even the censors liked it. Musical, of course (Par.).

Playgirl—Why the title? Loretta Young plays a very serious young person who hates to see her husband (Norman Foster) gamble—and then has to gamble, herself. So-so comedy drama (F. N.).

Scandal for Sale—They've mixed a triangle story up with the inside story of how tabloids get their news—and the result is only semi-satisfying, despite Charles Bickford and Pat O'Brien (Univ.).

Scarface—The one bitter, powerful, realistic, fast-moving exposé of what gangland has been able to get away with. Paul Muni is not to be forgotten in the title rôle, nor is Ann Dvorak as his sister (U. A.).

Shanghai Express—Marlene Dietrich as the center of attraction aboard a train in revolutionary China. A colorful, suspenseful melodrama, with an unusually fine cast (Par.).

So Big—Edna Ferber's famous story of a mother's blind devotion to her son becomes a slow, but sincere talkie—with Barbara Stanwyck convincing both as a young girl and an old woman (W. B.).

South Sea Adventures—Zane Grey takes you to the South Seas aboard his yacht, and treats you to the excitement of angling for monster fish. A travelogue that packs a punch (Principal Prod.).

The Stowaway—Fay Wray escapes from a life she hates by smuggling herself aboard a tramp steamer—where both the hero and the villain discover her. Old-style melodrama (Univ.).

Symphony of Six Million—Ricardo Cortez comes into his own at last in this colorful, moving story of a young Jewish boy who climbs from the Ghetto to Park Avenue after money, and comes back to the East Side for love (in the form of Irene Dunne)—(RKO).

Tarzan, the Ape Man—Johnny Weissmuller, famous swimmer, becomes America's new thrill—as the bronzed jungle hero of Edgar Rice Burroughs' tale. The women (and the men, too) are all for him (M-G-M).

Tempest—Emil Jannings in a German underworld melodrama (with English sub-titles), in which he is again a man tracked by fate. Strong, but morbid stuff. Watch his leading lady, Anna Sten, who will next be Ronald Colman's leading lady (Ufa).

This Is the Night—Considering that it doesn't have Chevalier in it, here is a remarkable romantic farce—done sexily, lightly, liltingly, amusingly. Roland Young, Charlie Ruggles and Lily Damita all have a gay time (Par.).

Westward Passage—Ann Harding changes her mind about her married life on a short, dramatic crossing of the Atlantic. Laurence Olivier and Irving Pichel are the men in her life (RKO-Pathé).

The Wet Parade—Lewis Stone shows you what drink did to men before Prohibition, and Walter Huston shows you what drink has done since. The theme would have worn itself out, if it hadn't been for Jimmy Durante as a dry agent. Should satisfy both wets and drys (M-G-M).

While Paris Sleeps—Instead of the American underworld, you get a glimpse of the Paris underworld for a change—and a dramatic glimpse it is, with Victor McLaglen an Apache (Fox).



Ann Harding has the help of Irving Pichel and Juliette Compton in "Westward Passage." Note Ann's new wave

That's Hollywood!



Fryer

Things You Never Knew Till Now About The Movie Town And Its People

By MARK DOWLING and LYNN NORRIS

VISITORS wise to Hollywood know that the stars look differently on the street than on the screen, but that they can be recognized, none the less. Wallace Beery, for instance, is the big fellow wearing striped trousers and a gray coat. Karen Morley, who hardly ever wears a hat, usually carries one in her hand. Maurice Chevalier, a new convert to golf, wears knickers and cap, not dress suit and straw hat, to work.

Clark Gable has given up turtle-neck sweaters, now that all the boys along Hollywood Boulevard have taken to wearing them, and has bought a few open-neck sweat shirts. Jack Oakie, the original advocate of sweat shirts, still wears the things—but not of the open-neck kind.

CARY GRANT salutes in the best West Point fashion, when he meets you, and Phyllis Clare has an English accent. Marie Dressler looks like a small-town matron, and always wears beads. Doug, Jr., either appears just to have left his tailor's, or else looks as sloppy as a tramp. Jimmy Durante—you'd know him by his nose, anyway—hardly ever goes anywhere without a large cigar in his mouth. Joan Crawford, with summer here, has acquired the blackest of tans and wears huge sun glasses, and Madge Evans, in case you see her, is the pretty girl with That New York Manner.

MORE than anything else, right now, Hollywood needs a feminine dictator of taste—a sort of Wilhelmina Hays. Someone should have stopped the woman who called out, from the crowd behind the ropes at a première, "Here comes the little lady with the broken heart!" It was Grace Tibbett, dignified and charming, who was approaching. And something should be done about the fellow who billed Eunice Pringle—the girl in the Pantages case—as "more preyed against than preying," when she played in a downtown theatre.

Wilhelmina might also put a word or two of good advice into the ears of Mary Nolan, and perhaps the motion picture, "Freaks," could have been eliminated altogether.

THE anonymous stories which the stars, directors, and gossips of this town delight in repeating to each other are seldom reliable, but ever since a fellow whispered into our ear that a wife, who flew an airplane, kept dropping notes down upon the house where her husband was entertaining another woman, we've felt that there might be something in them. It was only three days after we heard—and disregarded—the story that Ann Harding and Harry Bannister wrote the newspapers of their intention to divorce.

Try to find a hammock vacant at a summer resort—especially a popular one like Catalina Island! Adrienne Dore found herself up a tree, when she sought to rest up after "Street of Women"

AT THE moment they're saying that one of our favorite comédiennes is suffering from an incurable disease and will never make another picture. Ruth Chatterton, according to rumor, will follow Ann Harding with plans for a divorce, and it is added that handsome and Gable-ish George Brent is squiring Ruth here and there. A divorce is forecast for the Gables, too, ever since Clark's wife went to New York for a stay, and the rumors refuse to stay squelched, despite the denials of both parties.

Marguerite Churchill is back in Hollywood after a sojourn on the New York stage. And despite all the talk about George O'Brien's trip East to visit her, he dines these days with Cecelia Parker, his new leading lady, while Marguerite eats her chop alone.

ONE anonymous story is quite harm-less and concerns a famous star whose hobbies are athletics and travel. He approached the small sacred spot in front of the Chinese Theatre, where the footprints of movie celebrities are bedded in cement. Two young fellows—tourists—were standing

(*Continued on page 78*)



"A week ago I had dandruff so badly . . . . NOW NOT A TRACE"



"After a bad cold, which kept me in bed nearly three weeks, I began to have trouble with my hair and scalp. My scalp felt itchy. Every time I combed my hair quite a little of it fell out. And I developed a very trying case of dandruff.

"I had never been bothered this way before and naturally was quite alarmed. I tried several expensive treatments, with very little success, and then my husband suggested that I try Listerine. I was pretty skeptical but I decided to do as he suggested. I used it four times.

"You can imagine my delight at the end of a week to find that there wasn't a trace of dandruff and that my scalp no longer itched and burned. I have told other women about it, and they say they too have found it wonderful in keeping the scalp and hair clean and healthy."

This statement is typical of those contained in letters from thousands of people all over the country.

If you are troubled with loose dandruff, give Listerine a trial. We do not claim that it is infallible but in most mild cases it gets quick results. Even severe cases have yielded to it.

Listerine attacks surface infection, removes and dissolves scaly crusts, soothes inflammation and cleans both scalp and hair.

Send for our FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. M.P. 7, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ***relieves itching and burning scalp***

"It's so easy to keep your skin lovely at home..."

MRS JOHN DAVIS LODGE

New York society leader shows you how she gives herself a beauty treatment . . .

FRESH and flawless as a tea rose, Mrs. Lodge's complexion is as uniquely lovely as her long golden hair, like Mélisande's.

She gives herself her daily beauty treatment in her own home.

"*Cleansing*, first," she emphasizes. "Yes, and here's what gets the skin really clean—Pond's Cold Cream. No matter what price you pay, nothing else cleanses so marvelously!

"Relax . . . Now wipe away the cream. How? With Pond's Cleansing Tissues! They are much *softer*. Pond's Cold Cream and Cleansing Tissues are all you need for exquisite cleanliness.

"But the skin needs *stimulating*, too, to keep it looking young. Pat, pat with Pond's Skin Freshener. To refine pores—pep up your color.

"Finished? Not yet! *Protecting*—that's what our skin needs next—to keep it fine and smooth. Pond's Vanishing Cream gives this necessary protection. Invisibly! It gives the loveliest peach-bloom finish, and you needn't powder again for hours.

"That's all I do—never neglect this simple routine. And always repeat it after exposure.

"AND, of course, at bedtime! That's a special ritual. Cleansing always with Cold Cream and Tissues to remove the day's grime. Then smooth in fresh Cold Cream to soften and *lubricate*. Leave on overnight.

"You see, the skin needs four things to keep it lovely—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating, Protecting. Just these four preparations are all you need. It's so easy—just in your own home!"



MRS. LODGE as she applies Cold Cream over face and neck . . . lets it sink into pores to float out dust and grime. Wipes away with Cleansing Tissues.



SATURATES COTTON with Skin Freshener and pat-pat-pats until the skin glows . . . that refines pores, tones, firms and brings fresh natural color.



MRS. LODGE, AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT • *Photographs by Nickolas Muray*



BEFORE POWDERING, smooths a protective film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, when dressing for the evening.

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmed for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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Hurrell

JOAN CRAWFORD

You know that choked-up feeling when you face a hard test and you wonder if you will win out? Joan had it before "Grand Hotel," when she wondered if she could steal the picture from Garbo. "Letty Lynton" was a letdown. But now she has that emotional tenseness again—knowing that in "Sadie Thompson" she will be compared to Gloria Swanson in the silent version



Fryer

Figuratively speaking, George is on the Bridge of Sighs—that unsteady span that leads from featured rôles to stardom. And it looks as if he's getting across—just as on this old swinging bridge in the Bret Harte country, where he's vacationing. The first time you saw him with Barbara Stanwyck (in "So Big") he had a minor rôle. But in "The Mud Lark" he'll be her lover!

GEORGE BRENT



Lippman

JOAN BLONDELL

Joan is doing more than developing from a comédienne into a dramatic actress. She's startling her bosses, too. For one thing, the girl wants to get married—just when she's becoming real Love Interest! And now that she has won stardom at last in "Miss Pinkerton," she's asking for a raise! Another new idea of Joan's is her mesh swim suit. Compare with those over the page

What's New on the Beaches Out Hollywood Way







Hallywaad's yaung wimmin intend ta ga swimmin', nat just decarate the beaches. Adrienne Dare, anly tempararily high and dry at the tap, gaes dawn ta the sea in a laose-knit backless jersey and linen trunks. Mary Carlyle, abave, wears a very twa-piece suit, in a sart af carduray design. While Bette Davis, left, sparts a trick little suit that has a callar, but nary a shaulder strap. All three have plenty af raam far a sun-tan!

You can tell from her tan that Kathryn Crawford, right, has already been using her li'l one-piece suit that looks like the two-piece kind. And Rochelle Hudson, below, is very much out in the open when she wears her backless suit with the pompon in back—just to keep her from lying with her face to the burning sun. While Anita Page, at bottom, will cultivate that mermaid complexion in a suit that boasts a square neckline, not the usual round or V-neck kind









TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Like Tallulah, the man who made this new, exclusive portrait of her is world-famous for his art, is noted for doing the unusual, and was first appreciated in London. Cecil Beaton is his name, and on a visit to Hollywood, he has had the stars battling to face his camera. No wonder! Did you ever see a clearer, more natural study of Tallulah (now in "The Devil and the Deep")?



EDMUND LOWE

When Cecil Beaton caught the likeness of Edmund Lowe in this vivid, exclusive portrait, he also caught the spirit of studio life—a life of waiting for cues, surrounded by lights and shadows, and tins of film, and wind machines and such. You get the idea that Edmund doesn't take himself so seriously as some, and is cheerfully ready to go to work—in "Attorney for the Defense"



Bachrach

When Irene takes off her hat, she doesn't take it off to any wife in Hollywood. As you'll learn in the story opposite, she can lay claim to having the happiest marriage in the movies. (And people didn't even know for a long time that she was married!) For the second picture in succession, she is playing a Fannie Hurst heroine—being the misunderstood lady of "Back Street"

IRENE DUNNE

PARTED—*BUT HAPPILY MARRIED*

Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, are "honeymooning" three thousand miles apart—but their marriage is now Hollywood's "happiest"!

By JANET BURDEN

WHICH is the happiest marriage in the movies now—since Ann Harding and Harry Bannister have stunned the world by parting? Geographically speaking, the happiest Hollywood marriage is only half in Hollywood, the other half being located in New York City, three thousand miles away. And if you wanted to be cynical and sniff that that's *why* Irene Dunne's marriage is so happy, I'd contradict you indignantly if I didn't remember how constantly the Bannisters were together.

Irene Dunne has seen her husband, Dr. Francis D. Griffin, just seven times in twenty months—and she is still in the honeymoon stage of happiness. Hers is the only Hollywood marriage that is absolutely untouched by divorce rumors.

Irene is a big Hollywood star, but she lives so quietly that she has made the news columns of the local papers only eight times, including the headlines when she made a hole-in-one on a Del Monte golf course. Three of the remaining newspaper appearances of her name have been one-inch items to the effect that "Miss Irene Dunne, Radio Pictures star, having finished work on her latest picture, has left for New York for a short vacation." The other four times Irene has made the papers, her name has been in similarly brief paragraphs, stating that "Dr. Francis D. Griffin, New York physician, is in Hollywood for a short visit with his wife, who is known on the screen as Irene Dunne."

If Irene Dunne ever weakens and allows her doctor-husband to do what he has once or twice suggested—give up his Fifth Avenue practice, built up over long years, and move his office to the West Coast—will her all-Hollywood marriage prove as happy as her long-distance marriage, with commuting honeymoons every three months?

Irene is a clever woman. She knows too much to tempt fate.

"It's hard enough for my husband as it is," she says. "The medical profession is the most conservative, the most ethics-bound in the world. Doctors shudder away from the least bit of publicity, you know, whereas there's something garish and flamboyant about just *being* an actress! 'Can't you keep me out of it?' he begs. Probably that's why people made such a fuss over my 'secret marriage.' We've never tried to keep it a secret, but I don't like to bring my poor doctor-husband into interviews any more than necessary. I'm thinking of his professional dignity."



Speaking of her long-distance marriage, Irene Dunne says, "I think few couples could make a success of it. Should they even try?"

Already a success on the stage, Irene Dunne gladly promised to give up acting and to be just a wife when she married. The Griffins went shopping and bought a grand piano, and linen, and silver, and everything needed to start housekeeping. Then they stored it and went on a honeymoon to Europe.

When they returned, they took a furnished apartment just until they found the permanent home they wanted. *And the bride's linen and the silver and the grand piano are still waiting patiently in storage to-day!* But Dr. Griffin has paid the rent on their first apartment ever since. They're sentimental about that apartment—it having been their first. This alone proves that they are romantic, like newlyweds.

When he knows that Irene is returning East for a visit, he has the place opened and aired and cleaned and polished and filled with flowers. And the taxicab takes her there from the station, and they play for a few precious days that it is their home. Then, when the studio begins to send frantic wires and Irene leaves the apartment for Grand Central Station, Dr. Griffin turns the key in the lock and leaves the rooms to gather dust for another three or four months, while he takes up bachelor quarters at his club.

Long-Distance "Family Life"

"WE DO the best we can at a family life," Irene says ruefully. "My brother lives with him at his club, and my mother lives out here with me. We write each other every day, and we telephone four times a week. It's more satisfactory

(*Continued on page 75*)



Will Garbo be deported? The new bill before Congress provides that all foreign players except those of "exceptional merit" should be deported. Garbo would probably be permitted to stay under that clause. But is she *planning* to stay—even if the bill isn't passed? That's the question!

Will GARBO *Be*

Greta and Marlene "undesirable aliens"? That's hard to believe. But there is a bill before Congress now, asking the deportation and exclusion of foreign-born players! If it becomes a law, will America be a heavy loser?

GARBO has just renewed her U. S. immigration permit for another six months—but will it be renewed again? Does she, or doesn't she, face deportation—whether she wants to stay or not? And are Marlene Dietrich and Charlie Chaplin and Ronald Colman and Ramon Novarro "undesirable aliens"? Does America want to chase the foreign stars out of the country?

"There are one thousand movie actors and actresses in Hollywood who don't belong there!" shouted Congressman Samuel Dickstein of New York on the floor of the House of Representatives a few weeks ago. "There is discrimination against American beauty and talent which doesn't seem to get the same break as imported stars!"

Then, while the eagle flapped its wings, the patriotic Mr. Dickstein introduced a bill which, if passed, might ban Garbo and Dietrich and Chaplin and all the other foreign stars from Hollywood! It would ban *all new* foreign talent!

Perhaps the drive against foreign-born film workers has already started. Sergei Eisenstein—the greatest director of the world, according to many authorities—was ushered out of the United States a few months ago. He went to Mexico to make a picture, planning to re-enter the country later. But he was allowed only a four-week permit to travel from the Mexican border to New York, where he could sail for Russia. Duncan Renaldo has been arrested, by immigration authorities, charged with being a Roumanian, when he said he was an American in getting his passport to go to Africa to make "Trader Horn." John Farrow, Australian scenario writer and former "fiancé" of Lila Lee, has



You would never have seen Marlene Dietrich if the Dickstein Bill had become law two years ago—for Marlene then was unknown, and the bill provides that all foreign unknowns should be excluded. Of all the foreign stars, only two were well-known before they came to America!

and DIETRICH *Deported?*

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

been deported, charged with entering the United States illegally.

And all the foreign-born players are shaking in their expensive American-made shoes, wondering if the Dickstein Bill will separate them from what a titled English lady, brought over to teach our crude actors the manners of British aristocracy for a Lonsdale picture, referred to sweetly as "your darling, delightful American dollars."

England Bans Them Already

ENGLAND already has such a law as Congressman Dickstein proposes—limiting the number of foreign players who may appear in English films. It does not ban American players altogether, but limits them to a few outstanding stars—such as Corinne Griffith and Adolphe Menjou—who cannot be replaced by any English player. So far, there has been no retaliation by Hollywood, but if the Dickstein Bill becomes a law, only alien actors "of distinguished merit" or hired for parts requiring "superior talent" may play in American movies.

Such a law would have prevented the unknown and then unwanted Garbo from entering the country; it would have deprived the world of that miserably poor immigrant boy, Rodolpho Guglielmi, who later became the world-famous Valentino; it would have denied fame to Ramon Samienegos, who came into the country ragged and unknown; and to Ronald Colman, who starved in New York for years before he won recognition. Indeed, Maurice Chevalier and George Arliss are almost the only foreign stars in Hollywood who were already known to be "distinguished"

(*Continued on page 88*)

Is Hollywood "Broke"?

Conrad Nagel is "amazed" to discover that there are only twenty-three "headline salaries" in Hollywood—and you don't see any more pictures of stars basking in luxury. But maybe Hollywood isn't so "busted" as it pictures itself (with the usual sound effects)!

By MARK DOWLING



Hurrell

When Conrad Nagel (left) made that remark about "only twenty-three headline salaries," Hollywood tried to figure out who were making them. But couldn't limit the list to twenty-three!

HOLLYWOOD has adopted the word, "Simplicity," as a slogan. No little starlet sports her diamonds (and emeralds and pearls) in public any more. It isn't the style. She has put them away in moth-balls, along with the ermine wraps. Tweeds are the fashion of the moment, along with modest, inexpensive jewelry made of paste. The men, even when they aren't playing polo, are wearing sweat-shirts. For even Hollywood, you may have heard, is supposed to be "broke." But is it? And if it is, how badly?

"To my amazement I found that with twenty-five thousand actors and actresses in Hollywood, there are actually only twenty-three of the so-called headline salaries—the amounts which, plus an added cipher or two, make startling news stories or material for a certain type of radio broadcaster."

Conrad Nagel speaking, at a banquet in a Washington hotel. And if the persuasive words of the movie industry's favorite spokesman had their effect, the Cabinet officers, members of the Senate and the House, and other high government officials present promptly said pooh-pooh to recent high-salary rumors emanating from Hollywood, and went right home to tell their wives that the girls and boys of the movies were just a bunch of nice young people struggling to get along.

Hollywood, however, is full of disbelievers who might not be willing to prove Conrad a fibber, but who would be eager to say he hadn't looked *far* enough. And after one bewildered glance in the direction of Beverly Hills, where the impressive mansions of the stars were still found to be standing, they set right out to discover just what Mr. Nagel thinks a high salary is, anyway.

After Mr. Nagel's speech, the fun began. For even if no one knows with authority just what screen stars are paid—the salary lists are guarded more closely than a Garbo set—most Hollywood reporters can give pretty accurate guesses.

Everybody knows of John Gilbert's $500,000 a year, and Constance Bennett's $30,000 a week is common property. They say Ann Harding will get one million dollars every three years she works, and Will Rogers and Tallulah Bankhead, from all reports, are



Dyar

You used to hear that Tallulah Bankhead (right) made $125,000 a picture—until Hollywood started singing those "Hard Times Blues"



When Will Rogers can play polo and take trips around the world, it's sort of easy to believe Will makes $125,000 a picture

Kahle

richer by $125,000 whenever they make a picture.

Safely over the $1,000-a-week class are Ronald Colman, Ramon Novarro, Charles Farrell, Richard Dix, Harold Lloyd, William Powell, Richard Barthelmess, and George Arliss.

So are Janet Gaynor, Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Ruth Chatterton.

That's eighteen. George Bancroft's salary troubles were the talk of the town some months ago, and they say he rates $100,000 every picture.

Add to the list John and Lionel Barrymore, Edward Everett Horton, the highest-paid free-lance in town when he's not busy producing plays, and Wallace Beery.

That's twenty-three players who earn *well over* $1,000 a week, which is good for a headline in anybody's paper—especially in times like these.

But the List Keeps Growing

STILL to be taken into consideration, however, are Lowell Sherman, who adds to his income by directing now and then; Maurice Chevalier; Jeanette MacDonald; and Charlie Chaplin, who will clear over a million, from present reports, on "City Lights."

Whoa! We're over Mr. Nagel's number and we've still got to think about Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, Douglas Fairbanks, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joe E. Brown, Eddie Cantor, Gary Cooper, Edward G. Robinson, Dolores Del Rio, Lawrence Tibbett, Robert Montgomery, Marlene Dietrich, Lew Ayres and Conrad Nagel, himself.



And everyone knows that John Gilbert makes $10,000 a week—which isn't Hollywood's highest salary, by any means



Maybe Constance Bennett's $30,000-a-week salary for ten weeks a year made the rest of Hollywood *feel* "broke"



Bachrach

Ann Harding earns about one million dollars every three years—and her home doesn't have a mortgage on it, either

What about Greta Garbo? And Marion Davies, Barbara Stanwyck, Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, and Ina Claire? Jackie Cooper is said to get $7,500 for a vaudeville tour, and the Marx Brothers' pay-check isn't a small one, though it has to be divided several ways. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey also have to divvy up.

You can probably tick a few more right off on your fingers, but what's the use? You'd still have two hundred or so little film stars hovering just under the $1,000-a-week mark, not to mention the young hopefuls brought to Hollywood for training, who rate $500 to $750 a week—depending on their

(*Continued on page 87*)

Cheasley Predicts *Domestic Changes* for DIETRICH

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

Before the end of the summer, Marlene's entire life—both off and on the screen—will undergo changes, according to Numerology. Her Numberscope also indicates that she will be an actress until 1941, when her life will change again





MARLENE DIETRICH—who was born Mary Magdalene Von Losch—has an interesting personality and an interesting life, and her name and birth date are of the kind that the Numerologist likes to interpret for the indications of character.

The vowels of her original name total "7." This indicates that her viewpoint on life is a little above the ordinary, her tastes are individual, her likes and dislikes pronounced. This number "7" also shows a passion for dramatic art, which has grown steadily from childhood days, when her favorite game, it is suspected, was play-acting.

To the usual associations and experiences of every-day life, Marlene Dietrich is partly oblivious and partly indifferent, aloof, definitely disinterested. To be happy, she likes to take plenty of time before thinking and acting; to have the freedom to be alone whenever she feels like it (which is often); and to follow her "hunches." She is often out of patience with the interests and ambitions of other people; she cannot follow them mentally and so cannot truly sympathize with them or share emotionally in them.

The Numberscope of Garbo, which I analyzed in the May issue of MOTION PICTURE, showed this same number "7" as the "Ideality" or Motive number of her character. The two stars therefore have a similar viewpoint on life. Dietrich, however, with the same indifference, has an ability to hide her opinions under an outer expression of tact, patience and diplomacy. In conversing with her, unless she happens to know you very well, it is not easy to discover what she really believes.

The combination of this inner "Motive" number of "7" and her outer "Expression" number of "2" proves that the stronger note of mystery, characteristic of all "7's," is outwardly subordinated in Marlene's case to a sincere effort to mix easily with everyone, to adapt herself to the immediate circumstances with very little show of temperament.

She's One Star Who Obeys—Usually

THE real Dietrich, the dreamer, who is creative in idea, individual in

(*Continued on page 79*)

General Forecast for July, 1932

World-wide progress toward the stabilizing and adjustment of industrial, political and economic conditions, encouraged in June, will be somewhat slowed up. This is likely to be the effect of conditions in Central and Eastern Europe, which are at "sixes and sevens" for the time being. England, Germany and Russia and their internal adjustments seem to draw the world's attention, and disquieting rumors may be expected.

The industrial outlook in general, and in the United States in particular, will be greatly improved. Speculative and promotive phases of business will not be advanced.

Individually, this will be a month for making careful plans in directions of finance and living conditions, regarding possible changes for August. Caution is advised. No time for speculation or for making changes, until after the 23rd of the month.

Cheasley

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



THE SHANNON OF BROADWAY

Remember the comedy, "The Shannons of Broadway"—and how none of the clan ever found fame? Not at all like real life—or a real Shannon! Peggy proved in the "Follies" that all gauze chillun got wings, especially if they're Irish—and now she's gliding lightly, but surely, into the spotlight of movie stardom. She steps out with Jimmy Dunn, no less, in "Society Girl"

Delay in starring Gable *Cost Hollywood* MILLIONS!

For seven years, Clark Gable pounded at studio gates—and didn't get invited inside. How did Hollywood ever make a million-dollar mistake like that? How did it overlook Boris Karloff and Jean Harlow and Ann Dvorak, too, among others? You learn all about it in this story—and learn, also, that such a thing may happen again!

FOR seven long years, Clark Gable knocked at the gates of every studio in Hollywood and was turned down. He was not needed, he was not wanted, he was "not the type." Hollywood didn't know it then, but it was turning down ONE MILLION DOLLARS every time it turned down Gable. Yes, even more!

Every time a producer found Gable at his gate, it was like finding a fortune wrapped up in old clothes, and throwing it away without looking to see what was inside. Never has there been a million-dollar mistake like this one. How did it happen?



Fortunes have gone begging before in this town of cock-eyed values—but how could *every* studio have overlooked Gable all that time?

Why did he have to wait seven years? He must have been as handsome, virile and magnetic in 1924, as he was in 1931. Yet he wasn't worth $7.50 a day—an "extra's" salary—then. He had applied at every casting office. The casting directors all knew him. Why didn't some one of them recognize his box-office value?

Fortunately for M-G-M, it was on their lot that Clark Gable found his reward for seven lean years of hearing studios say, "Nothing today," and now they're very busy banking the first part of the golden flood that pours over this menacing lover. He's worth a million to them; probably more. But if M-G-M should boast of their cleverness in at last "discovering" Gable, let us remind them that they signed Garbo under protest and under pressure from the late Mauritz Stiller, the director who



Boris Karloff (center) came to Hollywood when Junior Laemmle was a small boy. And didn't get his chance until Junior grew up and gave it to him!

One glimpse of Jean Harlow (left) and the whole world started to go platinum blonde. But Hollywood called her "the towhead" and kept her in "extra" parts for three years!

By Sonia Lee

brought her to Hollywood with him. To everyone on the lot she was a sorry, gawky, inarticulate Swede—when she first arrived. The now-great Garbo was almost ignored at first.

Turned Down Valentino, Too

WHY did Rudolph Valentino have to wear through the seat of his trousers, waiting around in casting offices, before June Mathis, the famous scenario writer, pleaded with producers to let him play the lead in "The Four Horsemen"? Why wasn't Janet Gaynor recognized at once, instead of after four years of "extra" work? Why did Ann Dvorak, the sensation of Howard Hughes' "Scarface," spend three years on the M-G-M payroll as a dance instructor, without playing a single rôle before the camera—and then, in the next half-year, play six featured rôles at other studios?

Boris Karloff haunted the studios for almost twenty years—and only since "Frankenstein" has his ability been recognized. Randolph Scott, who looks like Paramount's next star, was in Hollywood eight months before *any* studio could see him. Richard Arlen once contemplated suicide after three fruitless years of trying to persuade casting directors to give him a part.

Instances of great actors and great actresses waiting interminably for a chance—for that hallowed moment of recognition—multiply themselves. Ruth Chatterton was down to her last few dollars when Emil Jannings "discovered" her—and Ruth revolutionized the technique of screen acting! There is James Dunn; there is Jean Harlow; there is Lew Ayres; there is Helen Twelvetrees. All struggling, dreaming, waiting. Potential money-makers for any studio. Making the rounds of all the studios. Failing to get a chance. Again and again. So many mice in a trap. "Extra" work—a bit—now and then. Nothing important. Nothing that counted. Yet all the time they were potentially worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Studios lost fortunes in not discovering and signing them sooner!

Casting directors, paid to discover promising material for stardom, have failed in these specific instances. Isn't there any way to guard against such expensive failures or delays? Must genius knock at studio gates, unheeded—day after day after day?

(*Continued on page 80*)



How Other Studios Alibi

When a rival discovers a new star, like

Clark Gable—(Alibi 1)—"His ears were too large!"
(Alibi 2)—"We didn't need him just then!"
(Alibi 3)—"He wasn't an actor when he was an 'extra.'"
(Alibi 4)—"Discovering a star is an accident!"

Boris Karloff—(Alibi 1)—"He just happened to be lucky in his part."
(Alibi 2)—"Is he an actor now? I thought the make-up man was responsible for his success."

Ann Dvorak—(Alibi 1)—"She had always been a dancer—why should she have dramatic talent?"
(Alibi 2)—"It's just one of those things!"

Jean Harlow, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, etc., etc. (Alibis 1, 2, 3, etc.)—"Well-a! Well-a-a-a! Well-a-a-a-a!"



For seven years, producers couldn't see paying Clark Gable (top) $7.50 a day—that is, not very often. Now they're spending millions to find someone who can rival him. Add that to the millions they lost when they turned him down!

Ann Dvorak (above) taught dancing to stars for three years, while waiting for a screen chance. No one realized she might be a star, herself!

COAST FLASHES News *and* Gossip

✧ If It's The Latest Hollywood News You Want,

MIRIAM HOPKINS is just a trifle peeved. It seems that ever since she went to live in the Santa Monica house formerly occupied by Garbo (who moved farther down the street), the Hopkins parties have been interrupted by guests' clamoring to go upstairs and see the bed on which Greta slept. "I think that that's the only reason people come to see me!" wails Miriam.

Constance Bennett has broken down and confessed that she is sorry she is thought high-hat. "It makes me heavy-hearted," she says. "But how can I persuade people I'm not what they think me?" She has begun by inviting reporters to lunch, one at a time. And the writers all come back raving about Connie!

"I SEE by the paper," said Marie Dressler, with some surprise, "that I wept when I heard that Garbo was going home. But don't doubt it—she's *going!*" Another new Garbo rumor is that she lost much of her huge fortune in the recent collapse of a big Swedish corporation. But Harry Eddington, her business manager, denies that Greta has a dollar invested outside of the United States! He resigned from M-G-M, another rumor says, to negotiate with other companies.

BY THE way, did you know that Garbo's name is missing from "Who's Who"? And she isn't the only famous star left out! Marlene Dietrich shares the Garbo fate. So do Constance and Joan Bennett—but not their father, Richard Bennett! Ruth Chatterton is included, but her husband, Ralph Forbes, isn't; the same is true of Bebe Daniels and *her* husband, Ben Lyon. Buster Keaton is not to be found in its pages, but his sisters-in-law, Norma and Constance Talmadge, both "retired," are present. Others who "got in" are Marie Dressler and Erich von Stroheim. What's in a name, anyway?

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton, the newlyweds, roam around the studio holding hands, in a sort of rosy daze. The suit for breach of promise brought by one Julie Carter, 19-year-old actress, who claims that she thought *she* was going to be Mrs. Fenton, doesn't seem to be worrying them much. They are living in Leslie's bachelor quarters in the hills—a curious apartment where costly silk embroideries from the Orient and ten-cent-store crockery vie with the sort of furniture that "Furnished Apartments for Rent" usually have.

Did you ever wonder if there were a bit of Oriental in Leslie? Hollywood did, until it recently glimpsed his mother and father and brother Reggie—all very English. Leslie's Eurasian look, his friends say, is simply the result of having his nose made over after it was broken!

GEORGE GOES NATIVE



Phyfe

No, Aunt Nellie, George O'Brien didn't lose his shirt in the stock crash. He-man-like, he's just getting as brown as the law allows!

CLARA BOW has been having the time of her life—sitting at home, turning down fancy offers from studios and stage, writing poetry, dashing off to the ranch whenever she feels the urge, and letting husband Rex Bell do the acting for the family. She has kept telling even friends, "I don't want to go back!" But the girl was only spoofing. She has just signed up with Fox—and is to do "Red-Headed Savage."

When Ruth Chatterton went to Santa Barbara to see the tryout of "Let Us Divorce," the stage play which she directed and in which her husband, Ralph Forbes, is starred, George Brent drove her there. It looks like a mutual admiration society. But don't believe the romance rumors. Ralph usually makes it a gay threesome!

NOW EVEN STARS ARE WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE



Acme

What did people ever do in those primitive old days, B. C. (Before Cellophane)? They got sunburned, says June Clyde, who claims that her little cellophane wrapper prevents such a thing. What won't Hollywood think of next?

of the Studios

LATEST BULLETINS

YOU ARE SURE TO FIND IT IN MOTION PICTURE ✧

THE latest Jimmy Dunn romance—and no one is a better romancer than Jimmy—is with Joan Marsh. They are seen dancing nightly at the Cocoanut Grove. "But he met her only a few days ago!" protests someone. That doesn't cramp Jimmy's style. In the last six months, at least five or six movie beauties have wondered if they were engaged to him.

Stars never used to tell, when they were expecting "blessed events"—but now they have to, before the Walter Winchells can forecast the news and make Hollywood look as if it's desperately trying to conceal the facts. Lilyan Tashman (kidding, it would seem) started the fad. Now everyone is doing it. The latest are Mary Astor (Mrs. Franklyn Thorpe) and Helen Twelvetrees (Mrs. Frank Woody, Jr.).

THERE were two actresses under consideration for the rôle of *Sadie Thompson* in the talkie version of "Rain"—Joan Crawford and Tallulah Bankhead. (Gloria Swanson did it in silents, you remember.) Joan and Tallulah are excellent friends, and each wanted the other to get it. Tallulah was the one who got her wish—and the opportunity is one of the biggest that Joan has had. Hollywood is convinced that here is one girl who is going far as an actress. In answer to those Gable-Crawford rumors, Joan went to the première of "It's Tough to Be Famous" with Doug, Jr., on one arm and Clark on the other.

AMATEUR GLORIFIED



Freulich

Do you like amateur theatricals? So did Gloria Stuart, and that's how Universal "discovered" her. She'll be featured



A STAR SOON?

Negligee means "neglected"—and Hollywood thinks the garb most fitting for Miriam Hopkins. Despite the pictures she has stolen, she's still unstarred!

THE maddest marital mix-up that has ever befallen a screen player has just happened to Olive Borden, who left the screen in March, 1931, when she married Theodore Stewart, New York broker.

A beauty-parlor operator in Buffalo, a Mrs. Spector, has come forward with the claim that she is Stewart's wife, too, and that he married her fourteen years ago under the name of Spector. Stewart—or Spector, whichever it is—admits the marriage, but says that he and his first wife separated after eight months of marriage, and adds that he repeatedly had asked her for a divorce, and that she had told him one time that he was "free."

Olive, who had just given up "a happy home life" to return to her career, promptly announced that she was standing by her husband. When located by reporters, Olive said that Wife No. 1 had 'phoned *her* and that had made her mad.

THE reason why Sally Eilers ran away to New York so suddenly was not because she and Hoot Gibson had tiffed. Sally was all broken up over losing the heroine's rôle in "The First Year." Janet Gaynor, who balked at doing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," gets it.

Are Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor on the verge of merging again? When Jack was recently in Hollywood for just one day, he spent two hours of it with his ex-wife. And they didn't spend it in hiding. They drove nonchalantly around town, talking the while. They looked as if they were having a good time.

GENE RAYMOND, who has been missing from the screen since "Ladies of the Big House" because of a stage contract, objects to being called "The Platinum Blonde Boy." He is one of those blondes who were born, not made.

ARE PAST FIRST YEAR



Dyar

On June 26, Carole Lombard and William Powell celebrate their first anniversary—and still have those honeymoon smiles!

DID Ann Harding fly up to Reno to see Harry Bannister, while he was waiting to get that friendly divorce from her? Or was it some other blonde who was seen in Harry's vicinity—like that time last summer, at the fight Jack Dempsey promoted? Ann was listening to the battle on the radio, when she heard the announcer say, "Harry Bannister and his wife, Ann Harding, just came in." She was surprised—but remember how quickly the divorce rumors died that time? Harry has been living on a ranch while establishing residence, and taking boxing lessons.

Helene Costello, back from Europe, still insists she wants that divorce from Lowell Sherman, who has been paying a bit of attention to Ethelind Terry. (But he has a rival in Monroe Owsley.) Norma Talmadge, however, now says she isn't so sure she wants to divorce producer Joseph Schenck, after all.

COLLEEN MOORE is back in Holly-wood after a two-year absence. Publicly, she's here to play on the local stage in "A Church Mouse." But privately, say her intimates, she's looking for movie offers and has hired a couple of press-agents. Did you know that Colleen (who is now Mrs. Albert Scott in private life) has shorn herself of those famous "bangs"?

AND speaking of stars who are com-ing back—four who left voluntarily (as stars seldom do) will return this summer. One of them is Leslie Howard, who said only a few months ago that he was fed up with Hollywood, but now is going to convert his stage hit, "The Animal Kingdom," into a talkie—with Ann ("Devotion") Harding opposite. And Helen Hayes will be another, since husband Charles ("Front Page") MacArthur is due back on the Coast to write some more screen stories. The third and fourth are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, of "The Guardsman" fame.

"THE Champ" having been a "tre-menjus" hit, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery are to make another picture together—and it's likely to be a circus story. (Wally used to be an elephant trainer, you remember). Meanwhile, Jackie is on a vaudeville tour, and is said to be getting $7,000 a week—which doesn't sound like depression in the amusement business. His mother, of course, is with him—seeing that he eats his spinach. The studio telegraphs her "in care of Jackie Cooper."

LILIAN BOND, who has just been quietly divorced from her English mate, is one of the hottest numbers in Hollywood—but it seems impossible to pin a definite romance on the girl. First it's one escort, then another. Perhaps one unhappy marriage was enough!

Remember Wilhelm Soerensen, the wealthy young Swede who followed Garbo to America—but could not induce Greta to become the wealthy Mrs. Soerensen? Well, that old rumor about their being engaged has cropped up again. Garbo's business manager, Harry Eddington, denies there's any more truth in it than before—which makes it semi-official.

MARY BRIAN cut short her vaude-ville tour with Ken Murray to rush home to play in "Blessed Event"—which means there will be a moratorium on romance rumors about them.

NO WONDER KAY FRANCIS CAN'T GET TO SLEEP



Lippman

If Kay Francis has insomnia these nights, you can't blame her. She's making so many pictures, one right after the other, that she must have to lie awake nights, learning her lines. Her newest one is "One-Way Passage," following "The Jewel Robbery"

LYDA ROBERTI, the unusual comé-dienne of "Dancers in the Dark," was threatened with deportation a few weeks ago. It seemed that somebody claimed she had been in the U. S. six years on a "visitor's permit." But nothing seems to have come of the threat, Hollywood rejoices, since she is back in town for three new films in which she'll sing, dance and clown.

SALLY O'NEIL, who is now wearing "bangs," denies that she is engaged to Arthur Loew, son of the millionaire showman—though there seems to be every indication that wedding bells will soon ring out. However, friends say, Sally first wants to straighten out the difficulty of her brother, John Noonan—who is in prison, she believes, through no fault of his own.

JUST STEP UP AND CALL HAROLD LLOYD "SPEEDY"



Where Harold Lloyd used to take months to make a picture, he has finished "Movie Crazy" in as many weeks. You see him and Constance Cummings drying off after a rain scene in this comedy about Hollywood—where it never, *never* rains

RIGHT on the heels of Janet Gaynor's rebelling against doing "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Marlene Dietrich turned rebel. She didn't like the next story scheduled for her (namely, "The Blue Venus") and said so. Her director, Josef von Sternberg, sided with her—or maybe she sided with him. Anyway, both rebelled. Paramount retorted by threatening to drop both from the payroll, unless they began work on the picture in three days. Von Sternberg, apparently believing that actions speak louder than words, took a train for New York, "just to see what happens." Marlene intimated that she wouldn't do the picture with any other director. Janet Gaynor won *her* fight—though a couple of years ago she lost a similar one and was off the screen for eight months.

Another rebel star—though of a milder sort—is Gary Cooper, who is under doctor's orders not to overwork. Gary would like to do no more than four pictures a year, but some of the Powers wonder if he is a four-picture star. A truce has temporarily been called, by Gary's being given a co-starring assignment opposite Tallulah Bankhead—something he has wanted for a long time.

AND still another rebel is James Cagney, who's having money trouble, not picture trouble. Cagney, who was originally to do "Blessed Event," lost the choice rôle to Lee Tracy, when he struck for a raise. He is now getting something like $1,500 a week, and is of the opinion that he rates about twice that—considering the money his pictures make.

Like Dietrich and von Sternberg at Paramount, Jimmy at Warner Brothers was cut off the payroll—until he or the studio could find out in court which had the better case. Jimmy intimates that he'd like to go back to Columbia University and take up that medical course where he left off to go on the stage. Warners, by the way, deny that Jimmy's pal, Joan Blondell, is also a salary rebel, as has been rumored. She's getting a raise.

FROM RADIO TO FILMS



Fryer

Even without the help of television, Warner scouts spotted Gloria Shea, radio singer, and signed her for featured rôles

AND it is also denied that Marian Marsh is rebelling. The studio says that her retreat from stardom to featured rôles (which is bound to be only temporary) was arranged amicably, and that the only reason she hasn't worked since "Beauty and the Boss" is that she has been ill.

BILL (Screen) Boyd is turning down offers from studios these days. He feels that after his eight-year contract he will wait until he gets a story he really likes before he starts work again. He and the Missus (Dorothy Sebastian) are living at Malibu, and their Beverly Hills home is shut—but still un-mortgaged. Bill claims that theirs must be the only house without a mortgage in Beverly Hills. Wild-eyed salesmen call him up constantly to offer to slap a mortgage on it for him, and simply can't understand an actor who doesn't want a mortgage.

READY TO CELEBRATE



Lippman

Ann Dvorak looks all ready for the Fourth of July, but any day is Independence Day to Ann, who'll soon be celebrating stardom

DID you know that the oddity of the name of Warren William (with no final "s" on his last name) is explained by the fact that he was born Warren William Krech?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is another actress, besides Irene Dunne (see page 27), who knows what a long-distance marriage is like. She and husband Nor-

(*Continued on page 69*)



Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford

Irving Thalberg

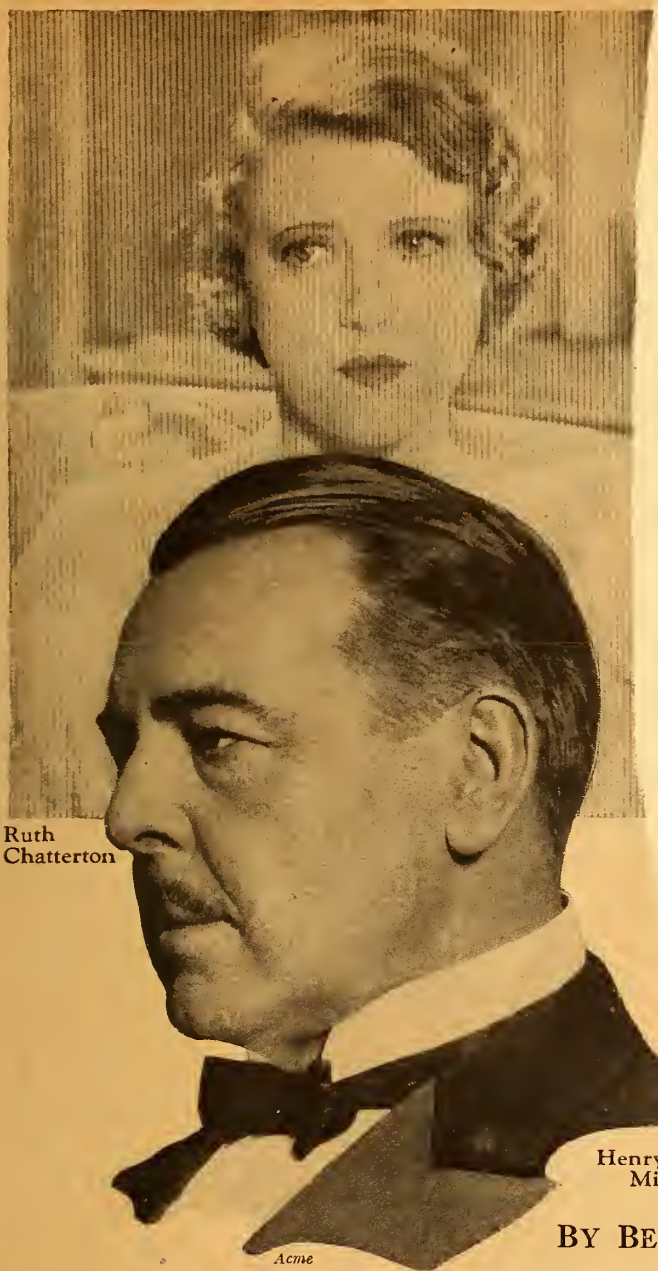
Edmund Goulding

The MEN Who Made them FAMOUS

Norma and Joan and Ruth and Barbara—they've climbed to stardom because of the men who believed in them. And that applies to every woman star!

OVER every successful woman on the screen—from Garbo to the newest sensation, Ann Dvorak—the shadow of a man is cast. Tragédienne, comédienne; blonde or brunette—they all are clinging vines when it comes to hewing out a career for themselves. Feminists may get apoplectic about the great freedom, but when it comes down to cases in Hollywood, you will find that the most glamourous ladies have been hoisted about midway on the ladder of fame by two masculine arms. Not that their ability didn't deserve recognition; not that they didn't justify the faith of their sponsors—but the fact remains that their greatness reflects the shadow of a man who first saw their possibilities.

The story of the Great Garbo is classic. She was an unknown when Mauritz Stiller, whose directorial abilities commanded the alert attention of the studios, brought her to Hollywood. Garbo



Ruth Chatterton

Henry Miller

Acme

By Betty Ames

Who Made Them Famous?

NORMA SHEARER owes her debt to Irving Thalberg.
JOAN CRAWFORD was "found" by Edmund Goulding.
RUTH CHATTERTON was made a star by Henry Miller.
BARBARA STANWYCK was backed by Frank Fay.
GARBO was developed by Mauritz Stiller.
ANN HARDING learned acting from Jasper Deeter.
LUPE VELEZ found fame through Richard Bennett.
CLARA BOW became a star through B. P. Schulberg.
GLORIA SWANSON has her first three husbands to thank.
MARLENE DIETRICH can thank Josef von Sternberg.
ANN DVORAK got her chance through Howard Hughes.

was a buxom Swede—freckled and plain, with no whit of the exotic spell she casts to-day. But he loved her. He realized the potent hypnosis of her personality. He demanded a chance for her—and so began the development, the molding, the prayerful watchfulness that finally gave to the world the most colorful woman since Cleopatra.

The round-faced, dumpy girl whom Edmund Goulding saw one day is a far cry from the thrilling Joan Crawford of to-day. He saw the latent artistry that was so completely realized in "Paid" and later with Clark Gable in "Possessed." She was tinder to his directorial fire. An awkward, intense Lucille La Sueur—the girl who danced in the chorus of the floor show at the Marigold Gardens in Chicago—became the vibrant, brilliant Crawford through the inspiration of one man.

Optimists will say that genius will out. Yet genius has withered—and its rose petals have fallen one by one, unsung and unrevered. It is conceivable that without Edmund Goulding's analytical mind and his probing eye, Lucille La Sueur would still be just another "extra" girl.

Knowing that ability cannot flower without opportunity, it was this same Joan Crawford who for months attempted in vain to further the ambitions of Ann Dvorak, daughter of Ann Lehr, who once was a star herself. Karen Morley, also on the M-G-M lot, joined her effort to that of Joan in inducing executives to give Ann a chance. But she remained a dancing girl until Howard Hughes, the youthful Midas who produced "Hell's Angels," realized her dramatic power and cast her as *Tesca* in "Scarface." She stole the picture and now is whizzing on to stardom. It seems that one woman

(*Continued on page 91*)

ominate

dom

Bruce Cabot

RKO-Radio

BRUCE CABOT is luckier than Clark Gable, whom he is destined to rival, even if he doesn't plan to do so. Bruce had to hang around Hollywood only two years before getting his chance before the camera; Clark had to wait seven. You'll see Bruce for the first time in "The Roadhouse Murder"—in a rôle that is bigger than what usually comes a newcomer's way. And when you do see him, you may be interested to know that he received part of his stage training from Josephine Dillon, drama coach, who was Gable's first wife and also Clark's dramatic teacher.

He has been "Bruce Cabot" only a few weeks. The studio rechristened him, thinking his real name, Jacques de Bujac, a bit too hard to say. In spite of it, he is a native American, born in New Mexico. Like Gable, he has had an adventurous he-man life—having been an able seaman, an oil worker, and a surveyor. He toured the Western states in a stock company. Coming to Hollywood, he did not starve while waiting for his chance. He earned a good living and made valuable acquaintances by putting over a new night-club.

We Believe in Him

Because for weeks before he was signed by RKO-Radio, Josephine Dillon told us enthusiastically that her new pupil was going to be GOOD. *Because* the studio put him to work in an important part in his first picture. *Because* he has already shown himself resourceful in getting along in Hollywood. *Because* there is more of the Seven Seas about him than of Hollywood.

You will read his colorful life-story in our pages in the near future. Meanwhile, look him over in "The Roadhouse Murder."

s Number 3

.g magazine of the motion picture in-
..e here not only to write of stars already
.ablished—but to try to answer that always-intriguing question: "Who will be the stars of tomorrow?"

On this page, each month, we shall tell you of the newcomers who are heading for the heights. We shall give you tip-offs from our inside knowledge of what is going on at the studios, from our own contacts with the newcomers, from our frank talks with their employers, and from our previews of their first pictures.

We have confidence in these newcomers. We are willing to invest space in our magazine in them. But we want your help in our "star-making."

Watch for their first pictures—and then write us your frank opinion of our candidates for stardom.—Editor.

.ght of looking. She was on the stage in Denmark. She has also been a Countess, rumor says; but the title that Steichen, the photographer, gave her—"the most beautiful model in New York"—will carry her farther. It was his camera studies of her that won Gwili her contract—and the rôle opposite Richard Dix in "Roar of the Dragon."

We Believe in Her

Because she has no bad camera angles. *Because* she can look like all women—at one moment a wide-eyed schoolgirl, next a seductive siren, then a madonna, now a woman of vengeance. *Because* she makes Hollywood think of three distinct stars—Garbo, Dietrich and Joan Crawford. *Because* she was the highest-paid dress-model in New York—and New York is seldom cheated.

Watch for Gwili in "Roar of the Dragon." Despite the silence surrounding her, we hope to give you her story in a coming issue.

Motion Picture Presents the Coming



GWILI ANDRE

"Jee-lee On-dray" is Danish, the year's most beautiful "discovery," and a future worry for two other stars besides Garbo



BRUCE CABOT

He's American, though his real name is Jacques de Bujac, and has led much the same life as Gable—whom he's bound to rival

Stars — They'll Be Your Future Favorites

Would I Go *Native?*

YES says Dolores Del Rio

NO says Joel McCrea

By
GLADYS HALL



Dolores and Joel have just returned from Hawaii, where they both "went native" for the screen in "Bird of Paradise." Dolores wants to go back there with her husband TO LIVE!—and tells why. But Joel says the life will never lure HIM!—and also has some good reasons

DOLORES DEL RIO and Joel McCrea **have just returned from Hawaii, where they went to make the outdoor scenes for "Bird of Paradise," in which they are lovers. While there they did the same things, saw the same sights. But they came back with directly opposite opinions on the attractions of "going native." Dolores never thought such a life would "get" her—but it has. Joel used to think there wasn't anything he'd like better—but he has changed his mind. And both are emphatic!**

"If I had Cedric with me, I'd go native tomorrow," says Dolores, looking as little like a native as possible, with her sleek hair shining, her creamy skin like dusky gardenia petals, in a house as modernistically luxurious as the mind of civilization could imagine—a house designed by her artist-husband, Cedric Gibbons. "You can't go native without romance. I can't imagine going native without romance. But with it—why, if I'd had Cedric with me, there in Honolulu, I'd have stayed, I'd have gone native without a moment's hesitation.

"It's curious. I had never believed, if I gave it any consideration at all, that I would want to go native. I thought my work and my friends and my social pleasures and my clothes and my cars and my houses were important to me. I hugged them to me. I tried to keep up with Señor and Señorita Jones. I thought—good Heavens, I actually believed—that all of this Hollywood was not only necessary, but also that it was fun.

"Fun—when so much of the time I am too tired to know that the sun is shining or that the moon is white, too tired to lie back and gaze at the sea, too busy for romance. The sea and the sun and romance—they're the only important things in all of life, and we give our days away to working—for what? To telephone calls and dressmakers and theatres and hot, crowded cafés and photographers and limousines and petty things!

"Of course, I'd go native — because then, by that means only, could I have the things I now know are valuable, are precious, are really important.

Hollywood Lost Its Meaning

"WHEN I got to Honolulu and looked back on Hollywood, I knew that there was only one thing for me here, only one person —my husband. I found that Hollywood meant that one person only to me—nothing more.

"I found that I could give up my work, my so-called pleasures, my expensive clothes, my cars, my home. Everything I had done, everything I had been doing seemed so unimportant to me, so little, so *funny*. I looked on those native girls—living and loving in the sun of to-day, with happy yesterdays behind them and no thought of tomorrow—and I envied them. I envied them



as I have never envied any women before. They had the vital things of life. The vital things for me are all but smothered with the trivialities.

"I couldn't even read about Hollywood. They seemed so awful, those things I read. I didn't want to know about Hollywood, or what was going on there. I *wouldn't* read about it. I found that I had lost even my curiosity.

"I walked by the ocean, I saw the sunsets and the palms dark against them, I heard singing and happy low soft voices — and I thought of the cocktail parties and the café parties and the beach parties at home and something like revulsion shook me from head to foot. I didn't want to go back. If only Cedric had been there with me. . . .

"I was there for four weeks—and in all that time *never once did I hear the word 'depression' spoken. Because there isn't any.* One eats *poi* and it is so cheap. Or breadfruit, or cocoanut, or fish from the sea. It costs nothing. One bathes in the ocean. There is no necessity for marble-tiled baths and expensively-installed showers. One wears *leis*, and the cloth of home-made weaving. Fashions for women are everywhere the same, and with everyone the same. There is no feverish attempt to outdo the other fellow with styles and modes and creations.

"You can't go native without romance," says Dolores Del Rio — who not only has romance, but the urge to leave Hollywood and live in the South Seas. And she's serious about it! She even goes so far as to say she would never have come back this time, if her artist-husband, Cedric Gibbons, had been in Hawaii with her. (P. S. And if there hadn't been a studio contract.)

Everything's Free in Hawaii

"WE NEED everything here in Hollywood. They need nothing down there in Hawaii. We are imprisoned up here in Hollywood. They are free down there in Hawaii.

"That is why I would go native, why I hope to go native some day. I want to be free. I am not free. Who can be, up here? We are imprisoned. The iron bars that hem us in are our desires for clothes and jewels and cars and houses and going out and entertaining and rivaling our neighbors. Things like these don't matter down there. Only the things that are blessedly free to everyone—song and laughter and love and dancing and sunshine and the sea. Food that comes out of that sea and from the branches of trees. Happiness. Even their pleasures cost them nothing. One does not pay to dance or to sing, to make love or to ride the waves in the moonlight.

"*I shall go native one of these days.* I want to go down there and live. I want Cedric to paint. I want to pose for him. I want to

(*Continued on page 74*)



Just back from their separate vacations, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young get in that movie mood again by picking up the latest issue of MOTION PICTURE. And you can tell from their expressions that Doug has just discovered something he never knew before about Hollywood—and that whatever they are reading is also news to Loretta. And you can also tell that both believe what they are reading—since they find it in the magazine that has been telling the truth about Hollywood for twenty-one colorful, crowded years. It's a habit all the stars have—reading MOTION PICTURE!

The Girl Who Wouldn't Be Like GARBO

Tala Birell, new screen sensation in "The Doomed Battalion," has been hailed as "another Garbo"—and resents it. She is the first girl who has. But she is an unusual person, who has lived an unusual life—and doesn't intend to change for Hollywood!



Tala would rather be a Helen Hayes than a Garbo, but it looks as if she can't avoid siren rôles. She is soon to play "Nana," a woman of fatal allure

HERE is probably the only girl in the world who doesn't want to be like Garbo — the only woman in the world who resents being compared to Garbo. This amazing person is Tala Birell (christened Natalie Bierl), who resides, professionally, on the Universal lot, and who has just excited critics in her first American picture, "The Doomed Battalion."

Make no mistake. She *has* been compared to Garbo—both before and since she arrived in Hollywood from abroad. Everywhere in Europe she was compared to Greta. And in Hollywood, people say that she is the first foreign actress yet to resemble Garbo——in height, blondeness, seriousness, liking for privacy, and even slightly in looks.

But Tala Birell doesn't want to be compared to Garbo, because (1) she thinks it bad business for a newcomer; because (2) she doesn't admire the type of work Garbo does; and because (3) she just doesn't want to be like Garbo or any other actress. She prefers to be Tala Birell, and to stand on the Birell feet.

Amazing? Or not?

Why Tala and Greta Are Compared

Tala Birell, who is Roumanian, is about the same height as Garbo. There is a slight facial resemblance. Both are blonde. Both are slender. Both are serious and quiet and independent. Both wear sports clothes. Both like to take walks.

But Tala, who is two years the younger, has no desire to become a siren in the Garbo manner. She saw Garbo, when the latter was making her first German picture, and admired her intensely. She says: "I did not see the woman she has become at all. She seemed to me so—so young so natural, so untouched!"

What Garbo Was Like Then

SOME years ago, in Berlin, Tala Birell happened to watch Garbo making her first German picture. The title, translated, means "Lonely Roads." (And how symbolic that title was to be—a premonitory title of the very lonely road that Garbo travels now!) Tala was the only outsider in the studio that day and she was, also, the only person in the studio who felt that Garbo was *great*, that here was a personality of whom the world would hear. Tala sat transfixed, watching the acting of this warm-blooded girl from the Northland—a girl of contagious moodiness—a girl of suppressed intensity.

But Tala didn't, then, see Garbo as the exotic siren type, as the glamourous sphinx. She says, "I did not see this woman she has become at all. She seemed to me so—so young, so natural, so *untouched*. That was her quality to me—untouched. She reminded me of a flower that grows high up on a rock by the sea. Clean and erect and *fresh*."

Everywhere she went, the young Tala spoke of the girl, Garbo. She predicted great things for her. And she could find no one to agree with her, no one who seemed to find anything unique or even very interesting about "that girl from Sweden."

From very different origins come Tala and Garbo. For Tala is the daughter of Polish nobility—the daughter of a Polish Baroness, the Baroness Sahaydakowska. The royal blood of Poland flows through the perceptibly blue veins beneath the white skin, touches the finely chiseled features with delicate sculpturing, gives poise to the proudly carried head and depth to the modulated voice. Gives also to the girl's whole expression a look of awareness, of suffering, of understanding that few American girls of twenty-three ever have.

When Tala's mother married, for a great love, a commoner husband, M. Bierl, from Vienna, the title ceased to be. She sacrificed it by that marriage and there was no brother to carry it on.

(*Continued on page 94*)

By FAITH SERVICE

THE SPORTIEST CLOTHES IN HOLLYWOOD

(P.S. THAT MEANS THE WORLD!)



The sports creation worn by Marian Nixon (left) is of white bouclé and is practical for all summer outdoor recreation. The gay striped tie, which passes through button-holes in the lapels, lends a colorful note to the dress. With this outfit, Marian wears black-and-white kid sport pumps





This summer, the golf links will be treated to the winsome Adrienne Dore wearing this Jean Carol frock of pink in a popcorn weave, trimmed with scalloped collar and cuffs of white linen. The white accessories consist of a tiny cap, low-heeled buckskin shoes, socks and gloves. Noel Francis (right) in a white flat crêpe tennis dress, with a red-and-white polka-dot tie and a red-and-white bandana tied around her blonde hair, shows that one can look just as fetching for sports as for afternoon or evening parties

"You can't be sporty unless you look it" —that's Hollywood's Summer motto. Look over these six girls and see how simply they show all onlookers that they are six good sports!



When Maureen O'Sullivan (above) takes to golf, she will be seen wearing this very smart slipover sweater with short sleeves, which boasts an Ascot scarf of the same knit, over a white flannel skirt. The hat is of stitched white silk, and the gloves are white and tan



The hat and gloves worn by Madge Evans (above) belong to the morning hours. The white Pearl Stroup model sports hat, which protects the hair from the breeze while driving, has a small brim that may be adjusted to suit the wearer. The perforated pigskin sports gloves are of a durable tan shade



Joan Blondell believes in freedom of the knees when she indulges in a game of tennis, and if that means anything, she ought to win every game of tennis this summer. The outfit consists of white crêpe-soled shoes, white side-laced Honolulu shorts trimmed with red, and a bandana bib in blue and white. Colorful, what?



Hurrell

Nils Asther is a tense chap who smokes a cigarette to the last half-inch—and gives his last half-ounce of energy to a rôle. The talkies took him away from the screen, and now the talkies are bringing him back—to what may be one of the greatest careers of Hollywood history, as the story opposite tells you. Producers (who aren't rash like press-agents) have a hunch that Nils is going to be Gable's biggest worry within a year. If Garbo stays, you may see her and Nils together again, as in "Wild Orchids" and "The Single Standard"—remember?

GABLE'S Most Dangerous RIVAL?

Nils Asther, once a great hit with Garbo, has come back, speaking good English—and even Clark's bosses predict: "Within a year Asther will be bigger than Gable!" That prophecy has never been made about any other man!

By GLADYS HALL



Hurrell

CLARK GABLE has one dangerous rival—far more dangerous than all of Hollywood's newly-discovered "other Gables" put together. He is well over six feet tall, and magnificently built. His skin is a creamy tan. His hair is black and heavy. His mouth is handsome and cruel. His eyes are like gray jewels. His mind is as graceful as his body. His name is Nils Asther.

It isn't a new name. But it is a name that is about to flash in electric lights as it never flashed before—as, perhaps, no other name has ever flashed before, except Garbo's.

"We'll bet our last dollar that within a year Nils Asther will be bigger than Gable!" That's the way the Powers at M-G-M expressed it to me. A staggering prophecy, isn't it? It beggars the imagination to suppose that any man could be "bigger" than Clark Gable. But anything is possible in Hollywood—and anything *ought* to be possible with Nils Asther.

He has signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. He was, when I talked to him only recently, playing with Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton"—and playing, moreover, much the same type of rôle that Clark played in "A Free Soul." The studio declares that it is back of him one hundred per cent, and there is every sign that something spectacular is about to happen again.

The most amazing feature of the whole thing is that such a thing has not happened before; that Nils should have been an exile in Hollywood for so long. Because Nils is not "another Gable." He is a male Garbo. That is the big, new discovery—the secret of the predictions.

How He's Like Garbo

HE IS a Scandinavian, like Garbo. He has the Garbo exoticism—and he has it in real life, as well as on the screen. Like Garbo, he has a strange fascination that is his alone. He has the Garbo reticence and dislike of demonstration and display. He and Garbo are counterparts, the one of the other. *What Garbo gives to the screen as a woman, Nils will give as a man.*

You saw them together in "Wild Orchids" and "The Single Standard" some three years ago. With the exception of "The Sea Bat" immediately following, you have not seen him again until just recently. Why? You must have wondered—just as Hollywood has wondered. The local way of asking has been, "Why is the handsomest man in Hollywood kept idle?"

Nils was born on January 17, 1902, in Copenhagen, Denmark. He had always thought his birthplace was in Sweden, until his mother came over here to live with him and told him differently. He is an only child. He was educated in Denmark and in Sweden and attended the Lunel University and the Royal Dramatic School, of which Garbo is also a graduate.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Why Asther Is Dangerous

He is famous and popular already—from his work in silent films.

He is as virile as Gable, himself.

He is as handsome, thinks Hollywood, as the late Rudolph Valentino.

He is as fiery and romantic as John Gilbert.

But, perhaps most important of all—he is the masculine version of the exotic fascination that is Garbo's. Temperamentally, they are the same. And what Garbo gives to the screen as a woman, Nils can give as a man.

Strange this wasn't discovered before, isn't it?

You're TWICE as PRETTY as You Think You Are!

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Constance Bennett, says Mrs. Pemberton, is one star who always knows what clothes fit her personality. Few do!

GIRLS, you are twice as good-looking as your mirror has ever hinted!

You have just as much clothes-wearing ability as Constance Bennett! Even though you don't look like Connie in your new summer ensemble, if it is correctly chosen, you can be originally, startlingly, individually YOU!

And being the height of your own personality—that's all there is to style. There isn't any more.

"Sez you?" you ask. No—sez Mrs. Brock Pemberton.

They call her "the woman who knows more about clothes than any woman in America," and she is in Hollywood under contract to RKO to be the fashion dictator of their productions. In less fancy words, Mrs. Brock Pemberton is a "clothes doctor," who is going to snip the ruffles off Ann Harding, infuse electricity into the personality of Irene Dunne, operate on Helen Twelvetrees' "long bob," and diagnose clothes for Constance Bennett and Dolores Del Rio. For the already highly style-polished Constance Bennett, she will select screen wardrobe only—for can you imagine anyone putting a higher polish on Connie than she already has? Neither can Mrs. Brock Pemberton.

One newspaper said Mrs. Pemberton was going to "make over" the personalities of the "Misses" Twelvetrees, Bennett, Dunne, Harding and Del Rio.

She's a Personality-Promoter

HER own answer to that is: "Nonsense! I'm just going to try to help bring out the personalities of these girls to their fullest, for, as lovely as they are, movie stars, like a great





Irene Dunne, once matronly (above), now looks as young as she really is (right). Her new wavy bob did it!

Mrs. Brock Pemberton, Hollywood fashion expert, tells YOU—as well as stars—how to use that wasted fifty per cent of charm!





Left, the over-flapperized Helen Twelvetrees before her hair was "snipped." Above, the new, sophisticated Helen—who's now avoiding "that artificial effect"

many other women, use only *one-half* of their charm. The average woman uses only about fifty per cent of her beauty and clothes-wearing ability."

Sounds like one of those comedy ads, all about how "YOU, TOO, CAN BE A KNOCKOUT—IN SEVEN ROUNDS!" But if you don't think it's serious, you should hear the rumors of the figures on that contract and see the important offices that have been allotted to the lady's work.





In inset, Ann Harding when she was "hiding half her beauty." Above, as she looks now—with softer lines and "new" profile

They remind you of an executive's suite—only more elaborate. Also much livelier and gayer. For behind the door marked *Mrs. Brock Pemberton* is a woman's paradise of clothes! Perky little French hats; lacy lingerie; shoes from sandals to satin pumps; filmy, floating tea gowns, packed in smart little boxes that would strike darts of curiosity to the heart of any woman. And new ones arrive almost daily from New York and Paris, with those labels that all women would like to have in their clothes.

In the midst of these sits Mrs. Brock Pemberton, herself—wife of the well-known New York stage producer. For years she was one of the most stunning women of "first night" and society fame and it was her own personal flair for clothes that brought her an offer from one of the most exclusive stores on Fifth Avenue to select gowns and forecast fashions for their élite clientele, which in turn led to the RKO offer. Her manner is poised and her voice is soft. She is tall and dark, with a manner best described as "social." She loves clothes and she knows them.

What to Wear This Summer

"EXCEPT in the most general way," says Mrs. Pemberton, "it is impossible to talk about styles and expect to help the individual. But certain features might be mentioned—such as in hats. The style rule for hats is: They must be perky—they must be cute. Paris is delightfully silly with its hats this year. Scarfs that match, and tie in big bows under the chin or at the neckline, go with them. Bags match the hats and scarfs.

"Pastels are generally popular for evening, taking the place of the more vivid colors of last season. Pajamas are slightly *out*—garments made like pajamas, only with a skirt in place of the trousers are *in*. Bows, bows, bows—on your hats, on your shoes, on your dresses—are the last word. These things may be men-

(*Continued on page 86*)

HOLLYWOOD'S HEROES ALSO HAVE THEIR HOBBIES





C. S. Bull

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. works in one kind of studio, and relaxes in another kind (above)—which makes him both a reel artist and a real artist. He learned his art in Paris, prefers to work with charcoal, and enjoys doing caricatures of the film-famous

Jackie Cooper has just been made honorary mascot of the Santa Monica division of Sea Scouts—so Jackie is going in for navigation in a big way. He's learning the fundamentals (center) with one of the Sea Scouts' model instruction boats

Richard Cromwell was an art student when the movies discovered him, and he's still keeping his hand in. He used to make his living by modeling masks of screen stars. Now he does it for fun. Here he is (right) with his mask of himself





Before appearing in a picture, Jean Hersholt always makes sketches of the character he is to play—thus seeing himself as others will see him. In between times, he draws portraits of his friends. (He used to be a portrait-painter.) When he wasn't waiting on the guests in "Grand Hotel," he sketched them. At the right, you see him working on his study of Garbo

Hurrell



Roland Young (above) has several hobbies, all of which show a sense of humor. He collects penguins (of all things!), writes nonsensical verse (not for children!), and draws caricatures of film folk that amuse even his victims

Lew Ayres got in the habit of gazing at stars when he was a hungry "extra," and now that he's a star himself, he's still looking upward. Only now he can afford a telescope. Looking at the sun is restful after facing Kleig lights

Ray Jones

Can MARY PICKFORD Bring Back the *Children?*

By
TED LE BERTHON



IS MARY PICKFORD almost "through" as one of the great stars? Have the talkies put her in a mood for retirement? Far from it! "Quitting" just isn't in the Pickford vocabulary. She is starting the most ambitious battle of her career. She is going to see if she can't solve the movies' biggest problem: How to get the children back to the theatres?

Before the talkies came in, between twelve and fifteen million American children went to the movies every week; now, it is estimated, the figure is between six and eight million. The loss has Hollywood desperate. But Mary Pickford is the only producer who is putting every resource to work to remedy the situation. The call of "Bring back the children!" is being heeded by Mary as if it were her own unique, special concern, and not that of all producers. You see, if *she* finds a way to bring them back, the rest of Hollywood can follow her lead. And she'll take the time to find a way!

But how does she plan to do this—to succeed where so many others have failed?

"I would like to make one thing clear," smiles Mary, "and that is that I do not think it necessary to produce 'kid' pictures in order to win back the children!"

Her next picture—and fourth talkie—will not be a "kid" picture. It is being written by Frances Marion, screen adapter of "The Big House," "Min and Bill," "The Champ," "Emma," and many of Mary Pickford's earlier successes. It will be a simple, modern story that will appeal to *both* grown-ups and children, without asking the grown-ups to forget they are intelligent in order to respond to it sympathetically. Mary will play a modern miss in her early twenties, such as she played in "Coquette." Its tentative title is "Happy Ending."

"Children Know Better Than Critics"

"WHAT I thoroughly believe," asserts Mary, "is that any picture with a decent scale of values—any picture in which honor, courage, virtue and sacrifice are expressed—is understood by children. The child's eyes are not blurred with too much living—and the child responds instantly to genuine affection, to the griefs of partings, to mother love, to tense moments when loved ones' lives hang in the balance, to stories of great friendship.

"In short, the child responds to all the beautiful things, the things all religions have taught us are good and eternally true, but which most of the critics write of scornfully as 'hokum.'

"Too many of the producers have been intimidated by the critics' likes and dislikes, and have been making



In the old days, Mary's problem was to find stories to go with her curls—like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (above). Now, her problem is to find grown-up stories that will still appeal to children



One of Mary's best rôles used to be that of a scullery girl—as in "Suds" (above)

In "Heart of the Hills" (left), Mary showed she was a pal of children

LOST—5,000,000 children who used to go to the movies! FOUND—one screen star who is willing to fight to bring them back! Mary Pickford is staking her entire future on this battle. She won't make children's pictures; she has other plans—and tells about them in this exclusive interview!

pictures for the critics and not for the public. They should realize that most critics are persons who would have preferred to be critics of books or plays; that most critics are intellectuals, who, whether they realize it or not, are divorced from the problems of the people.

"It is true that there have been vogues for overheated sex sophistication, and for murderous gangster tales. But that is because so many people, living unhealthily, away from the soil, away from nature, are sick of mind and soul. They require, for their jaded sensibilities to be aroused, strong excitement or strong gin. But even these people suspect that such pictures are not for the children to see, and the youngsters are left home. And remember, when the children stay home, at least one adult must stay home to take care of them.

"But, actually, these people always respond best to real sincerity and beautiful sentiment—the very opposites of sophistication. It is significant, and not accidental, that they crowd so to see Jackie Cooper or Marie Dressler or Will Rogers. It's because they're heart-starved. It is because these are the things of which they never get tired."



Thousands of Pickford followers have written Mary that they'd like to see her again as *Pollyanna* (right). Mary doesn't plan to play the rôle again, but she still believes in *Pollyanna*—who got fun out of life

What They Want Her to Do

THE mistress of Pickfair says she has received many letters asking her to make such pictures over again as "Tess of the Storm Country," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Stella Maris," "Annie Rooney," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and "The Little Princess." But the greatest number of requests have been for the re-making of "Pollyanna"—the rights of which Miss Pickford has been on the point of selling to Fox for use as a Janet Gaynor vehicle.

Jokingly, I asked Mary if she thought the public of to-day would stand for "Pollyanna."

"Yes," she smiled challengingly. "I'm afraid she would have to be de-sugared a little. I suppose she was a little abnormally glad. But I still believe in *Pollyanna*. Fundamentally, she is right. *Pollyanna* believes in God and goodness. She chooses to count blessings rather than adversities. She looks on the bright side, and is glad just to be alive in a world that has so many wonders for those who have eyes to see them. To hear *Pollyanna's* critics

(*Continued on page 84*)



In "The Lovelight," Mary played a young nursemaid

In her new picture, "Happy Ending," Mary is going to play a girl in her early twenties. Mary has kept her youth!

Russell Ball

The Picture

REVIEWS OF THE



LETTY LYNTON

Another Triumph for Joan Crawford: Fresh from her triumph in "Grand Hotel," Joan Crawford again scores sensationally in the filmization of Marie Belloc Lowndes' novel, "Letty Lynton." Here is a vital, compelling performance that ranks with her best. And when you say her best, you're saying something. She is given superlative support by two of the screen's finest, Robert Montgomery, her co-star, and Nils Asther, emerging from a two-year eclipse to set feminine fandom's hearts fluttering even faster than before.

Nils plays a semi-heavy who fascinates Joan and obtains a hold over her that she is unable to break when true love comes along in the person of Bob Montgomery.

Add the sterling direction of Clarence Brown, excellent portrayals by Louise Closser Hale, May Robson and Lewis Stone and you have entertainment worth anyone's money.



THE STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN

Dramatic Picture—Well Acted: How far the movies have travelled in the last year or two may be gauged by the heroine of this picture. Ann Dvorak makes *Molly Louvain*, a cigar stand girl, both human and understandable in spite of the fact that she is seduced by one man, lives with a gangster, and finally departs unabashedly for Paris as the companion of a third man.

This Dvorak girl—one of our Nominees for Stardom, by the way—is the most vital and "different" personality to reach the screen in recent months. There is intelligence combined with a certain bravery in her acting, that will undoubtedly result in her being cast in these censorably difficult stories. Leslie Fenton is excellent as the gangster, and Lee Tracy makes the reporter an engaging figure.



THE DOOMED BATTALION

Thrills And Scenery Here: A curious picture built around the drama of mountain warfare. Time, the late World War. Cast, mountains, sky and snow. There are also several human beings in the cast, but they are dwarfed and rendered insignificant by the immensity of the background. Such little story as appears is slow in getting started. Two longtime friends are separated on different sides during the war. One as an enemy, is sent to occupy the village home of the other, who looks down on his home from the mountain top, where he is secretly stationed and wonders if his wife will be true.

Tala makes a colorless part conspicuous by her distinguished personality. But why waste her? The imported ski champion, Luis Trenker, electrifies the onlooker by a hazardous journey down the mountainside which is as full of sheer thrill as anything we have ever seen.



MISS PINKERTON

Murder Mystery, Fairly Exciting: Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Miss Pinkerton" with Joan Blondell in the name part and George Brent playing opposite, is a mystery-murder yarn and, like many of them, promises rather better than it gives. *Herbert Wynne*, unseen, is murdered in the home of his aged *Aunt Juliet*. *Herbert* was carrying $100,000 worth of life insurance. *Aunt Juliet* is ill and in financial difficulty. A secret marriage on the part of *Herbert* comes to light. Blanche Frederici plays the rôle of a morbid looking maid, quite capable of murder. John Wray is *Hugo*, the equally suspicious-looking butler. C. Henry Gordon is the shifty-acting Doctor. Holmes Herbert is the benevolent attorney to the *Mitchell* family. Other suspects loom up for George and Joan to detect.

It is pleasantly exciting and well done and gives you a slant on George Brent, called "another Gable."

Parade

NEWEST PICTURES



STATES' ATTORNEY

Tense Melodrama — You'll Like It: John Barrymore, ironic, unabashedly dissipated, disarmingly delightful as the spell-binding lawyer with every shady trick of his profession at his fingers' ends, gives a light touch to illicit love, underworld threats and even murder. Too much footage is given to Barrymore's taste for freakish contrasts and grotesquerie in the unnecessary Turkish bath and hansom cab episodes, but otherwise his performance is almost faultless characterization. Helen Twelvetrees, as the girl of the streets whom he defends on a whim and learns to love, also surpasses her usual work.

In the scene where the lawyer confesses to her that he has married a society girl on a drunken impulse, the two touch authentic tragedy. There have been courtroom dramas before, but we cannot remember a murder trial handled in just this sophisticated, satiric fashion.



THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

Quality Picture Perfectly Acted: Following the accepted tradition, Warners cast Ruth Chatterton in her first picture for them, as a thoroughly modern, charming, poised woman; in short, as Ruth Chatterton. Why someone doesn't remember that this actress can act is a mystery of the movies. However, there is freshness and spontaneity about her performance of the wife whose husband has become a habit, but whose domesticity is so ingrained that she struggles against a new love.

Even the polite backgrounds of correct restaurants, perfectly appointed homes which one has become to expect of a Chatterton picture become here merely settings for emotions—restrained, well bred emotions, but real ones. George Brent is a very vital screen personality with a delightful touch of scorn about him. Their love scenes are memorable.



THE TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE

Courtroom Drama Well Produced: A flashy and technically interesting courtroom picture, in which a breathless feeling of excitement and suspense is attained by the simple expedient of moving the camera from one object and person to another very fast. This creates the sensation of watching tense drama. In reality, the story, reduced to its plot essentials, is fairly dull. Joan Bennett plays a society girl suspected of murdering a wealthy architect who was really killed by his former mistress, a cabaret singer, played by the spectacular Lilian Bond.

The story, however, is set to jazz tempo by the agility of the cameraman who darts from room to room, face to face with dizzying speed. Aside from the excellent direction, camera work and cutting which is responsible for this effect, the best work of the picture is done by the ever delightful Zasu Pitts as the sob sister radio announcer.



TWO SECONDS

Unusual Plot Is Interesting: They must have given Edward G. Robinson free rein to show his talents in this picture. And such histrionics you've never seen before. Eddie shoots the works. His technique would doubtless be admirable for the stage. But for the screen it's simply the year's best job of overacting.

There is an excellent idea in "Two Seconds." It seems that a man's brain lives two seconds after the juice is turned on in the electric chair. In this period Robinson, as the little riveter who murdered his wife, relives the incidents leading up to his crime. We can be thankful both as humanitarians and amusement seekers that he didn't live a full minute.

Vivienne Osborne gives a striking performance as the selfish wife—a rôle not at all suited to her physically. Preston Foster is the hit of the show as the riveter's pal.

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 70

Some Things You *Haven't Known* about Joan Bennett

Now that she's Mrs. Gene Markey, Joan is remembering what she learned as Mrs. John Martin Fox. She's even living on a budget!

By NANCY PRYOR



Ball

Did you know that Joan was first married when she was sixteen—and in those days lived on the wrong side of Beverly Hills—and was every inch a housewife? She surprised her family then—but she's surprising them more now!

THERE are certain things you just don't associate with a Bennett. Domesticity, economy and budgeting are a few of them. But, believe it or not, Joan Bennett has gone in for the rôle of "the little woman" with a vengeance since that March day when she walked down the aisle with Gene Markey, and married a second time. And maybe you couldn't bowl over Hollywood with a feather!

Even her family is quaintly surprised—that is as surprised as the Bennetts can ever become over anything another Bennett does. Constance, who has always been cagey about money (in spite of her reputation for extravagance) is mildly amused. Richard, *pere*, is frankly amused. Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey), 'way off in New York, probably hasn't heard about it. Gene Markey, who has been budgeted out of a valet (and Gene, remember, is O. O. McIntyre's candidate for America's "best-dressed man"), alternates amazement with a pardonable pride in the domestic astuteness of his new bride.

Joan, herself, is probably the only person who isn't surprised at the spectacle of Joan Bennett planning her own menus, budgeting her grocery bill to a certain reasonable amount *and not a dime over*, dispensing with the services of a second maid because she was not needed, creating a trust fund, and, in short, managing her own and Gene Markey's affluent salaries as though they were on the brink of a deficit (which they aren't).

Of course, even Joan can see how the Hollywood that is intimate enough with the Bennett clan to know of her sudden saving ways might be pardonably surprised. For, in the three brief years of her stardom, economy has not been one of Joan's outstanding characteristics.

Though it isn't generally known, Joan lived more extrava-

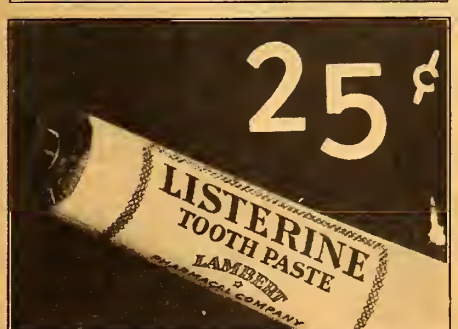
(*Continued on page 82*)

WORLDS APART

..yet they agree on this

TOOTH PASTE





New luster, new brilliance new safety with this thrift dentifrice

One woman could afford to pay $2.00 a tube for tooth paste if she felt like it. The other, with a growing family to look out for, must shop sharply. Yet both are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste, the quality dentifrice at the common sense price.

Both have discovered from actual experience, by critical comparison with other dentifrices, that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes amazing results. More than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents.

If you are open-minded, we think you will want to try it yourself. You will never spend a quarter more wisely.

When you begin to use it, you will see why it has attained such tremendous popularity.

New luster and brilliance

Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans —but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.

Firm, healthy gums

After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They'll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

A common sense price

Don't forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25¢ the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



A few of the things you can buy with that $3 you save

7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon; 10 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops; 2 chickens, a large roast; 12 Jelly Rolls, coffee rings, cheese cakes or angel cakes; 6 pts. olive oil, 20 quarts milk; 100 oranges, 20 lbs. lard; 150 lbs. potatoes, 147 lbs. flour; 40 lbs. prunes, 60 lbs. sugar; 36 packages rice, 15 lbs. coffee; 3 lbs. tea, 30 loaves bread; 6 doz. eggs, 5 lbs. butter; 6 lbs. cheese; 30 cans soup or beans; 30 large cans evaporated milk; 30 cans tomato juice; 12-36 cans peas, spinach, corn, peaches, pears, or mixed fruits; 30 cans spaghetti, 20 cans cocoa; 10 jars marmalade. And there are just as many ways of spending your $3 for clothes, or personal articles, or articles for the house, or articles for the car, or toys and clothes for your children, or sporting goods and amusements.



Joyce Compton

This alluring young screen star, who is 19, says: "It's a comfort to know Billie Burke's secret of complexion care! Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth."

Billie Burke

"I'm 39," says this radiantly youthful star. Who would guess it from this recent photograph! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. I use Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

Which star is 19.. which is 39?...

Screen Stars know the secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19 — the other radiantly beautiful at 39! Who could tell which is which? Years do not rob the stars of beauty. They have learned the secret of *keeping* youthful charm.

"I don't see why *any* woman should look her age," says the lovely Billie Burke. "I really am 39 years old. Youth always has irresistible attraction, so one must be wise enough to *keep* its charm right through the years. To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty."

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But no matter what my age, I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. What a comfort to know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*—and have for years." And Joyce Compton follows her example! She, too, uses this luxurious white soap regularly to guard the precious peach-bloom freshness of her skin. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps one's skin so youthfully smooth and clear," she says.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use this safeguard for complexion beauty

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard complexion beauty with Lux Toilet Soap. It is such a favorite with them that it has been made the *official* soap in all the great film studios. The Broadway stars, too, have an overwhelming preference for it.

Gentle and so beautifully *white* that no other soap can rival it . . . Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for every type of skin. If you are not utterly satisfied with yours, why don't you try this fragrant white soap?

Toilet Soap–10¢



Did You Know That SALLY EILERS *Is a* "Mother"?

Besides being Jimmy Dunn's screen mate and Hoot Gibson's wife, she's "bringing up" an eight-year-old. And starring in all three rôles!

By JACK GRANT

THE responsibilities of motherhood were thrust upon Sally Eilers suddenly. When she married Hoot Gibson, she became the step-mother of his little daughter—then six, now eight. Sally assumed her maternal duties at the age of twenty-one. She was fifteen years younger than Hoot and fifteen years older than Lois, who came into her father's custody when he and Helen Johnson Gibson were divorced in February, 1929.

She and Hoot were still honeymooners when Lois first came to live with them. The girl had been in boarding school, but her new mother insisted on bringing her home.

The sudden advent of a six-year-old in her life doubtless caused Sally constant embarrassment. She might easily have explained Lois by introducing the child as a "step." That would have satisfied the unduly curious, who had difficulty in reconciling a half-grown child with a recent bride. But Sally chose the more intricate course of referring to her as "my daughter." *She would not subject Lois to the humiliation of being explained or being made self-conscious.*

Sally is young enough not to have forgotten her own child-psychology. She knows how quickly youngsters penetrate the subterfuges of their adults and how sensitive their feelings are. Lois was never to be made to feel she was not wanted. She was not to be a step-child.

Sally's resolution to be a real mother to the girl was not so easily achieved as it was decided. Mother Eilers was soon to discover Lois had a mind of her own. A very

(*Continued on page 96*)

Sally Denies "Rift" Rumors

When Sally recently took a flying trip to New York, she went to get away from Hollywood—not to break up the happy threesome of Hoot, Lois and Sally Gibson (at top), as rumored. And when those rumors started, she was back in short order. Nobody was going to say she didn't enjoy playing jokes on Hoot or seeing that her eight-year-old "daughter" was eating her spinach! "Have we quarreled?" asks Sally. "Do we look it?"

"Of course her skin is Lovely . . . . she's young"

Even at 21 . . . as at 40 . . . one must fight skin dryness. Like her older sisters of filmdom, this young star is using beauty creams prescribed by Hollywood's leading dermatologist.



Constance Cummings

Constance Cummings is a budding star of the movies. *Of course* her skin is lovely now. She is so YOUNG! Her responsibility is to KEEP it that way for many years to come.

As a precaution, youthful "comers" of filmdom go to Hollywood's leading dermatologist for beauty counsel. And he tells them:

"Most skins don't age into wrinkles. They *shrivel* into lines while you are still YOUNG. When the skin is kept moist, supple, it has resilience to *resist* wrinkles. Wind, sun, heated houses, poor circulation, all tend to exhaust the natural oils of the skin. Woodbury's Creams correct this tendency.

"Woodbury's COLD Cream provides rich oils to keep the skin smooth and firm . . . Woodbury's FACIAL Cream protects the skin, shields the complexion from weathering, keeps dust from entering the pores. These two Woodbury Creams both conserve and restore."

. . .

This Hollywood dermatologist is guardian of the most precious complexions in the world! Follow his advice for YOUR skin. Buy Woodbury's Creams TODAY. Use Woodbury's COLD Cream for softening; Woodbury's FACIAL Cream as a powder base. At drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

Woodbury's
COLD • CREAM
FACIAL CREAM
AND • OTHER • SCIENTIFIC • AIDS • TO • LOVELINESS



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, photographed in Hollywood, for Woodbury's, by Will Connell
Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday evening, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Leon Belasco and his orchestra. WABC and Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

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I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

For samples of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.
Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*_____ *Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

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Marian NIXON "Came Back" —And Killed DIVORCE RUMORS

When Marian married wealthy young Edward Hillman, Jr., she gave up the screen for a gay social life. She was happy, but she was restless. Eddie, however, turned out to be one millionaire who was willing to have his wife work—for pleasure!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

IF JANET GAYNOR hadn't remained in Europe past casting time for "After Tomorrow," and if Janet, upon her return, hadn't suddenly developed a Norma Shearer complex for sophistication and turned thumbs down on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Marian Nixon would not have fallen heir to these two good rôles, which heralded her comeback.

And if Marian hadn't come back to the screen, she might have gone on being a slightly bored, restless, afternoon-teaing, polo-watching version of the poor-little-rich-girl which would have made her unhappy, and Eddie Hillman, her husband, would have been unhappy because Marian was unhappy—and unhappy things might have happened.

It's all pretty involved, but the point is it is a good thing for Marian and Eddie, and all Marian's admirers who have missed her, that Janet Gaynor acquired a sudden taste for grown-up allure, leaving *Rebecca* and similar sweetly sentimental Fox rôles to Marian.

Before "Charlie Chan's Chance," Marian hadn't made a picture for a year and two months. At the very beginning of her "retirement" she hadn't wanted to work. That is, she hadn't wanted to work in such pictures as she had been making.

It was very clear that the very rich little Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr., did not have to work if she did not want to work. She could devote her entire time to watching her boyish husband ride polo ponies, indulge in traveling jaunts to Europe and Palm Beach, entertain lavishly at tea and dinner parties, sleep late in the mornings and indulge her fancies for all those luxuries that seem so dear to hard-working actresses. She didn't have a worry in the world.

It Was Fun Doing Nothing

THE first six months of their marriage, it was fun. Marian and Eddie trekked over Europe in their own good time. Marian and Eddie "did" Palm Beach and New York and California in season. She spent long, luxury-filled days shopping and lunching and partying. She was even robbed once of her diamond engagement ring and two bracelets, and it didn't make any particular difference—because the ring and two bracelets replaced by Eddie were larger and brighter than the originals, anyway.

People said: "Marian should work! For what?" She had everything a girl's heart could desire, wrapped up in satin bows and delivered on a silver platter.

To Marian, herself, who had worked hard in support of herself and her family since she was fifteen years old, who had experienced one unhappy matrimonial venture previously, it was like a dream come true. She had a young, rich husband who adored her. She had a beautiful home. She had interesting friends. She had everything . . . well, *almost*. . . .

If, after a year of a very gay social life, she began to listen intently to girls like Sally Eilers and Joan Bennett as they talked studio and stories and stars, she set it down as mere curiosity. The career of Sally, her most intimate friend, was bounding along merrily following "Bad Girl." The Eilers girl was full of studio shop-talk, of plans and pictures and gallery sittings and interview appointments. She would show up at the Hillmans' for dinner dog-tired and nerve-frayed, but happy and excited. Edward listened politely, but Marian caught some of Sally's excitement and enthusiasm—and talked almost as much as Sally.

(*Continued on page 85*)

Truly Revolutionary

this improvement in sanitary protection

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

designed to fit so perfectly it leaves no telltale lines or wrinkles under the thinnest, the smoothest-fitting frocks.

NO LONGER the haunting dread of telltale outlines, of revealing wrinkles under that close-fitting gown! A new Kotex pad is here. As remarkable an improvement as was Kotex itself in 1920.

It is called the new PHANTOM KOTEX. For it is truly imperceptible, self-concealing...even when your frock has the most extreme modern lines.

Ends of this new Kotex sanitary napkin are skilfully flattened and tapered. They leave absolutely no outline; not the slightest bulk. You yourself are almost unaware of the new PHANTOM KOTEX. It actually molds itself to the contours of the body... brings new comfort as well as peace of mind.

Lasting softness

This new PHANTOM KOTEX is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; treated to deodorize; easily disposable. Kotex, originators of the modern sanitary napkin, alone offer you this improvement. Every Kotex feature is retained.

Now more than ever it will pay you to demand genuine Kotex. Kotex that you know is made of pure materials, under hygienic conditions. More than twice as many Kotex pads are used as all other sanitary pads combined. In hospitals alone more than 24 million Kotex pads were used last year.

Buy the new Kotex today! Try it and compare. Only so can you fully appreciate all that this remarkable improvement means. This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never has Kotex cost you so little!

Make sure when buying Kotex wrapped that you do get the genuine. For your protection, each end of this new pad is now plainly stamped "Kotex."

On sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through The West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the little booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, Room 2110, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.





The new Kotex is called PHANTOM* KOTEX because—you scarcely realize you are wearing it!

No revealing outlines—The new PHANTOM KOTEX is flattened and tapered so that ends are completely inconspicuous.

Greater security—The smooth, snug fit gives greater wearing ease than you've ever before experienced.

Lastingly soft—disposable—The same softness and absorbency for which Kotex is famous. Disposable always.

New Kotex Belt, narrow, adjustable, only 35c—Wear it with the new PHANTOM KOTEX. The combination makes for complete ease, for completely inconspicuous protection.

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FEATURED SHORTS

THE BEST BIG LITTLE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By James Edwin Reid

















A SLIP AT THE SWITCH

Even the title of Chic Sale's newest short comedy makes an effort to be clownish—which is more than most comedy titles do these days. (Have you noticed?) But Chic, himself, doesn't have to try very hard to be comical. He just naturally is that way, especially when he tucks a couple of hayseeds in his hair and a corncob in his mouth, and pretends he's a "hick." This time you'll find him acting as temporary ticket-agent in a crossroads railroad station, and getting robbed by a couple of tough boys from the city. He chases them on a hand-car, and a couple of speeding trains chase Chic, who'll chase your gloom away. (RKO)

WHAT AN IDEA!

Someone had a brainstorm after seeing "Frankenstein," "Dracula" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—and this is the result. It's both chilly and silly, which is a rare combination. The title doesn't half-express it. Remember the *Monster* in "Frankenstein," the *Vampire* in "Dracula" and *Mr. Hyde* in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? Here they are again—thanks to a make-up man, on whom they take their revenge for making them so horrible, and depriving them of love-lives and such things. The *Mr. Hyde* make-up comes the closest to the original, but the make-up of the *Monster* and *Dracula* are almost as good. It's musical, just for fun. (Vitaphone Varieties)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

It sounds improbable, not to say impossible—but this is a newspaper picture that's different. It's comic, not bitter. No innocent girls are "framed" by vicious editors who are selling their souls for two cents (three cents for evening papers). Frank McHugh, you see, is the reporter—and he just can't stay sober. Supposed to be getting an exposé of a fake Spiritualist, he gets tipsy, instead—and wanders into the medium's hideaway under the impression that he's going to see a different kind of spirits from the kind he does see. And speaking of spirits, your own will go for a balloon ride—the comedy is that continuous. (RKO-Pathé)

HOLLYWOOD LIGHTS

What's tragedy to some is comedy to others. That's an old saying, but it happens to be true of many a screen comedy—like this one. In real life, what's humorous about three girls out of work and "flat broke"? But on the screen, it's a different matter—a laughing matter, even. Particularly when the setting is Hollywood, and the girls (Rita Flynn, Virginia Brooks and Tut Mace) have the nerve of stock salesmen. They think up some new ways to crash the studios, and one of them finally gets a job as a "double" for a film cowboy. She all but wrecks his horse—is given the nag—and is last seen riding away from Hollywood (Educational).

STEALING HOME

The Great American Game, whose other name is baseball, takes a kidding in James Gleason's newest sparkler. You see the game played as it was never played before and never will be played again. That's how nonsensical it is. Gleason is manager of a dopey baseball team who call themselves "The West Side Horrors"—and they live up to their name. Especially Harry Gribbon, their star pitcher, who's built along the lines of Babe Ruth, only more so. Just before the big game, he's made more dopey than usual by a crooked gambler, but he arrives on the field in time to make the world's most unusual home run. (RKO-Pathé)

THE COUNTY HOSPITAL

Phenomenally funny—maybe that's the phrase to describe Laurel and Hardy. No other co-stars have ever turned out one hit after another, the way these two do. And their latest effort is one of their brightest, fastest and funniest. Hardy (he's the roly-poly one) is laid up in a hospital with a broken leg, which is strung up on a pulley—that is, until his not-so-bright pal comes to visit him. Laurel manages to get tangled up royally in the apparatus, and before he's through, he has the doctor dangling out the window on one end of the pulley and Hardy bouncing up and down on the other end. Such nonsense! (M-G-M)

MILADY'S ESCAPADE

Here's the answer to that question: "Why don't the movies try grand opera?" It's the first of a series of tabloid screen versions of well-known operas. The one that is rendered for a starter is Von Flotow's "Martha," though you'd never guess it from the naughty-nice title. It's so compressed that the plot almost has to be left out, in order to get in plenty of singing. But it's what you hear, not what you see, that matters. The principals are young and slender (unlike most opera singers), but they are as stiff as the stage settings. The music, however, is luxurious—like nothing you've heard in short features before (Educational).

THE AIR MAIL MYSTERY

All serial plots are alike—but once in a while one with a new setting comes along, like this one. All conceivable backgrounds on land and sea having been exhausted, the thrill-writers have turned to the air—and are giving Uncle Sam's air mail some publicity. The hero is a Federal aviator; the villain (named—you guessed it—"The Hawk") is also a flier and his specialty is preying on mail 'planes, especially when he knows they're carrying gold. (There's still some being mined, it seems.) It's packed with action and suspense, and James Flavin and Lucille Browne, as hero and heroine, are satisfactorily daredevilish. (Universal)

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

man Foster have been separated during most of their screen careers. When one was on the West Coast t'other would have to be on the East Coast. But now they are both West, since Paramount has closed down its Eastern studio. And they are so happy they're giddy. Claudette's first Hollywood picture, now that she has at last come back, will be "Bride of the Enemy," in which she will be co-starred with Clive Brook.

SOME day polo ought to be a big-time game, with box offices 'n' everything, the way movie stars are going at it. Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery are two of the latest converts, and are coming along fast. They attract a gallery every time they play. Ralph Forbes, James and Russell Gleason, John Mack Brown and Jack Holt are a bit more expert, having been at it longer. But the best mallet-wielders in the colony are Will Rogers, Hal Roach and Guinn Williams.

DURING all the clamor about the feminine screen stars who are going in for motherhood, the male stars who are becoming fathers are being grossly neglected. But maybe the world ought to know that John Miljan has a brand-new son. And so has Lloyd Hughes.

YOU should see the stack of snapshots of Barbara Bebe Lyon that Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon carry about with them! Ben, having more room to carry them, has about three dozen more than his wife. Ben, by the way, has just been sued for $35,000 by one Cedric La Mar, eighteen-year-old studio employee, who claims he received a beating from Lyon, when he kept Bebe Daniels waiting in a studio waiting room (than which there is no worse place to sit and wait).

ONE of the great romances of Hollywood is that of Paul Kelly and Dorothy Mackaye, whose love brought tragedy and whose tragedy only strengthened their love. The tragedy was the accidental death of Dorothy's husband, Ray Raymond, for which Paul was held responsible and sent to San Quentin, convicted of manslaughter. Dorothy also went to prison, for refusing to testify. She was released first, and she waited patiently for Paul. They were married, and went to New York to the stage. Paul rebuilt his shattered and promising career, and now he is back in Hollywood again—to start anew in the movies.

A CHAP named Jack Nixon, who claimed to be Marian's long-lost brother and who also claimed to represent several studios, was recently arrested as an imposter. Marian took the stand to deny that she knew him. Such "relatives" are always turning up in Hollywood. Conrad Nagel and Buddy Rogers and several other stars have had "brothers" who had a penchant for cashing worthless checks—until they were caught.

But the smoothest of all the men who claimed relationship with famous people was one "Michael Romanoff," who said he was a member of the Russian royal family and was invited to some of Hollywood's best parties. He recently bobbed up again—this time in New York, as a prisoner aboard a liner. With a swanky wardrobe, he had "stowed away" to get back from Europe, mingling freely with the passengers in the first-class cabins—until he claimed to be a great friend of the captain of the ship. That was his undoing.

(*Continued on page 71*)

• SHE FELT • SHE LOOKED • SHE WAS •

60 40 32



and suddenly she became 28

SHE felt, poor girl, as if she had tried all ages. Bored, dull, weary and old—and she was only 32!

She wanted, oh! so much, that radiance, that charm, which is the essence of all attraction. Though we call it "youth," it isn't, after all, a question of *years*.

And she not only got it—she found the secret of keeping it. Here it is—if you would like to use it yourself.

Her whole difficulty was that she neglected internal cleanliness—a fundamental to health. So when she began using the saline method with Sal Hepatica the result was astonishing!

Her skin cleared. Sallowness and disfiguring eruptions disappeared. It took on a fine, silky texture and fresh bloom. With her bored and sullen weariness quite gone, she sparkled merrily through the days, became her former self.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica, the American equivalent of all these salines, offers you similar saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, digestive disorders, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today!



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71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 59*)



HIGH SPEED

Buck Jones Deserts The Range: While Tom Mix is coming back to Westerns, our other old cowboy friend, Buck Jones, is scurrying away from them. That is, he's shaking himself loose from sombreros and cowhide pants and high-heeled boots—but he's still intent on giving the customers plenty of action.

For his first non-Western talkie effort, he's an auto-race speedster—and the plot follows the usual lines of such epics, with the hero winning for the sake of a girl, and doing it despite a whole army of villains. Except for the substitution of a racing car for a horse, the plot isn't greatly different from that of some of Buck's Westerns. But it *is* refreshing to see him in a different setting.

You know he can't lose, but Buck and the director have managed to put a couple of thrills in the picture.



SKY BRIDE

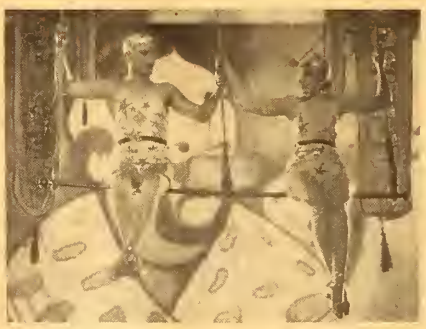
Catch This One. It's Good: There's nothing the matter with "Sky Bride." This simplest of stories shows what can be accomplished with good direction and a sense of humor, for there's not one foot that isn't entertaining. Some of the flying sequences will thrill even those who are sick of aviation pictures, but most of it takes place on the ground. It would have to, since Jack Oakie, as the "spieler" for an air circus, plays a strictly non-flying gentleman, and scores a hit.

You follow the experiences of Richard Arlen as a young barn-storming stunt-flyer whose clowning in the air causes the death of a fellow air-acrobat. Dick feels like a murderer, and is rapidly going to the dogs when Jack Oakie, with the able assistance of young Robert Coogan, makes a man of him again. Dick is great, and Bobby is inspired.



THE INFORMATION KID

Rather Thin But Carries Color: Without the racy, twangy argot of Jimmie Gleason and the engagingly tough presence of a small boy, the former *Mickey McGuire* of the films, this would be thin stuff for a story. Even with these two delightful personages it is thin. The merest thread of a plot connects the gags which serve in the place of action—gags some of them new and amusing, some old and amusing. A race-track tout of slippery morals is the possessor of a horse which aids him in making a pleasant living by taking money from rustics at country fairs. A jockey (Tom Brown) and a burly lout nicknamed the Information Kid aid him in this worthy cause. But the tough youngster who attaches himself to this group of tricksters makes the hit of the picture—by merely being tough.



TRAPEZE

New Foreign Star In Circus Thriller: Perhaps this German-made picture (with English sub-titles) started out to be a sort of talkie version of that famous silent, "Variety," but it ends up by being mostly an introduction to Anna Sten, the Russian star who has just come over to be Ronald Colman's new leading lady. She's a blonde you'll want to know better.

The setting, of course, is a circus—and Anna is a trapeze performer, whose specialty is "The Leap of Death." Her partner is injured, and out of pity she marries him. Then she falls in love with her new partner, and her husband, who now operates the control levers for the trapezes, seeks revenge by delaying the movement of her trapeze. She falls—and there is where the one big moment of the film comes in, with a spectacular rescue. And the photography is spectacular.



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Jackie Has Had Better Ones: Jackie Cooper again proves his amazing acting ability. Aiding and abetting him is the always entertaining Chic Sale. But somehow "When a Feller Needs a Friend" fails to jell. It lacks a real understanding of child psychology and is ever obvious. As the novel by the late William Johnston was a near classic of childhood, the shortcomings of the picture must be laid at the director's door. Lovers of the original "Limpy" will mourn the lack of spirit in the film.

The story concerns a little lame boy, denied the companionship of his fellows because of his affliction. They cruelly leave him to himself. His only pal, therefore, is his elderly uncle. *Limpy* repays his uncle when he saves the old man from the poorhouse.

(*More Reviews on Page 72*)



YOUNG AMERICA

Well Told and Has a Punch: Here is a tear-jerking indictment against handling youthful delinquencies without due regard to the individuality of each case. The specific story told concerns the regeneration of a boy struggling under the label of "the worst kid in town" and his perfectly normal reactions when placed in a kindly home environment. You are able frequently to anticipate events, but the story is admirably straight-forward.

Tommy Conlon, as the 13-year-old "bad boy," is the shining star. He is ably assisted by his pal, Raymond Borzage, a nephew of the director. Both lads troupe like veterans. Spencer Tracy contributes his usual adept work and Beryl Mercer again demonstrates her ability to touch your heart. It is regretable that Doris Kenyon's performance seems over-done in its sweetness.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 69*)

IF DOROTHY LEE isn't married to Fred Waring, the orchestra leader, by the time you read this, don't be surprised when you hear the news. When she sailed for New York a month ago, it was an open secret that the sexton already had one hand on the rope that would ring the wedding bells.

ANOTHER famous stage actor who will soon attract attention in the talkies is Charles Laughton—even though he isn't the matinee-idol type. This chunky Englishman came to New York last Fall and made an instantaneous hit, though his play was a morbid study of a murderer who couldn't forget where he had buried the body. He has signed up with Paramount, but while that studio is readying "The Devil and the Deep," in which he will appear, he is on loan to Universal for "The Old Dark House"—a thriller that also boasts Boris Karloff.

WHO said that there was any coolness between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer? The two girls met head-on in the center of the lobby at the opening of "It's Tough to Be Famous," shook hands, and embraced with every appearance of friendship, talking and laughing together during the entire intermission.

BEFORE starting work on "Sadie Thompson" (which is still "Rain," no matter what they call it), Joan left for two weeks' rest in the desert, accompanied by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She has been working hard lately and is so nervous that she jumps visibly whenever anyone shouts her name. Toward the end of work on "Letty Lynton," she sat up all one night, nursing "Woggles," her Scottie. He died, and Joan, heartbroken, has wired to the kennels where she bought him for "Woggles' nearest male relative."

WATCHING the Bennett sisters, one wonders just where their beauty lies. Their features, considered one by one, are not classical. But now we have discovered the secret. It's the Bennett hairline. The next time you see either Constance or Joan on the screen, notice the way their hair grows.

JOAN BENNETT MARKEY is about to be made an honorary colonel in the Army, and was having lunch in the Fox cafeteria the other noon with a general or two, discussing the duties of an honorary colonel. In the dark glasses that Joan wears everywhere, except before the camera, she looks more like a schoolgirl from some exclusive private school than like a glamourous movie star. But you can always recognize her, even with the glasses. In fact, they make her conspicuous. Wonder if Joan doesn't know this?

AS POLLY MORAN tilted the catsup bottle over the commissary soup, one hand boasted glitteringly-manicured fingernails, while the other did not. "I'm going to have a close-up of this hand," explained Polly, "and I got it done for twenty-five cents. Both would have been fifty."

MAYBE Polly has heard that it's thumbs down on luxury in Hollywood now. Letters from the Hays office warn the studios not to give out stories of the stars' salaries or possessions. Pictures of simple home life are scheduled at all the studios. Conrad Nagel has been sent forth to deny

(*Continued on page 81*)



PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

NEVER before have I been able to make so attractive an offer. Just think what this means. In addition to the full size package of *ZIP* (which formerly sold at $5.00) you also receive two other products—all for $1.00! One is a full size container of my Massage, Cleansing and Tissue Building Crème, a most superior crème used by women everywhere, including many of the fastidious patrons calling at my Fifth Avenue Salon. The other is a large tube of AB-SCENT Cream Deodorant, the greaseless and effective agent for overcoming the problem of perspiration.

Today, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, *ZIP* solves a difficult problem and has been used by hundreds of thousands of women.

So simple . . . quick . . . pleasant . . . safe . . . fragrant. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin; . . . no prickly stubble later on; . . . no dark shadow under the skin. . . . That is why so many stage and screen stars as well as Beauty Specialists recommend *ZIP* for face, arms, legs and underarms.

Remember all these (at a former price of $5.85) for $1.00. For a short time only. Don't delay. Go to your favorite toilet goods counter at once.

ZiP

Perfumed Depilatory Cream

As delightful as your choicest cold cream

Just spread it on, rinse off with water, and admire your beautiful hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, delightfully *perfumed*, smooth cream, safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious . . . ZiP Depilatory Cream instantly removes every vestige of hair, and relieves you of all fear of stimulated growths. Giant tube only . . . . . 50¢

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, one of your Special Offers, as explained above, all for $1.00.

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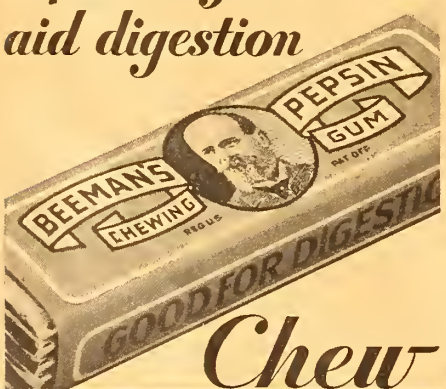
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"I DON'T want to go to school . . . teacher's too cross." The children all had a hard time in the fourth grade. Then the teacher found a way to end her indigestion.

Dr. Beeman made a real discovery in Beeman's Pepsin Gum. A delicious gum containing pepsin to help digestion. It is not necessary to let little digestive troubles spoil your disposition. Beeman's often helps. Chew Beeman's several times a day. You'll enjoy it.

Especially made to aid digestion



Chew

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

(*Continued from page 70*)



NIGHT WORLD

Cabaret Drama, Fair Enough: Seldom departing geographically from the night club that gives this picture its title the motives and emotions depicted are those suitable to the locale. A racketeering cabaret proprietor, made a sinister figure by the peculiar personality of Boris Karloff, is about to replace his mistress who becomes interested in an unhappy disillusioned youth determined to drown his wretchedness in drink. Mae Clarke, who can make the most dubious characters wholesome, convinces as the cabaret dancer who takes pity on the boy and tries to reform him.

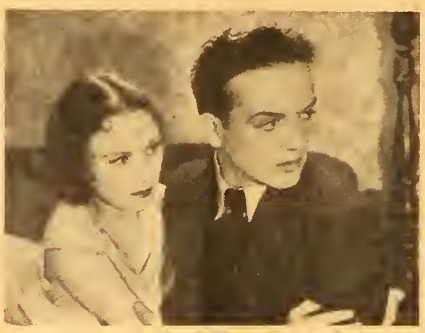
Against a background of dance specialties and jazz, various emotions of the various characters are discussed around the tables of the night club. A breathlessly tense final scene carries most of the real drama and almost makes a fair picture into a good one. Almost—not quite.



THE STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE

Old-Fashioned Tear-Jerker: If "Madelon Claudet" could knock the public dead with the story of a mother's sacrifice for the child which an undeserved sojourn in jail has deprived her of, why couldn't it be done likewise with a similar story? But unfortunately, the mothers are not alike.

As *Clara Deane*, Wynne Gibson does not glow, however sincerely she may try. Moreover, the story is guilty of almost sickening sentimentality, and every old-fashioned tear-jerking device that could be crammed into one picture. The audience responded with prolonged sobs in the big scene with Cora Sue Collins, latest cinema tot to teach her elders a thing or two about real emotional acting. Dudley Digges, Frances Dee, and Pat O'Brien support Miss Gibson in her first starring picture.



THE ROADHOUSE MURDER

Unusual Story, But Hard to Believe: This one presents the heroine who sobs out on the witness stand her story of what happened in the Lame Dog Inn on the night of the double murder and warns the jury "you'll never believe such an impossible story"—and she is right. Neither the jury nor the audience does believe it. Eric Linden apparently must go on being tried for his life during the remainder of his picture career. This time he is the ambitious newspaper reporter who, happening on a murder, conceives the amazing idea of getting himself suspected of the crime, in order to get publicity.

Although the plot is novel to the point of absurdity, the picture otherwise goes over old ground. Rosco Ates adds a comedy note, and two promising newcomers, Bruce Cabot and Phyllis Clare, as the real murderers, are seen briefly.



THE WOMAN IN ROOM 13

Melodrama Has Its Points: As an example of what happens when an attractive divorcée marries the young son of a wealthy man, the plot of this melodrama of suspicion and revenge may be open to question. If you can find compensation for banality in merely watching the lovely Elissa Landi for an hour, you will not count the hour spent in seeing "The Woman in Room 13" wasted.

Divorcing her husband in the middle of a political campaign, the heroine loses him the governorship. He vows to get even—and almost does. Dictaphones figure prominently in the resulting plot against the lady's happiness and her second husband, played boyishly as ever by Neil Hamilton. Rather unimportant melodrama, embellished, however, by the decorative and distinguished Landi who is worthy of better things—or isn't she?

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 12*)

THEN there is the case of young Eric Linden, going like six bonfires since his hit in "Are These Our Children?" When asked if he did not consider himself a bit youthful to be playing opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "Love Starved," Eric answered: "I'm wearing a toupee on my head and lifts in my shoes, to make me look taller. And then, of course, I'm an actor." And, of course, he is!

BUT then, so is Billy Janney—but we'll bet you never saw the picture in which he did the romantic rôle opposite (honest!) Mary Nolan. That epic is still getting giggles in the vault.

WHILE on the subject of the boyish pans, there is Barry Norton, back from the South Seas looking even more juvenile than ever. His innocent aspect is something of a trial to Barry, whose great wish is to seem very worldly. The other evening his claims to sophistication brought forth a chorus of hoots from his listeners.

At last he could stand no more. Shaking his fist at his tormentors he cried: "So I'm not sophisticated, eh? Well, let me tell you fat-heads that once I necked Connie Bennett's mother—and if that's not being sophisticated, I'd like to know what is!"

IF YOU'RE going to Watch for People, keep an eye on this Randolph Scott. Unquestionably, the most promising material to come down the movie pike in many, many moons—even the hardened people of the publicity department at Paramount have succumbed to the great charm of this delightful blend of Cooper and Chevalier. And if you believe that it's usual for a player to have his publicity department for him, you're just Little Bo Peep, that's all!

Applause Note

LEW CODY has constructed a dinner that is a double-jointed wow. Starting with an *hors d'oeuvre* which features a thick slice of onion on a lettuce leaf and an equally thick slice of orange with garlic dressing, one proceeds into the main course of corned beef (cooked slowly for four hours) turnips, carrots, cabbage and potatoes. Then seven kinds of cheese and large cups of coffee—and one does not care, my friends, whether school keeps or not!

GABLE'S ears go on getting ribbed. Twice this month to sharp effect. Once by Winchell who tells the yarn of the near-sighted man who complimented his host upon his new loving cup. "That's no loving cup," snarled the possessor. "That's a picture of Clark Gable!"

AND Jimmy Starr's about the chap who, visiting Lew Ayres' home, saw the moose horns which adorn the sill above the back door. "Ah," he said, "Gable's ears, eh?" It's things like that, my dears, that laugh people out of the picture—and pictures.

CURTAIN . . . cheered by the sight of Smoke Turner, the Night Mare of Hollywood, back on the Boulevard. So long as Smokey, peering from behind his fantastic goggles, keeps patrolling the town, one knows that part of the show is still going on. When he goes one of the hamlet's few remaining blobs of color goes with him.

***WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!*



Doctors, health officials, newspapers

WARN AGAINST EPIDEMIC OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Don't neglect itching, peeling toes, blisters; red, raw, cracked skin; these can exact a heavy penalty

IF THERE'S any doubt as to how alarming this epidemic of "Athlete's Foot" has become, just glance through the newspaper clippings printed above.

If you notice nothing more than an itching between your toes—don't think it can't mean danger. For usually that's the way "Athlete's Foot" begins.

Next the skin may turn white, feel moist, unwholesome. Or it may turn red, as it often does, producing a rawness sometimes so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

Don't let this happen to you! And above all beware of breaks in the skin through which blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas may pass into the blood stream.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

There is only one answer as to why millions of people fall prey to this insidious disease. And that answer is, that the tiny ringworm germs which cause this infection lurk by the billions in the very places people go to promote health—on beachwalks, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine closely the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There is too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle along on every outing; that's wise precaution. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 477 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.



FOR SUNBURN, TOO! Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



lovely hair LIKE THE MOVIE STARS'

DOROTHY REVIER, Hollywood Star— Photo by Russell Ball.



MARY ASTOR, R K O Star — Photo by Bachrach

is yours with

d'Or EGG SHAMPOO with lemon rinse

● This miracle of miracles proves to be the simplest, most sensible shampoo ever created. Egg in this PURE powder form, after only one treatment, transforms your hair into entrancing loveliness. d'Or, this remarkable shampoo for all shades of hair, restores the natural color, stimulates the growth, brings new snap and buoyancy to your hair and rids the scalp of oil and dandruff... d'Or Lemon Rinse, pure powder lemon juice ready to use in 3 seconds, adds a beautiful lustre and assures thorough cleanliness. This entire treatment, both shampoo and lemon rinse, sells for only 10c... Just one trial will show amazing results. Send coupon and one dime AT ONCE.



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Please send me one box of d'Or Egg Shampoo and Lemon Rinse. Inclosed find one dime.

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MAIL 10c AND THIS COUPON

Would I Go Native?

(*Continued from page 45*)

live in one of those clean little native huts. If there are babies sprawling about in that sunshine, all the better and finer for us.

"There will be no contracts there, no studios, no indoors, no striving, no depression. There will be romance and sunshine and food and work for the joy of working. If you discover Paradise on earth, why wait to die to get it? If you can live like gods, free of the bolts and bars, why live like grub-worms trying to spin silk?

"Of course, I'd go native! And I shall . . . soon . . ."

Joel McCrea Says "No"

"I WANTED to go native when I was seventeen," says Joel McCrea, looking like a South Sea white man, clad in wrinkled white ducks, in white sneaks not too clean, in a shirt open at the collar, with his ruddy hair wind-blown, and his deep tan, and his hot blue eyes. "I couldn't imagine anything I'd rather do—then. I read about the South Sea Islands. I dreamed about them. I thought that was the life for me—the life of the poetic beachcomber, blue skies, blue sea, beautiful native girls, *dolce far niente*—the 'sweet doing nothing'—and the world well lost. All that sort of thing.

"*But I couldn't go native now*—for two reasons. One is that—I have been there. I've talked to the beachcombers. I've seen the native girls. I've lived under the blue skies and sipped the surprisingly stale nectar of the *dolce far niente* state.

"The other reason is that—I've contracted ambition. I don't know where I got the beastly thing, but I have it. I want to *do* something. I want to get somewhere. I want to be successful. I never expect to be sensational. I'm not a Clark Gable; I'm not the type at all—but I do want to be a Somebody.

"I lost all lingering traces of my desire to go native when I was there, among the natives—when I went down with King Vidor and Dolores Del Rio and the others of the 'Bird of Paradise' company. I met a few beachcombers. I talked for hours with one or two of them. And I decided that they had, for me, two abhorrent qualities. One is that they are dirty, physically dirty. The other is that they are lazy—bone lazy. It may be tragedy of some sort that impels a chap into the life of a beachcomber, but back of that tragedy is a streak of laziness.

Prefers Hollywood Beauties

"THEY say that the life 'gets you' in time. Well, that's still another reason why I know *I'd* never go native. I wouldn't stay there long enough to have it get me.

"I talked to the native girls, too. I saw 'em. Uh-uh! They didn't make me dream of dusky-skinned babies tumbling in the sun. On the contrary, I thought with deeper appreciation of the girls I knew back home.

"No, when I was in Honolulu I didn't look back on Hollywood and say 'Aggghhh, *Hollywood* . . . those painted women . . . those cocktail parties . . . the folly of it all!' On the contrary, I looked back on Hollywood with homesickness and longing. No, I wasn't befuddled. Hollywood's painted women were old stories to me. I've known 'em all my life, and I know that they don't always wear paint—any more than the native girls of Hawaii always wear *leis*.

"I never go to Hollywood cocktail parties, so they couldn't disgust me. I never try to keep up with the Joneses; therefore I felt no relaxing from strain in Hawaii. I never care about how I look, or how I live. I have a simple and comfortable home. There is none of the playroom, swimming pool, open-house stuff for me. Perhaps here's the real dope—*I couldn't go native in Honolulu because I've already gone native in Hollywood.*

"I spend most of my free time on the beach, wearing as little as possible, getting the full benefit of the sun. I go to picture shows by myself nights. The boys at the box office all know me and save a seat for me—the girls, too. I'm free and easy and comfortable. Tourists don't recognize me. Nobody bothers me. I have enough hard work to do to keep my self-respect. When you go native, that is the treasure you have lost.

What Spoils the Romance

"THEY always stress the romance of this 'going native' business. Well—I don't know. All I do know is that the love scenes Dolores and I made down there were about as wretchedly unromantic as anything could well be. It was rainy. The ground was squelchy and muddy. When we had to get down to the earth to make love, our hair and our ears were full of oozy mud. I thought to myself, groaning inwardly, 'Oh, God, for good old Stage Ten!'

"Another love scene took place under a picturesque tree. I'll guarantee that it will look picturesque in the picture. But the damned thing was hung with centipedes.

"And if it was like this in scenes for a picture, so it would be in real life. The centipedes and the mud and the mosquitoes would still be there, whether you were before the camera or with only the moon to watch you.

"It has been said that when a man has a broken heart is another time he is apt to go native. I can't see that, either. A broken heart needs action, stimulation, variety and change. There should be no time in which to nurse a broken heart. I've never had mine nicked, but if I ever do, I shan't go native and take time over it. Rather, I'd plunge ferociously into the life of a big city—and I detest big cities—just so that I'd have to fight and work and conquer.

"*I couldn't go native.* I'm sorry to disappoint you, if I have. I'm not seventeen now. And I've been bitten by the bug of Ambition. I like my Hollywood too well. I like the Hollywood girls . . ."



In "Bird of Paradise," Dolores and Joel look romantic. Dolores felt that way—but the mosquitoes bothered Joel!



Photos of Irene Dunne and her New York husband, Dr. F. D. Griffin, are rare. They've been together only seven times since she came to Hollywood!

Parted—But Happily Married

(*Continued from page 27*)

for him to call *me*. I can't ever be sure when I'll find him in—doctors always being called out at odd hours. So I simply stay at home four evenings a week and wait to be called on the telephone. I wouldn't go to the grandest party in Beverly Hills on those evenings! Even doing it as economically as possible, our telephone bills run about three hundred and fifty dollars a month."

Every room in Irene's Beverly Hills house has a photograph of her husband, while she sends him a complete set of all "stills" from her new pictures with pencilled explanations of what she is doing in each scene. When an Irene Dunne picture opens in New York, the doctor is at the head of the waiting line before the ticket office. When an Irene Dunne première occurs in Hollywood, the corsage of orchids on the Dunne shoulder is a gift from her husband, ordered by wire. He sends her flowers on all birthdays, anniversaries and special occasions exactly like a husband-on-the-spot, or even more faithfully!

"And when I go back home on a visit," laughs Irene, "he fills the apartment with little presents, hiding them in bureau drawers and under cushions and behind things, so that the first three or four days are thrilling with surprises! I buy new clothes for all my visits, and for all of his visits out here to see me, too. We take little journeys together. We try not to spoil things by looking ahead to the next parting. We simply couldn't manage our long-distance marriage if we planned ahead. The only thing to do is to live one day at a time. But our visits together make the weeks following so lonely! I've cried myself to sleep many and many a night——"

Thinks Few Could Do It

A STRANGELY repressed young woman, this Irene Dunne, keeping a lock and key on her emotions. Only such a type could dare a marriage experiment as strange as hers.

(*Continued on page 77*)

REVOLTING!
the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs



Why do it?
use KLEENEX
disposable tissues
and destroy

THE worst job on earth! That's what any woman says about washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Why inflict this repulsive job on yourself, or on anyone else? Use Kleenex, as so many other people now are doing. They started to use this health handkerchief during colds—then found it impossible *ever* to return to the old, unsanitary way.

Kleenex is made of soft rayon-cellulose in convenient squares, handkerchief size. These disposable tissues are softer than any handkerchief—downy, dainty, gentle, absorbent.

Costs less than laundering

If you have been sending washing out, you will find Kleenex a great saving over laundry bills. You can use many tissues for the cost of laundering one handkerchief. And think how pleasant to use each tissue only once—selecting a fresh, clean one every time.

Try some of the other uses, that Kleenex fans have written us about! Kleenex for applying ointments and lotions. Kleenex for the baby. Kleenex for applying cosmetics—and for removing them. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell Kleenex.

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When you pack for vacation, remember Swim-Kaps! Modeled to fit the head snugly for perfect protection. And made from beautiful "Krinkle-Krepe," the rubber that looks like expensive ratine, in smart styles straight from American and European fashion centers. When you see Swim-Kaps you'll want several!

SWIM-KAPS
SOLD ONLY AT REXALL DRUG STORES



The convenient
VACATION STATIONERY

Fifty sheets of fine linen paper with 24 matched envelopes, tucked in slim portfolio that fits snugly into that last bit of space in your bag. The rigid back makes a convenient "desk" for writing, either on beach or lawn.

Lord Baltimore
PORTFOLIO
SOLD ONLY AT REXALL DRUG STORES

All Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Gable's Most Dangerous Rival?

(*Continued from page 51*)

He served for a time in the Swedish diplomatic service in Europe. He lived, for a time, on an island all by himself. He loved the loneliness. He still loves loneliness. He made seventeen pictures in Germany. He was "discovered," also like Garbo, by the late Mauritz Stiller. His first picture in the United States was "Sorrell and Son" for United Artists.

He has been married twice—the first time, some years ago, in Sweden. His young wife died in childbirth and the baby, a little daughter, some time later.

When he first came to Hollywood, he was whispered about, strangely, exotically. It was said that he had a passion for wild animals and had leopards and panthers living with him, in his house. He was said to be a recluse, a hermit, a woman-hater, a dabbler in the mystic sciences. No one knew him very well. No one knows him so very well now.

Left Because of Accent

HE LEFT the screen when talking pictures came to it. His accent was too pronounced for a great variety of rôles. The New York theatre was disgorging its stars upon Hollywood and the New York theatre accent was The Thing.

And Nils was tired. He didn't fight for his place in the Hollywood sun. He wanted to get away. He wanted time to study English and to devote to his other interests. He had saved money. He had been saving money ever since he was twenty-one and making $12,000 a year and up. For this man, who looks as if he might disdain such matters as economy and investment, is really thrifty and simple in his tastes. Again like Garbo. Besides he was in love.

His stormy romance with Vivian Duncan was at its height. There were partings one week, and reunions the next week. Vivian would declare one day that all was over, that she would never see Nils again. And the next day she would be discovered caressing a newspaper—a *Swedish* newspaper—with an item about him which she couldn't read, but which she loved because it was about Nils. Nils would declare, for his part, that he never wanted to lay eyes on Vivian again, and hardly had the words been said before some watchman would come upon him lurking around the studio where Vivian was working, trying to get a glimpse of her.

They were, finally, reunited and married. Early in 1931, Vivian went to Germany to consult obstetrical specialists, and their baby was born there. Nils, who was unable to go with her because of immigration restrictions, made personal appearances in a little vaudeville sketch. He studied English. (He now speaks it fluently.) He made laborious and scholarly translations of Swedish and German plays. He lost a lot of money in the Bank of Hollywood crash and was unperturbed. Numerous independent companies made him offers. He says, "I thought that I would wait . . ."

His Big Interest Now

HE WAS impatient for Vivian to come home. He dispelled many of the rumors about his "strangeness" by carrying about with him snapshots of the baby, exhibiting them proudly to anyone who would look. This was typical American young-father stuff. This was understandable. He talked about Vivian. There were those who wondered at the romance, at the marriage. They seemed so opposite—the gay, blonde, laughing girl and the tall, brooding, exotic man. Nils says that he needs someone like Vivian. He needs light and laughter and gaiety because he, himself, is morbidly inclined. He wants more children—even more laughter and gaiety. He especially wants a son.

He adores the little daughter who is the image of himself. He says, "She is charming. When I go home to have my dinner, she sits on my lap. After dinner we get down on the floor and roll about and play. No matter how tired I am, or what kind of day I have had at the studio, she rests me."

Vivian and Nils and Nils' mother have a home in the Hollywood hills. Some day Nils is going to build a Spanish house on his lots down Malibu way, so that he can watch the sea. Vivian and Nils' mother are close to one another. "One never knows," he says, "about that relationship. But Vivian has taken my mother for her own." Hollywood whispers that all is not well with the Asther-Duncan marriage. Nils' every word implies just the contrary. Take your choice.

Not Talking About Himself

HE LAUGHS when his extraordinary appearance is commented on. He says, "You should see me in the early morning" or else "It is the make-up." He is modest and unwilling to talk about himself or the brilliant prophecies that are now being made for him. He was not embittered by his long exile from the screen, neither is he unduly elated over his return. He says, "I am very grateful for what they have done for me. I am very happy, of course." He is far more interested in giving a good performance on the set than off. I shall not be surprised if, when the star that he is to be begins to rise and shine, he retires into a Garbo-like silence and solitude.

He says that the best thing he has done and whatever he may do in the future he owes to two people—Director Clarence Brown and Jerry Mayer, an agent and his best friend.

He is happier, more contented and less restless than he has ever been. He has only one haunting and perpetual regret—that life is too brief, too short. There are so many things to do, so many things to know, to find out about! One only skims the surfaces of everything and that is tragic.

He believes in marriage just so long as marriage holds happiness. If unhappiness comes to it, he believes in divorce. The brevity of life does not permit any unnecessary suffering or discomfort.

He does have a passion for wild animals and it is true that when he first came to Hollywood he did own and house a leopard. The animal was tame, he says, and he gave it up only when he gave up his house. Whenever he is in a strange city he asks, first of all, for the location of the nearest zoo—and spends many hours there.

He likes to ride horseback—alone. He plays the piano "when no one is around." He is reading the works of Guy De Maupassant at the present time—in English. He seldom reads the new novels or magazines. He is fond of exotic jewels and unexotic clothes, such as sweaters and riding togs and cords.

According to the prophets, here is to be the new great star. For this man combines the tremendous virility of Clark Gable, the languor and the handsomeness of Valentino, the fire and the romance of John Gilbert. And Nils Asther adds to all of these a certain something not to be found in any one of them, a Garbo-esque quality. Make room on your dressing-tables and in your scrapbooks for the face of Nils Asther. He is Clark Gable's most dangerous rival. He is the male Garbo. He is slated for a sensationalism never exceeded before, for a comeback never equalled before.

Parted—But Happily Married

(*Continued from page 75*)

"I think few couples could make a success of it," she admits. "Perhaps none should try. Yet what was I to do? Soon after my marriage, my husband saw that I was restless for the stage, and when 'Show Boat' was offered to me, it was he—the conservative doctor, who wanted a home-loving wife—who urged me to take the part, and helped me with my business affairs.

"When the chance came for the movies, it seemed too much money and too much of an opportunity to be turned down. I wouldn't let him ruin his career by moving away from his fine practice. He said to me, 'Irene, let people say what they must. It is our life, to live as we see fit. We must consider each other first and do the best we can.'

"And somehow, in spite of loneliness and tears and partings, we have made a go of it so far. It wouldn't be possible if either of us were any different from what we are. For some reason, Hollywood thought for a year that I was single. And whenever a man took me out to an opening or a party, some gossip writer would hint coyly at a romance, and my poor husband three thousand miles away would have to read it! But he isn't jealous. He knows that I have to go out occasionally and he wants me to have a normal social life. I hope he goes out with women friends, too."

Misses "Little Things" Most

IT IS the little things that they miss the most, she says—the small domestic jokes and discussions of worries and problems that make up so large a part of domestic life. By the time a little joke travels three thousand miles or a pet name is printed on a telegraph blank, they lose some of their spontaneity. And even if she does mail him the script of her new picture before they start work, and asks his advice on it, and even if he does send it back to her written all over with suggestions and criticisms, it isn't quite the same as talking it over together in front of a charcoal fire!

And a photograph of one's wife, no matter how good a likeness in her new evening dress, just isn't as satisfactory as a real flesh-and-blood wife asking, "Darling, how do you like it? Don't tell me you think the neck is too low!"

What will be the end of this strangest of all Hollywood marriages? Irene sighs heavily. "It's a temporary situation that has become permanent, and it's impossible—for any length of time ahead. But for just to-day—well, we manage. And we keep hoping that something will happen so we can be together——"

And when that day comes—if precedent means anything at all—you will hear the first rumors that "Hollywood's happiest marriage" is on the verge of a break-up. Life is like that, says Irene, who smiles and says she doesn't see why it should be.

Did You Know That--

Mae Clarke, who has been making one picture right after another, has suffered a nervous breakdown—but an early recovery is expected?

M-G-M considers Clark Gable too valuable to let him play polo—since hearing about some bad spills he took?

Helen Hayes is scheduled to be starred in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which Katharine Cornell, who starred in the stage version, refused to do for the screen?

Charlie Chaplin's next picture will be a talkie—but he will play a deaf-and-dumb clown?

The Hollywood beauties, who have to keep their figures, have taken to roller-skating?

The Story Behind Their Wedding— by ALBERT DORNE









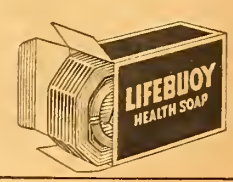


NOW is a danger time for "B.O." (body odor)!

THESE hot, sultry days when we perspire so freely—be *extra* careful about "B.O." (*body odor*)! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—removes all odor. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

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MAKE-UP Adds Allure *to Beauty*

HOLLYWOOD—Color is the keynote of appeal in beauty, and color harmony is the magic secret of Make-Up. This, Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, proved, and revolutionized make-up in motion pictures with his discovery of cosmetic color harmony. Now 96% of Hollywood's stars use Max Factor's.



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Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively

Face powder, for example, is produced by a secret color harmony principle. Each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It gives the skin a live, luminous beauty . . . yet remains invisible.

Even the motion picture camera does not reveal it. It imparts a satin-smooth make-up, for the color harmony tone is so perfect it never appears spotty, off-color or "talcy". Even under brightest daylight or artificial light you may be sure of this satin-smooth effect . . . for screen stars have proved its beauty magic under blazing motion picture lights.

Now you may enjoy the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, originally created for the screen stars, at the nominal price of one dollar a box.

Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eye-shadow, based on the same revolutionary color harmony principle . . . in shades to blend with your face powder—fifty cents each. At all drug and department stores.

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Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

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Without obligation, send me a Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade, also, my make-up color harmony chart, complexion analysis; and your 48-page illus. book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐		Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐		Moist ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry ☐
	LASHES Light ☐ Dark ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

That's Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 16*)

in admiration over his very footprint, so awestruck that they failed to recognize their hero as he passed. He stopped before them, performed a stunt he often does in pictures, and bowed. They recognized him, were properly impressed, and the sun shone once more on the Boulevard.

ONE of the most naïve people in Hollywood is Carl Laemmle, Jr., who announces that "there is no such thing as a type star to-day . . . producers must give stars every opportunity to display their versatility," and so forth. One of Mr. Laemmle's stars is Boris Karloff, who played the *Monster* in "Frankenstein" and who is going to "display his versatility" by playing another horror rôle in "The Old Dark House." *This* time he is going to be seven feet tall, have a flat nose, pig eyes, and a hairy face, and the make-up takes five hours to put on, while the other part took only three. Boris likes it so much he spends most of his time before a mirror, staring at himself and muttering, "Marvelous!"

A PRODUCER asked James Gleason for the impossible when he demanded that the actor-writer bring him a Cinderella story with a new twist. . . . And Lucille Gleason says the reason "Is Zat So?" ran so long in London was that the English people had to come back three times before they could understand our American humor.

BRIGHT remark occurred the other day during a discussion of a sheep dog, born on one of the stages at a studio. Somebody asked what picture had been in the making, to see just how its theme influenced the dog's life, and Polly Moran cracked, "You mean, what star was it born under?"

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S wife, who doesn't understand English well and finds life lonesome in this country, has returned to France to fix up their Riviera home for Maurice's vacation there, as soon as he finishes his next picture. Stanley Smith is also leaving Hollywood to rehearse for a new show opening in New York.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, on the other hand, has moved here from New York for good. She sold all her furnishings and brought only two thousand volumes of books and her famous jade collection.

GREAT clamor and excitement sounded in the halls of Universal last week when one of their best writers started preaching socialism, down with the bosses, and let's burn the studio over their heads! The situation was saved when little pink slips, dismissing him from the studio forever, were pressed into his hand not five minutes after the rumpus started.

AT THE same studio, mild consternation was aroused when a lady reviewer, in the preview theatre, plunked herself down on the sofa reserved for Uncle Carl Laemmle and flatly refused to move. "I don't mind if he sits beside me," she said grandly to the underlings who tried to eject her.

SINCE Johnny Weissmuller, of the sports world, crashed through as a screen star, Jack Dempsey is talking to studios, too. . . . Clara Bow, who has just written the words for a song entitled "Hollywood on Parade," wants Rex Bell (the husband) for her leading man at Fox. . . . Bing Crosby, one of the hometown boys, has signed up to do features for Paramount—five of them over a period of three years.

TOM BROWN, in the same theatre, was watching the showing of his third picture, "Information Kid." Even though Tom is only nineteen and looks a bit younger, and the present vogue is for older leading men of the Gable type, we prophesy a swell future for this youngster. He is astonishingly like the Lew Ayres of a few years ago, has had excellent training on the stage, and has been taken socially under the protective wing of the Gleason family, who are social leaders of the former-stage-players set in Hollywood.

LITTLE Gloria Stuart, just signed at Universal, used to be a reporter on a small-town paper, got fifty a month, and lived on it. . . . And Diane Sinclair, who joins M-G-M with the distinction of being the only real brunette in the studio, was orphaned at the age of two, brought up by a Dutch family, and taken to Philadelphia, where she acted in a stock company after high school.

GENE RAYMOND has taken up polo. . . . Ricardo Cortez has bought a new horse. . . . Adrienne Ames, evidently not having heard of the Will Hays ban on luxury in Hollywood, is riding around in a new light green Rolls-Royce. It's a present from her broker-husband, Stephen Ames, and so wasn't bought with Hollywood gold. . . . Creighton Chaney, for his first picture, worked at night and slept all day, and didn't see daylight for three weeks. . . . Rosco Ates, the prank, climbed up the scaffolding and dropped a pail of water on four husky football players, working with him in "Hold 'Em, Jail." During the next shot Jim Musick tackled Rosco so hard he stuttered without trying to. . . . And Jimmy Dunn, training for a rôle, annoyed his boxing instructor somehow or other and the fellow promptly knocked him out—it's not all roses, this being a movie star!

A TRAVELER from abroad confides that Gary Cooper's affair with a Countess was the talk of Europe. And that Gary escaped the lady by taking a boat to America, and the Countess promptly boarded a faster boat and met Gary when he landed in New York. And that then they went to dinner at the swank Casino restaurant in Central Park, and found themselves at the very next table to Gary's old friend, Lupe—and the orchestra chose that moment to play the popular ditty, "Just One More Chance!"

"When in doubt, exit," seems to be Gary's motto, and he did. The Countess and her husband, we hear, were members of the expedition on which Gary bagged sixty pieces of wild game. And that, gentlemen, must have been a very lively little game-hunt.

HELEN TWELVETREES wears cas- tor oil on her face as protection from wind and sun. . . . And another facial note is contained in Tom Mix' reply to the lad who charged him $3,500 for a portrait. "My mug isn't worth that much," Tom said.

Cheasley Predicts Domestic Changes for Dietrich

(*Continued from page 32*)

intention, self-sufficient and in love with the esoteric, Oriental and the unusual, is not fully shown in the broader versatility which is characteristic of her on the screen. Here we have an artist, who is capable of being surprised at her own ability and who has that quality rarely found in a public favorite—obedience. This last is true despite her recent difficulties with her studio.

The number "2" as her "Expression" number reveals that Marlene Dietrich is not only a dramatic artist, but has such a degree of sensitiveness and impressionability, and is so anxious to cooperate and to avoid discord and resistance, that her success in her career will depend largely upon the vision and character of her directors. She is screen material that could be easily cheapened, confused or spoiled by the wrong direction.

The birthday of Marlene Dietrich was December 27, 1904, and the total derived from the numerals of this date is "8." To Numerology, this is the key to her destiny, the pattern of her life, with its past, present and potential opportunities.

Dietrich was born into a current of experience leading to positions of prominence socially and financially, as well as to the establishment of a condition of good health, which as a child was not well assured. The numbers of her birth date show that this wealth and health should be gained through her artistic expression before the public, from her early childhood years until she is thirty-seven. In that year of 1941, an end to her public career will give her the opportunity to contact the artistic field from the entirely new angle of production and management. This calculation says that there is a trend in her affairs that will carry her from the professional to the business side of the theatre or screen, where the public will get the influence of her training and experience, but will seldom see or hear of her personality.

Changes Due Before Autumn

THE years of 1930, 1931 and 1932 mark the peak of a cycle of effort in the direction of the screen, which Marlene Dietrich commenced somewhat accidentally in 1924. A series of unlooked-for events and contacts in that year changed the whole course of her career, although she was already headed for a personal success in another artistic field—music.

For the present year of 1932, the Numbers indicate that Marlene Dietrich is once more on the brink of extremely important changes, which the movie public will read of during the late summer. She will not be missed from the screen this year, but in the Fall of the year and during 1933, an effort to tackle entirely different rôles, under different direction, seems to be before her.

It will be difficult, until the influences of 1932 are past, to do more than present Marlene Dietrich as an unusual personality. Her wonderfully versatile dramatic talent will have to wait for its fuller development in 1933 and the few years following. She will be found capable of much greater dramatic freedom than she has been allowed.

Marlene Dietrich has reached the end of the first phase of her screen success, and soon will be a different personality, just as she is reaching the end of many phases of her personal life in 1932. She will find much to change, adjust and discard in this year that will affect her domestic life and her public career. When these adjustments and settlements are completed in the next few months, her work in 1933 will prove to the movie public what Numerology interprets from her name and birth date.

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Delay in Starring Gable Cost Hollywood Millions

(*Continued from page 35*)

What alibis have the men who let Gable and his valuable sex appeal slip through their fingers?

Talent Can't Be Hidden Forever

THERE are reasons why talent is lost in the Hollywood shuffle—and why it always will be. Unsung stars stud the "extra" ranks, grants Rufus Le Maire, casting director of Warners-First National.

"But," he declares, "every studio knows that there is more talent outside its walls than inside. We can only hope through sheer luck to stumble across someone great. There is no help for that situation. No casting director or studio official can spend his entire time taking case histories of extras—putting them through the expensive process of discovering whether they are fated for greatness or obscurity. If one did that, there wouldn't be any time left for making pictures.

"I think I can say, however, that sooner or later the 'extras' with ability are always discovered. Eventually, they are given their chance. Sometimes it takes years—but success in any line is a matter of years. Given an 'extra' with ambition to succeed and a trace of ability and a lot of intelligence, success then becomes only a matter of time—and luck.

"I don't for a moment minimize the importance of 'breaks'—of being on the spot when an emergency arises or a certain rôle is open. Take George Brent, for example. We think he's going to be a sensation. He was available for many months. He might have been hidden for years, if it hadn't been that we needed a man of his build and general appearance for a Kay Francis picture. We made tests of him. They were extraordinary. When we abandoned plans for the Francis picture, we cast him opposite Ruth Chatterton in 'The Rich Are Always With Us.' People will ask, 'Why wasn't he recognized before?' And the answer to that is, 'He wasn't needed.' Being just the right person, at the right time, in the right spot is the secret of a lot of success in Hollywood—or in any business, for that matter.

Stars Are Made, Not Born

"THE fact that it took a man years before he arrived—years of futile waiting before he 'hit'—doesn't mean that he could have been a glamourous star at the beginning of his waiting. The importance of that necessary period of apprenticeship to stardom is minimized when the hullabaloo over a new star starts.

"A girl *should* have 'extra' experience. It gives her an opportunity to accustom herself to the lights and to the camera. If she has that innate ability which makes stars, she'll learn as an 'extra' how to wear clothes, how to carry herself, how to be poised and un-self-conscious. Then I advise an intensive season with a stock company.

"As for a man, he has no business being an 'extra' year after year. He'd be better off as a truck driver, as Boris Karloff and Charlie Farrell were in the lean periods between pictures. If he really wants to get anywhere in pictures, the place for him is a good stock company where he can quickly learn stage presence, voice control, and the poise essential to a good actor. Everyone of importance in the talkies has had stage experience with the exception of the old-timers, and even they have had a lot of work to do to catch up with those who came in from the legitimate stage and made the talkies their own.

"Given a talented player with experience, as well as ambition, a studio can polish him off through a series of progressively more important parts. From then on it's only a question of hoping that when the opportunity comes, that player will be able to take advantage of it. And if a player makes good at this stage of the game, it's a straight road to stardom, or to that important spot of a featured player.

"Finding a star is luck. For no two casting directors can agree on who's good and likely to improve. But they all know who's bad!"

Easier to Develop Women Stars

AT PARAMOUNT, where Clark Gable's ears with their wind-breaker effect lost him a contract (and the studio a million or more), Fred Datig, the casting director, emphasizes the fact that there are no rules for discovering outstanding talent—that latent ability which can be built into lights on theatre marquees.

A keen man, with fine eyes, is this Fred Datig. In a world where exaggerated excitement is the rule, where telephones clamor half a dozen at a time, where pulses hammer a mad tattoo, he maintains a calm, even voice—as restful as an airplane jaunt under an untroubled sky.

"There is no way," he declares, "to know definitely who will make a star or who won't. It's a matter for prayerful hope. A potential box-office sensation might be utterly ignored until that psychological moment, until that electrifying rôle. It might well be accident. However, in justice to myself, I must say that when Clark Gable came to Paramount, I sensed his possibilities. I argued in his favor with the Powers That Be and finally sent him to one of our brightest executives, who turned him down with the remark, 'No one with ears that large can ever be a romantic screen lover!'

"Every star is the result of careful development, of painstaking building. A star is a studio's creation from small beginnings and small rôles.

"It's easier to develop a woman into a star or a featured player than it is a man, because clothes, hairdress, improvement in the figure make such a vital difference. A man can't be tailored to fit a part. He's either what's wanted or not.

Why Gable Scored Suddenly

"THAT'S why Gable hit suddenly. His type of player was needed. He was given the part—a more experienced Gable, you must remember, than the one who had knocked hopelessly at studio gates seven years ago. He had gone East, meanwhile, for a year on Broadway and acquired additional stock experience. His personality broadened and deepened. *He was ready for his opportunity.* Seven years ago—or even five or four—if he had been given an important screen rôle, he might have failed completely.

"Sometimes a star is made overnight because after years of going through the motions of being an actor, of being an automaton at a director's word, something hits. There is a sudden coordination of thought and emotion—the part merges with the personality of the player—and we have an interpretation that is natural, real, vital! He clicks. Tomorrow he's a star—and those outside want to know why so much genius beat the pavements unrecognized for years.

"No star really hits the top instantaneously. If there is ability in a player and it shows quickly—then the studio is in luck. If we find that either we can't bring it out, or that we might have been mistaken, then the player is let out. It's quite possible that the line between being a nobody and a personality will be crossed on another lot—and

then *that* particular studio will be in luck!"

Mr. Datig points out that a studio cannot make stars—that the public does that. Carman Barnes was slated for stardom. Every resource of the studio was put at her command—to no avail, while Marlene Dietrich was presented to moviegoers as a full-fledged star, and the public responded. The faith of studio executives in this girl's ability was justified. But Dietrich is the exception that proves the rule. In reality she was not a star until the public accepted her.

Like Hunting for Gold

BEN THAU, casting director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, agrees that great ability may be (and is) lost for years in Hollywood—only to be discovered suddenly.

"Talent is rare," he declares. "Prospecting for it has as many possibilities of failure as looking for gold. Finding a gold mine is luck—and then you test ore for its gold content. Finding talent is luck—and then it, too, must be tested. I saw Clark Gable in 'The Last Mile,' the stage play. We signed him, after refusing him even 'extra' work for years. And from then on it was a question of developing his ability through a series of minor rôles."

Other players have been given the chance—only to fail at the moment, and then appear on other lots as immediate successes. It happens in Hollywood!

If studios could definitely anticipate the public's likes and dislikes; its reactions to stories and to stars; its changing allegiances to types, then some formula might be developed for the detection—and later expansion—of raw talent.

As it is—and as it is likely to continue, according to these casting directors, who ought to know—millions of dollars represented by potential box-office smashes, will continue to knock at studio gates—in vain. In vain, that is, until Lady Luck winks her eye and Hollywood discovers another lowly member of the mob ascending, like Gable, to stardom.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 71*)

that movie stars make big money; he says that only twenty-three make headline salaries. What was considered good publicity a few years ago now makes movie executives shudder. And now it's director Edmund Carewe who's in trouble with Uncle Sam's income-tax collectors.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, on his personal appearance tour, comes out on the stage first in street clothes "just to show 'em how I look in clothes," then appears in a bathing suit, doing some diving in a tank of water that's just about big enough to hold him. When he gets back to Hollywood, believe it or not, he's scheduled to do an Arctic story before the sequel to "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Imagine hiding all that physique under reindeer and polar bear pelts!

JUDITH WOOD, playing in "Promiscuous" on the local stage, in one scene wears little except a loin cloth in which she carries a revolver. The other night, loin cloths not being very stable, the gun fell on her toes and broke one. (She broke her nose a while ago, you remember, in an automobile accident.) Judith called up the author of the play, who happens to live in town, and demanded to wear a holster thereafter. The author was scandalized. "Why, you're supposed to be shipwrecked on a desert island," he remonstrated. "You'd be overdressed with a holster!"

(*Continued on page 98*)





JOAN BLONDELL, *featured player of Warner Bros., is equally pleasing in a smart bathing suit or in a softly fashioned evening gown of net and silver sequins.*

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Some Things You Haven't Known About Joan Bennett

(*Continued from page 60*)

gantly than her more "extravagantly"-publicized sister, Constance, before she changed her name to Markey and her ideas to marketing. There was one time when Joan, as a Bennett, kept three establishments in living order at once: her home in Beverly Hills, an apartment in town, and a summer cottage at the beach where Adrienne Bennett Fox (her very blonde daughter by her first husband, John Martin Fox), might spend long days in the sun.

"I was just plain extravagant," says Joan, with the famous Bennett brow wrinkled into a small frown at what she now considers a very dismaying period of her life. "*Foolishly* so. I don't know yet how or where or why I spent so much money. Maybe it was because I was not particularly happy. You know the story of the woman who goes out and buys herself a new hat every time she feels blue. I guess that was my trouble, only on a larger scale."

But that wasn't entirely the reason. If you happen to know a little more of Joan's intimate history than the average gossip-guesser, both of these "sudden" developments in her personality might be explained.

It involves a chapter in Joan's unpublicized past—those brief two years when she was the wife of John Martin Fox—and it is necessary to delve for a moment into Joan's past to understand more thoroughly the "new" domestic Joan of to-day.

At the time when Barbara Bennett was holding the interest of the theatrical papers as the dancing partner of an international tango artist—at the time when Constance Bennett was "front page" news because she was engaged to millionaire Philip Plant—Joan Bennett's only newspaper activity was reading it after she had fetched it in off a small plot of lawn, in front of an equally small house on the *wrong* side of Beverly Hills.

A Housewife at Sixteen

THE neighbors in the small houses roundabout knew her merely as "that pretty Mrs. Fox . . . so young, too . . . just a child, herself." She was sixteen years old and she had been married for almost eight months. In six months more, she was expecting what Walter Winchell has since so quaintly labeled "a blessed event."

It was an item of neighborly gossip that young Mrs. Fox was a very early riser. She had to be. She did her own housework. Every morning she arose at seven, set the coffee to "perking," squeezed the correct number of oranges for two big glasses of juice, waved a young husband off to work, cleaned six rooms until they shone, and never quite managed to feel able to eat lunch. In the afternoon she marketed. And believe it or not, all you devotées of the legend that the Bennetts are silken and helpless, Joan baked her own cakes and pies. To this day, she doesn't know where or how she learned to do it. But necessity is an adroit teacher and the young Foxes were not too financially flush.

She sewed, too. Now that the baby was expected, she stitched small seams into adorable baby garments and she was equally adept at "remodeling" last year's garments from her own wardrobe. Though her family railed at what they termed her "domestic slavery," young Mrs. Fox was not unhappy with her mode of life. She learned that a dinner can be prepared easily and nicely in a reasonable amount of time; that one can budget one's marketing, and set an excellent table (by watching the sales and the market bargains) on very few dollars per week. She learned that no table ever looks as charming as one arranged by the hands of a proud hostess. By doing her own work for the first time in her life, she came to the conclusion that her family had always employed too many servants for the amount of work to be done. One maid can easily handle a six-room house. If one wife can do it, certainly one maid can.

Felt Need of Change

IT was not until after the birth of the baby that housework became drudgery to Joan Fox. She was not very well or strong after the birth of the baby. Neither was that marriage, which began in the infatuation of two youngsters, culminated in an elopement, and began to show the strain of divergent tastes before the end of the



Joan Bennett and Gene Markey didn't fall in love at first sight, as you have heard they did. But they succumbed on second sight

second year. It wasn't anyone's fault. It just wasn't to be. When the baby, Adrienne (named for Joan's mother), was six months old, the young couple gave up the ghost of pretense.

Joan, ill and tired, took a small apartment and cast a mildly interested eye on the movies, where Constance (returned from a Paris divorce from Phil Plant) was queening it at a magnificent salary. But she knew few people in the movies, and didn't want to break in through the help of her sister.

Success came in a hurry to the younger Bennett. She went East to play a small rôle with her father in "Jarnegan." Hollywood scouts saw her and she was offered a startlingly good part opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond," and subsequently a United Artists contract. The contract meant a good weekly salary, and a good weekly salary meant long-delayed luxuries for Joan Bennett. There was a nurse for little Adrienne, a maid, new clothes, hundreds of little things so dear to the heart of an eighteen-year-old girl. Too, there was a quiet divorce.

Went on Spending Spree

RENEWED options brought increased fame—and salary. It should have been a very gay, happy time for her. It

wasn't. She fell miserably in love. This was the famous romance with John Considine, Jr., who had once been engaged to Carmen Pantages, still was fond of her, and later married Carmen. But for a time it looked like wedding bells for Joan and John. Hollywood didn't know which one was postponing the event.

Those were the days when Joan Bennett enjoyed the reputation of being "extravagant." Her closest friends had heart-to-heart talks with her on saving for the future—after all, there was her child to think of. Joan, with the memory of two years of drudgery behind her, merely replied that she wanted Adrienne to have everything she needed to make her happy now. She spent a great deal of money on the child, on her clothes, on suitable places for her to live during the different seasons of the year. She spent a great deal of money in nervous restlessness on herself.

That might have gone on, ending disastrously, if real love in the person of Gene Markey hadn't happened along. Gene, the man of the world, a chronicler of other people's emotions, thoroughly understood Joan's.

The story that they met at a party given by Constance Bennett, while Joan was still a wheel-chair invalid (following an accident last summer when she was thrown from a horse), and that they fell in love at first sight is not true. Joan was not in any frame of mind to fall in love with anyone at first sight, having just parted with Considine. She had been burned by impulsive love twice. And Markey had the reputation of being very fascinating to women. His reported engagements stretched from Ina Claire, of the New York stage, to Gloria Swanson of the movies and he had been rumored engaged to several interesting women in "society."

Love at Second Sight

WHEN a mutual friend suggested that Joan and Gene should know each other, they exhibited about as much interest in the idea as Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* in a piano lesson. Markey's only observation was that Joan Bennett appeared to be a snooty and high-hat young lady. Joan just hadn't paid much attention to Gene.

While she lay ill in the hospital, he called on her. Joan says: "Probably from lack of something better to do." It's a cinch they didn't fall in love at first sight, because Markey promised to drop in the next day—and forgot to do so. Joan forgot he had promised the visit. So it didn't make any difference.

Two weeks before she was leaving for a recuperative trip to New York through the Panama Canal, she and Markey were invited to a dinner party at the Cocoanut Grove. After that Gene Markey never forgot an engagement he made with Joan Bennett. Nor did she. It was an evening habit up until the time she went away.

She enjoyed herself in New York, what with Mayor Walker, himself, entertaining her—but something was deplorably missing. She wasn't long in deciding what it was. Six weeks after she returned to California, she and Markey were married—just after her twenty-first birthday.

Now is it any mystery to you that the formerly "extravagant" Joan Bennett should have acquired this "sudden" knowledge all about how a house is run, and that dinner can be served on time, and that an upstairs maid isn't needed in a small house, and that the table can be budgeted to a sane amount?

The former Mrs. Fox, who lived on the *wrong* side of Beverly Hills, has taught the present Mrs. Markey, who lives on the *right* side, a great many things she won't forget, and which are not a "new" side of her personality at all!



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34x4	3.50	1.15	29x5.00	2.95	1.35
32x4½	3.20	1.45	30x5.00	2.95	1.35
33x4½	3.20	1.45	28x5.25	2.95	1.35
34x4½	3.45	1.45	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
30x5	3.60	1.75	31x5.25	3.10	1.35
33x5	3.60	1.75	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
35x5	4.45	1.76	30x6.00	3.20	1.40
All Other Sizes			31x6.00	3.20	1.40
			32x6.00	3.20	1.40
			33x6.00	3.20	1.45
			32x6.20	3.50	1.55

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Can Mary Pickford Bring Back the Children?

(*Continued from page 57*)

talk, you would think it a crime to be glad. Whereas I think it must be terrible to be sorry one is alive!"

Mary admits that she also has received many letters asking her why she does not play more sophisticated rôles.

"All I can say to *that*," she smiles, "is that I'm not a sophisticated person. I don't think I could play sophisticated parts, and haven't the slightest desire to attempt them."

Mary says that she does not ask that all pictures should be entirely understandable by children. But she does fear that children understand, intuitively, more than we may imagine, and that the youngster whose plastic mind is impressed with unsavory scenes from a movie to-day is often the criminal of ten years hence.

Telling the Theatre-Owners

"I THINK the solution of bringing back the children depends greatly on the integrity and wisdom of theatre-owners," she emphasizes. "They should book films for Friday and Saturday nights, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, that have an appeal for both adults and children. Those are the days and nights on which children can go. The other days, they are at school, except during vacations. The other nights, they *should* be studying—and in bed early."

Mary says that a great discourager of child attendance is dialogue—supposedly an indispensable asset in sophisticated films.

"There should be no more dialogue in the talkies than there were sub-titles in the silent movies," she believes. "Pantomime is the acting art of the screen, and it is a greater and subtler vehicle of expression than speech. The most uneducated man or woman or the simplest child can understand a gesture, a glance or a posture."

Despite the intermittent sorrow that stands so nakedly in her eyes, Mary Pickford is young, trim and fresh-looking. She could play a young girl as easily as she could twenty years ago, before many present-day moviegoers were born. She remains, in appearance, Hollywood's outstanding miracle. Oscar Wilde once said that life imitates art, and perhaps Mary, for long years the screen's recognized living symbol of childhood, has become, *in her heart*, the type she played so long.

She has been accused of not growing up emotionally, of fearing the darker problems of adult life as a child fears the dark; of refusing to come to grips, in most of her pictures, with some of the grimmer stuff that lives in the human soul; of failing to proffer strong enough meat and drink in her screen entertainment. In the manner of a Grand Inquisitor, I asked her if she thought the *Pollyanna* point of view was a fair mirror to hold up to the world roundabout.

"Why not?" she replied crisply. "It seems to me that every mirror can reflect only a small part of reality. I see a world in which there seems to be much sorrow and suffering. If I can dispel the states of mind that hurt people, if I can grip them with a happier mood, and catch them up into a higher, brighter, gayer plane of existence, I'll be tickled to pieces.

"Douglas and I have received letters from thousands of human beings, telling us, in essence, that we have lifted them above the harsh realities of everyday life, and have given them hope and courage. Those letters cannot be joked away by the cynics.

"Douglas still has a small wooden box with one bullet in it. A certain man once intended to 'end it all' with that bullet. Heartsick, and on the verge of suicide, he stumbled into a movie theatre—why, he didn't know, unless it was to get off the streets, away from the throngs of people, that he might have a little peace and quiet to look into himself before the end came.

"He happened to see Douglas's picture, 'The Three Musketeers,' flickering across the screen. It proved an unexpected tonic to him. He wrote Douglas that he came away from that theatre alive and laughing at his own humorless despair of an hour or so before. He enclosed the bullet he had intended to send into his brain.

"It is because the screen has such a tremendous power of suggestion that I refused, in 'Coquette,' to commit suicide, although the heroine did commit suicide in the stage version.

"Some of the critics roasted me for that, but I knew that every girl and woman in every audience all over the world would be vicariously living that rôle. Most of them had, or some day would have, some serious problem to face, and I refused to set an example or suggestion of suicide as a way out. It was far better that the heroine of 'Coquette' should live on, should show faith in God and the beauty of courage, even when her whole world did seem to have tumbled about her ears.

"I shall hold the same convictions in the pictures I make in the future, for I want my pictures to be seen by the whole American family. And above all, if I am going to do my part in bringing the children back to the theatres, I cannot crush their young spirits with defeat and despair. Besides, I won't!

"The big problem of the motion picture is to be *itself*—and not to ape the stage. If the screen imitates the stage, it will fail. The stage can do some things better than the screen—extreme sophistication, for one thing. That is why 'Private Lives' was a better play than it was a picture. It scarcely belonged on the screen, which can do other things much better. The screen, in the very nature of things, must remain the more popular medium—the medium for the whole family. And that whole family includes the children. The appeal to the child is the key to the whole problem."

The Secret of the Attraction

PERHAPS Mary simply is shrewd. Perhaps she has always had an eye on the box-office. This is the skeptics' view. And there may be moments when she secretly envies "It girls" and exotic foreigners, as some hint. However, I suspect that she may be so deeply drawn to children, so preoccupied with pleasing them, because *she* has been childless—that this may explain the sorrow standing intermittently in her eyes. For, bromidic as it may sound, there *are* things money can't buy.

If Mary does succeed in summoning back, in the midst of a depression and a cynical age, the delicate visions of childhood, she may fulfill a greater destiny than she—or her most worshipful devotées—could have anticipated. And it is entirely possible that her future *may* eclipse her long and prosperous past. She may vindicate her whole philosophy of picture-making. She may prove that "It girls" and exotic foreigners come and go, but America's sweetheart goes on forever. Or she may fail, finding herself out of tune with this new decade, and discovering that, in grim reality, she no longer is America's sweetheart.

She faces a showdown, but my hunch is that she will win out, for her roots sink down to the very beginnings of pictures, and she may be, because of that, as permanent an American institution as ham and eggs, apple pie, Fords—and *Pollyanna*, herself!



Edward Hillman, Jr. took Marian Nixon away from the screen—but when she longed to act again, the screen didn't take her away from Eddie. He was behind her effort to "come back." And so was Janet Gaynor, without realizing it!

Marian Nixon "Came Back" —And Killed Divorce Rumors

(*Continued from page 66*)

Began to Envy Sally

MARIAN, who was as fresh and rested as a rose, actually began to envy Sally's fatigue. It is very hard to get honest-to-goodness tired, getting up at noon every day and spending afternoons at bridge-luncheons and attending theaters nightly. Marian would remember with a sigh that when she used to get tired from studio work, she'd curl up on the back seat of her car and go to sleep on the ride home from the studio. Suddenly, just to be honestly tired again seemed to be the most desirable experience in the world.

Without advertising the fact, Marian got in touch with her agent and signified that she might consider coming back to pictures again. But a year had passed since she had taken her voluntary leave-taking of the movies, and a year is a long time in Hollywood. Newer girls come along. Executive memories are notoriously short. Suddenly, Marian began to make no bones about it. She wanted to come back to the screen again and nothing else would make her happy. Not even time all her own, not even all the lovely, sparkling things with which Eddie surrounded her.

All the things that had held her attention for the first year of her marriage began to pall. People, people, more people constantly at her house. People talking polo and polo ponies and new clothes and old bridge hands—everything under the sun but movies.

Wanted to "Come Back"

LITTLE Marian began to drift out of the gatherings early. Sometimes she would go upstairs and read a book. Often she would accompany Sally Eilers to the studio when she was doing night work. She fell into the habit of watching for the previews of the new pictures and attending them with her secretary, who is also a companion.

People who make a business of rumoring things began to say things weren't going so well between the young Hillmans. Their interests weren't the same. They were gradually and slowly drifting apart.

Like most gossip stories, it was a little previous in its deductions. Eddie adored and adores Marian—and he began to plug as hard as Marian's managers for what he probably regarded as her pet hobby.

There is always the fine point, of course, as to how far interests so widely divergent might have stretched. There might have been a breaking point even in their mutual sympathy for the other's point of view—but Fate, or if you prefer, Janet Gaynor relieved that tension before it actually had a chance to feel the strain.

The day Marian signed a contract with Fox, Eddie was like an inflated press-agent. He was so glad because she was glad that he exhibited the same amount of enthusiasm he would have felt over a new polo pony, or some really authentic thrill like that.

Glad to Be Working Again

"YOU can't imagine how nice it is to be back at work again—until you've been away from it," says Marian. "We don't miss work until we have lost it, and then it is suddenly the most desirable thing in the world.

"In the year I was away from the screen, I met many girls who would give anything in the world to have some real interest beyond planning formal dinner menus—but their husbands wouldn't hear of their *working!* I think Eddie felt that way at first—but now he seems to understand so thoroughly.

"The funny part of it is," she laughs, "Eddie seems to be becoming a suitor all over again since I've made a couple of pictures. He sends flowers to my dressing-room just as he did when I was at Warner Brothers before we were married. The idea that I am what he terms 'independent' seems to amuse, and at the same time, intrigue him.

"Men may pretend to resent it—pretend to scoff at the idea of a woman's independence. But in their hearts I think they admire it.

"And then it makes breakfast conversation so much more interesting! Instead of only polo, Eddie and I are discussing polo and MOVIES over the morning coffee. Gee," breathed Marian, suddenly not being Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr., at all, but a very eager little girl anxious to make good. "It's fun to work in the movies. . . ."

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You're Twice as Pretty as You Think You Are!

(*Continued from page 53*)

tioned as the trend of the summer styles. But if we are going to be of any real help to the women who may read this article, let's use models and concrete examples with the girls I am dressing on this lot."

Mrs. Pemberton reached for the photographs of the "new" Ann Harding on her desk. She handed them to me with a set of pictures taken of Ann three months ago. You wouldn't have known her. She still has the same appealing beauty, the same Grecian-urn loveliness—but something has happened. She hasn't changed, but it just seems that you can see her beauty better.

If You're Ann Harding's Type—

"THAT'S exactly the point," Mrs. Pemberton continued. "Nothing in the world could keep Ann from being beautiful. She was born that way. Even her personal indifference to clothes couldn't rob her of the beauty that was *hidden* under those clothes. The point is she was using only about one-third of the beauty that is really hers. I think, I hope, in her new clothes it will all be there.

"When I looked at Ann in the funny little hat she wore into my office the day we had our first clothes conference, I thought: 'I don't want to change you. I just want to bring you out, so the world can see how really beautiful you are.' Even at that, I didn't realize the full extent of Ann's beauty.

"*Ann Harding has one of the loveliest clothes figures I have ever seen.* I know it sounds surprising. For years she has been successfully disguising her figure in ruffles and frilly, fancy, lacy things. Ann, like most women of her type, looks on herself as purely feminine. Just something nice and soft to cover their bones will do. Let the other women be smart. *They* will be delicate and picturesque and dainty. They feel they don't have to dress their hair particularly. They just let it frowse about in blonde daintiness.

"To all women of Ann's glorious type let me say: You need lines, soft lines, but lines that cling to your figure. Take off your ruffles and your lacy sleeves. Severely-cut velvets, molded to your figure, are for you. You can be more décolleté than the more brazen type and get away with it better. Your daintiness takes away from you, suggestiveness. For the street, wear tailored garments—the more severe, the better. Your lovely blonde hair must be dressed more carefully than if you spent hours at the beauty parlor having it stiffly waved.

"In Ann's case, I made her brush her hair completely off her forehead. She has a lovely wide brow, which she had been hiding by a severely simple coiffure that made it look like a narrow peak. We experimented with the low knot on the back of her head and 'lifted' it so that it rests no lower on her neck than a 'long bob' would. Ann used to shop for hats by merely accepting *anything she could get on her head* that wouldn't interfere with her 'knot.' But by lifting and coiling her long hair, she may now wear the smartest hats to excellent advantage."

Notice the picture of Ann Harding's new coiffure, as compared to the old one. Notice how sharply it outlines her lovely profile.

If You're Dark, Like Irene—

"IRENE DUNNE," continued Mrs. Pemberton, selecting several pictures of the pretty Irene from her desk, "presents an entirely different problem from Ann. The girl who is the Irene Dunne type—which is to say, dark and sweetly dignified—must be careful of one thing: careful that she does not lose her youthful appeal in clothes that are too 'matronly.' Such girls as Irene are inclined to be too conservative in their clothes and will select dark blues and blacks in preference to the gayer colors the shopwomen show them. If these girls would only realize that their own natural dignity offsets the brightest and gayest of colors, I am sure they would use them more.

"Irene Dunne is a young woman, yet she has been wearing her hair so setly groomed that a matron of fifty would have felt aged with such an arrangement of her white locks. This picture will show you what we have done to Irene's hair. It is shorter, brushed carelessly back from her forehead, and the wave is large and soft. Notice how this gives youth and vitality to her face. If you are the Irene Dunne type, here is just one last word of warning: preserve your real youth—don't waste it on dark, matronly garments and firm, set marcel waves."

Helen Is De-Flapperized

HELEN TWELVETREES was next. Mrs. Pemberton smiled as she looked at two striking pictures of the "new" Twelvetrees.

"Just the direct opposite of Irene," she explained. "Helen was unconsciously overemphasizing her youth. The out-of-date flapper hang-over, suggested by her unruly long bob and her simple little sports clothes, was robbing Helen of the sophisticated charm that is really hers. I could hardly wait to snip two or three inches off Helen's hair and pat it down softly, close to her head. Notice that the effect adds nothing to Helen's age and yet gives her a new dignity and aloofness—a new note in her personality.

"The next step was to make her clothes more staccato. For evening wear, I particularly like Helen in metal cloths—soft and yet sophisticated. Satins and velvets are also suitable materials for her. It is true that girls of Helen's type are 'cute' in sports clothes—but 'cuteness,' as a fashion motif, went out of style with F. Scott Fitzgerald's flappers. Another good point for girls of Helen's type to remember is to be careful in the color and amount of make-up they use. The golden blonde should be very careful to avoid an artificial effect. Just a faint suggestion of rouge with a pale amber powder and delicate lipstick is preferred."

Connie Is the Luckiest Type

MRS. PEMBERTON said: "I have saved Constance Bennett for the last because Constance is one of those rare women who are instinctively 'right' about their clothes-personality. Such lucky women seldom need to be guided. They just *know* what is right for them. Connie is a clothes 'natural.' She could wear gingham and lend it all the style that the average woman acquires with satin and velvet. If some of her own personal fashion preferences will help other women, I'll be glad to pass them on.

"Connie never wears anything she isn't 'happy' in. No matter if it is the newest word from Paris, she will have none of it, if she is uncomfortable wearing the garment.

"Once she has found a hat or dress model she really likes, she wisely has it copied in several shades and materials. She is one of the rare women who can carry a style motif all her own. Often in shopping I have run across a little hat or an evening gown, and said to myself: 'That looks like Constance.' In summing it up, all I can say is that if you are the Constance Bennett type, you are a very lucky young woman, indeed, so far as clothes go! If you still need a model, just watch Connie in her new pictures!"

Is Hollywood "Broke"?

(*Continued from page 31*)

ability to sell their personalities to studios.

Of course, if we went into the salaries of executives and directors, that would be something else again. They're not managing the business end of the game just for pleasure and a pittance, you know.

Salaries That Don't Count

IF YOU look on the gloomy side—and that's what Hollywood is doing right now—you'd find that script-girls, prop men, and "extras" haven't much to boast about in the way of salaries. And there are many players whose names would be familiar to you, who are content to struggle along on a mere $100 a week—when they work.

When you compare the $500,000 of John Gilbert with the $50,000 a year of the average bank president, Hollywood looks like a gold mine. Consider, on the other hand, that the screen star at fifty, or even forty, is out of the running, with a few exceptions, while the bank president is still working and earning his salary, and you see the other side of the picture.

Young hopefuls in the movie merry-go-round are paid from $75 to $500 each and every week, whereas a runner for a bond house gets $17.50. That makes everything appear pretty rosy in Hollywood, till you discover that after five years the film star has—nine times out of ten—fallen by the wayside, while the bond salesman has stepped up to $5,000 a year, or even higher, and will continue to advance till he reaches a ripe old age.

On the whole, however, the movies are doing very well indeed. Producers may, as Ben Hecht, the writer, has said, be always a million or two short, but Hollywood is getting along nicely. And the Brown Derby is always packed at lunch time.

Mum's the Word Now

LET other businesses tell us the depression is over and dividends will be paid as usual. The motion picture industry is going its own way, turning its tatters to the public gaze and crying out hysterically, "Things are terrible!"

Hollywood was nicked in the stock market crash—and nicked badly—but those who lost out just became a little more business-like when it came to signing contracts. Most of them still had good, steady jobs—and in only a few years could make up what they had lost. Think of the other people who can't say that!

On the part of all the studios, there is a nervous attitude of hush-hush toward any facts that might present Hollywood as other than struggling along on a bare sustenance. Pictures of stars driving in Rolls-Royces have suddenly been tabooed. Photographers of swank Beverly Hills homes are not encouraged. A writer with the intention of disclosing the number of servants employed by a screen star—a type of publicity welcomed by other businesses as proving the return of prosperity—was told such figures couldn't be printed.

I'm told one star received an interviewer in the servants' living room of her home. Her own parlor looked—well—too sumptuous. A fellow who asked how many foreign cars the stars at one studio owned was discouraged by the news that most of the players, quaintly enough, were still driving last year's Fords.

One star's press-agent let the cat out of the bag and revealed the source of the concerted action when he said, over the telephone, "I'm sorry but you can't print those luxury statistics. *We've been told to go easy on screen stars' expensive cars, big estates, and princely jewels.* I know it has always been good publicity—but—I've got a letter right on my desk from the Will Hays office——"

Why Is Hollywood Doing It?

SO, ROWBOATS and ginghams have been substituted for diamonds and yachts. You can expect to see snapshots of your idol of the moment kneading dough with her own fair hands, for she's going to oust the cook and the butler from the kitchen—at least, so long as the photographers are present.

Maybe it's all the fault of the depression. Hollywood may be afraid that moviegoers in danger of losing their jobs will feel a certain resentment against a screen star, if they know she's basking in the reflected golden light of a $250,000-a-year salary.

Of course, that may not be the reason for the poverty-plea at all. One investigator went back to the time when a well-known statesman visited Hollywood. Screen stars, knowing as well as anyone that it pays to have a friend at court, wined and dined the Senator in princely style. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., showed him around, and he was introduced to the most exclusive circles in Beverly Hills.

The Senator—it was Gillette, of Massachusetts—then proved to be a critic in guest's clothing. At the very time that he was being fêted by the movie makers he was repaying them by writing, in the widely-read *Springfield Republican:*

"When one sees the lavish expenditures in the moving picture industry, and the crowds which fill our theatres at all hours during the day, it seems as if there was one luxury which might be compelled by a tax to contribute to our depleted national treasury without any serious injury to the business!"

Singing "Hard Times Blues"

HIGHER taxes? One can imagine Hollywood's quivering indignation, with its hospitality thrown right back in its face. It may have been then that the stars realized that even if you are making a good living, it's not always to the best business interests to show it. Even though Herbert Hoover offered Rudy Vallee a medal to popularize a song to make people forget the depression, Hollywood knows it's wiser to sing the Bad Times Blues.

"Corned beef hash, thick crockery, and paper napkins," to quote the trade paper, *Variety*, "will replace caviar, silver service, and liveried butlers the next time Hollywood entertains a United States Senator."

And as if the wound weren't deep enough already, the Senator gave the dagger an added thrust when he said, "The extravagance and prosperity of the film industry is one of the phenomena of this region. You feel that if there is one place where economy would be a wholesome novelty and where taxation could be absorbed, it is here. If you ride through Beverly Hills, you will be astonished at the beautiful, luxurious homes. There are no signs of depression here. You hear endless stories of extravagance."

Perhaps the Senator wasn't quite fair in his snap judgment. He may not have realized that Hollywood, perfectly humanly, had put its best foot forward when receiving a guest.

Perhaps Hollywood should have bravely replied, "We're putting out better pictures than ever before. We helped put over one big drive to help the unemployed. If we make a profit, that's only fair, isn't it? And why shouldn't our leaders live in nice houses? Don't the leaders of the other big industries live well, too? Is Beverly Hills any more 'luxurious' than Newport or Long Island?"



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Will Garbo and Dietrich Be Deported?

(*Continued from page 29*)

when they arrived for their American début.

"It has never been a secret to alert producers that it's the moviegoers, not themselves, who create stars," says B. P. Schulberg, Paramount executive. "The fact that some foreign players are popular to-day is wholly because the nation wants them so. While the Dickstein Bill specifies that the rank and file of European actors, not recognized as artists, should be excluded, it is from the rank and file that we have a great opportunity for developing talent.

"Any legislative measure to exclude the acting talent of foreign countries would be unfair to that privilege of selecting its own international favorites which the American public has always held inviolate. Besides, the condition is far less alarming than painted. The percentage of foreign players in films, compared with Americans, is astonishingly low."

They've Made Screen History

ALTHOUGH the indignant Congressman certainly erred when he placed the number of un-American actors and actresses who are making their fame and fortune in Hollywood at a "thousand," it is undeniable that there are many foreigners among the most important stars. What would American motion picture history have been without a Mary Pickford, a Charlie Chaplin and a Rudolph Valentino? Would we have reached our present leadership in the film industry throughout the world without our Garbos, Colmans, Shearers, Dietrichs, Del Rios and Novarros? And among the stars of future American pictures will undoubtedly appear other foreign names—Tala Birell, Sari Maritza, Nils Asther, Anna Sten, Gwili Andre. . . .

If immigration laws had been stricter so that they had excluded from our shores a certain Dutch merchant called Van Göebel a couple of generations ago, we would not have had his virile descendant, Clark Gable, to set the hearts of five million feminine moviegoers fluttering to-day!

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has been in existence four years. In that time the prizes for the most distinguished performances have gone to *five foreign-born players*—Emil Jannings, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, George Arliss and Marie Dressler; and to *three native Americans*—Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore. Would the reputation of American pictures have been as great without the gorgeously human Dressler, the sophisticated Shearer, the polished Arliss, the poignant Jannings, and America's Sweetheart?

"Hollywood needs more stars than the United States can supply," says George Arliss bluntly, in commenting on the possibility of a ban on foreign actors. "Possibly without new blood from abroad we might sink into a rut that would result in stagnation. Hollywood makes pictures for the whole world—it should *draw from* the whole world for talent."

Not Found in America, Somehow

DOES Hollywood need its imported stars? It would seem that America is large enough and cosmopolitan enough to supply every possible picture need from its hundred and twenty-five million citizens, and yet—it took Sweden to produce a truly great siren for the screen, it took Paris to furnish us an utterly satisfactory man-of-the-world, it took Italy to give us a real romantic lover, and the London slums to send us the greatest comedian of them all.

Our screen needs strange women—exotic and mysterious. And America, though it produces beautiful, even gorgeous women, has not given the screen any true sirens since the days of glamourous Barbara La Marr. Myrna Loy's beauty is the exotic type, but Myrna Loy's personality is that of Myrna Williams from Montana. All of Theda Bara's writhings and leopard skins could not make Theodosia Goodman of Rochester exotic. Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett are seductive women, but hardly mysterious. When Greta Garbo showed the world what it wanted of a woman, the motion picture industry began a feverish hunt for "other Garbos"—other women with the same appeal. They found them—but not in Philadelphia or Terre Haute or Kansas City. They brought the heavy-eyed Dietrich from Germany, the haughty Landi from England, the impassive and smoldering Birell from Vienna. They sent for Pola Negri to return. They tried one American Garbo, but Carman Barnes is now playing minor rôles on the stage.

Our screen needs romantic lovers—subtle and skilled in the game of sex. And American men may be dominant, virile and handsome, but they are seldom subtle. Richard Dix, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Charles Farrell, Robert Montgomery, Warner Baxter, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are all red-blooded, chivalrous and strong, but their appeal is through deeds, not kisses. The finesse of a Chevalier, the leashed passion of a Valentino, the gay tenderness of a Novarro, the suave courtliness of a Lukas are all needed to complete the pattern of the American motion picture. John Gilbert, alone of the native screen heroes, fulfilled that need, until Clark Gable brought virile brutality to the women moviegoers and made them like it.

What If They Do Get Rich?

IF CONGRESS should shut the door to any but recognized European talent, it would be a death blow to the hopes of hundreds of aspiring English, French, Swedish, German and Spanish players, to whom Hollywood is the Promised Land. The undoubted fact that they want to work in American pictures because that is where they will make the most money should not prejudice Americans against them. After all, most of them give us our money's worth—or they wouldn't be stars.

"The reason I am going back to America without accepting offers in British pictures," Clive Brook frankly told London reporters recently, "is very simple. I have to consider my bank balance. I suffered like everyone else in the Wall Street panic and there aren't enough pennies in the bank to allow me to play just how and when I would like. I'd love to make a picture in England, but an actor who has made a certain name for himself in Hollywood should be very careful in approaching British pictures."

Maurice Chevalier, answering the angry comments of his native Paris that he had deserted them for American gold, is quoted as saying frankly that that was the only reason an actor would want to work in Hollywood—where the one thought was hurry, hurry, hurry in order to make money.

A recent editorial stated bitterly that Greta Garbo's American earnings have been invested in Swedish match company stock and other foreign bonds—but this is not true. What if it were? And what if many of the highest-paid stars included in Conrad Nagel's list of "only twenty-three headline salaries" are aliens? What if Congressman Dickstein's "thousand" foreign players are really to be numbered among the 25,000 reg-

istered "extra" men and women players?

"The American motion picture industry," argues C. C. Pettijohn, counsel for the Hays organization, before the House Immigration Committee, "has gained a position of pre-eminence throughout the world through the free flow of talent from one country to another, and the fact that Hollywood has become the center of film production for a greater part of the civilized world now gives employment to a third of a million people in the United States yearly."

McLaglen Becoming Citizen

VICTOR McLAGLEN, English star, has another view of the situation. "I feel," says Victor, with the directness that made him a Major in the British army, "that if a man earns his living in a country it's only right and fair that he should become a citizen of that country. America has always had a reputation for being hospitable and kind to visiting artists and on that account I hate to see her ban foreign actors. Yet if England has made it difficult for American actors to get work in British pictures, I suppose such an action of retaliation is justified. However that may be, I have already taken out my first papers toward citizenship and I expect to become a full American citizen before very long."

Millard Webb, well-known Hollywood director who has just returned from England, where he directed two pictures, says:

"The most important reason for the dearth of American screen players in British pictures is purely financial; they haven't the money to pay American salaries. Even so, they occasionally take a flier, so to speak; and the officials co-operate with them in every way to stimulate production.

"I am sure that if we make things tougher here for the British actor, many English producers will work the right wires and we'll have even more unemployment in our ranks than we have to-day. After all, retaliatory methods are like Kentucky feuds—each side goes the other one better each time, until they're both exterminated.

"American pictures can use all the talent they can find, whether it's from England, Germany, France, Russia or Czecho-Slovakia, or the Orient. Our pictures go all over the world and it must certainly be an effective factor in international harmony that some of our stars come from abroad."

What Will Garbo Do?

AND what says the greatest foreign player of them all, the Sphinx-like Garbo? Nothing at all! Congressman Dickstein and the other deportation agitators aren't worrying Garbo half so much as *she* is worrying Hollywood! Her present silence is more ominous to Hollywood than all the rumbling of legislative thunder. The question: "Will Garbo be deported?" may arise if Garbo stays—but what if she doesn't stay?

The fact that she has renewed her immigration permit makes it appear that she plans to stay—at least six months longer—but she would have had to renew it even to stay until her present contract runs out. Both she and M-G-M refuse to talk about the possibility of her signing with them again. She has been receiving $7,500 a week—and is said to be asking $15,000, while the studio is trying to arrange a compromise salary more than half-way between the two. Her business manager, Harry Eddington, is reported to have resigned from M-G-M to be better able to "talk business."

When "Grand Hotel" was previewed, many reviewers thought that Joan Crawford stole the picture—yet in the version released, it is Garbo's picture. Hollywood rumors have it that it took ten days' extra shooting, after the preview, to build up Garbo's part so that it overshadowed Joan's. The rumors add that if Garbo doesn't sign again, the "original" version will be substituted. This sounds preposterous, however, since the picture has now been released many weeks.

Friends close to Garbo say that she has been heard to say, "I can hardly wait to get away from this place." She is anxious to travel, to visit all the big cities and famous pleasure spots of Europe, they say. She has a great deal of money. Some also say that she is considering a world tour, lasting a year or two, making personal appearances along the way. Such a project should bring her a million or more.

Hollywood would not be surprised to see her go back to Sweden for a few months' vacation, still keeping Hollywood guessing. But if she does leave, Hollywood expects her back. For no star has ever abandoned her career at the height of her success, and stayed "retired." Maude Adams tried it on the stage, but came back. So did Geraldine Farrar.

Garbo to-day is a star "of distinguished merit" and "superior talent"—which would undoubtedly permit her to stay if the Dickstein Bill should become a law. But what of the future stars who are bound to come from Europe? Garbo, herself, once would have been excluded. Is America going to exclude or deport other foreign players who might become great stars?



Back in the old days, Mary Pickford presented sugar-coated drama to the youngsters—something she doesn't intend to do now. For children and their tastes aren't the same to-day. Look at the coy cherub at the right, for instance. Would you ever have guessed that that was Joan Marsh? How the girl has changed! (See photo on page 6)



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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(Continued from page 14)

1. Marlene Dietrich and director Joseph von Sternberg walked out on Paramount because the revisions made in "The Blonde Venus," in which Marlene was to be starred and directed by von Sternberg, did not suit them. When they refused to start work on the picture, the studio suspended them. James Cagney has also been suspended by Warner Brothers. Salary differences caused the rift, Cagney holding out for $4,000 per week instead of the $1,600 he has been receiving under contract.

2. Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, ex-heavyweight champion, who were divorced less than a year ago, have been seen together around Hollywood and all their friends are happy because they are expected to kiss and make up before long.

3. At the height of her success on the screen, Miss Logan retired after more than ten years as a film star and went to London where she made a success as a writer and director of pictures.

4. Mildred Harris, former wife of Charles Chaplin, screen comedian, will shortly be seen in Minsky's burlesque shows where she will receive a salary of $350 per week.

5. A divorce from her husband, Thomas S. Gallery, sportsman, whom she charged with desertion, was granted to Zasu Pitts, well-known film actress, giving her the custody of their nine-year old child, Ann, and their adopted son, Don Mike Gallery, also nine, who is the boy the late Barbara La Marr adopted. The Gallerys were married in 1920 and separated in 1926.

6. Clara Bow, the famous "It" girl, has at last agreed to come back to the screen in "Call Her Savage" for Fox. The red-haired actress turned down all previous offers, including one to appear in "The Red-Headed Woman," because she no longer wants to play the rôle of a girl with loose morals. Clara will receive $125,000 for her first picture under this new contract.

7. During the filming of "Society Girl," "Knockout" Tom Moore, the professional pugilist, forgot that the cameras were grinding in a fight scene with James Dunn and, neglecting to pull his punches, he accidentally knocked Jimmy out and sent him to a hospital for two weeks.

8. Not until after Carole Lombard passed the crisis was it revealed that she had been ill as the result of a nervous breakdown. Carole is the wife of William Powell, the actor.

9. Helen Twelvetrees (Mrs. Frank Woody) and Mary Astor (Mrs. Franklyn Thorpe) have announced that they are expecting a visit from the stork soon and rumors say that Sue Carol (Mrs. Nick Stuart) is also looking forward to a blessed event. Looks like all the Hollywood beauties have succumbed to the maternal instinct.

10. By "kidnaping" his own sons, Buster Keaton, frozen-faced comedian, proved to his wife that he could take his two sons for an airplane ride to Mexico against her wishes. And by having the 'plane detained at San Diego, Mrs. Keaton, formerly Natalie Talmadge, showed Buster that she had something to say about the children too. When Buster brought the children back by automobile all was forgiven. They both called the rumors about their separating, which followed the 'plane incident, absurd.

11. Because Gloria felt sure the baby was going to be a boy and because she had planned to name it after her husband, Michael Farmer, it was a disappointment to her when she was told it was a girl. However, Gloria compromised by naming her Michele Bridget.

12. One rumor was that Greta would not renew her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but would retire to private life in her native Sweden. Another was that she was planning to form her own picture producing company, and still another was the dispatch from Stockholm announcing that Garbo was planning to wed Wilhelm Sorenson, wealthy society man of Stockholm. Garbo was her usual silent self concerning all reports.

13. The next war ought to be a lovely one with so many Hollywood beauties being made honorary officers. Joan Bennett received the silver eagles, emblem of her rank of honorary colonel in the 347th Field Artillery. Fellow officers advised Miss Bennett of the authorization of the commission at the Fox Studios while she was working on "Week Ends Only."

14. A lot of fun was had by all at the expense of the glamourous Garbo at the opening of "Grand Hotel" of which she is the star. Will Rogers, who was the toastmaster, announced that Greta had condescended to appear in person and take a bow and, in answer to the applause, brought out Wallace Beery, clowning in female attire and affecting a Swedish accent. He even went so far as to pull her famous "I tank I go home now."

15. The popularity of Nancy Carroll, who was one of the most popular film stars last year, before she divorced Jack Kirkland and married Bolton Mallory, seems to have waned. Her contract was not renewed by Paramount and she is planning to make two British pictures. The decline may have been brought on by the unfavorable rumors that she had gone high-hat and the surprise occasioned by her sudden divorce.

16. Richard Arlen, who has often been assigned to play rôles in pictures with a Western background, has won Paramount over to giving him a new contract which states that he will no longer have to play Western parts.

17. Rudy Vallee paid the small sum of $400 to Roberta Hudson McKay, Hollywood composer, who sued him for $1,000,000, to settle a suit against him in which Miss McKay charges that Rudy took credit for the composition of "The Vagabond Lover" which Miss McKay claims to have written. Payment of the $400 gives Vallee the exclusive rights to the words and music of the song which played a big part in his climb to success.

18. Because Anna May Wong typifies the highest standard of Oriental beauty, a bronze bust of her is displayed in a Vienna museum as part of a Chinese collection.

19. The beauty pictured on page fourteen is Anna Sten, twenty-two-year-old Russian film star, who recently arrived in Hollywood to begin her American screen career at the United Artists Studios. Miss Sten has appeared in Soviet and German films.

The Men Who Made Them Famous

(*Continued from page 41*)

simply can't help another woman. That it takes a man to foster a budding career effectively.

He Made Ann an Actress

TO JASPER DEETER'S inspiration and training, Ann Harding ascribes her success both on stage and screen. She came to him while he was director of the Provincetown Players in New York. She had had no experience, and so she sought bit parts that would eventually prepare her for her great love—the theatre. At the moment he was looking for a lead for "The Inheritors," a Susan Glaspell play, which called for a Madonna-faced heroine with long, golden hair. Ann was the girl come to life.

So Jasper Deeter spent hours in teaching her the rudiments of acting, of stage poise—and intensified that breathless charm that to-day intrigues her following. Later, when he had gone to Philadelphia to assume direction of the Hedgerow Theatre there, he was still her guiding hand. She had been given a tryout for the lead in "Tarnish." She failed.

And so she drove through the night from New York to Deeter's side to tell him of her defeat.

Her soul was floundering in a Bottomless Pit. She had nothing to which to look forward. Her career was ended even before it had begun. She was through. But Deeter stormed and laughed and pitied and scolded. During that night he put her through the paces. Again and again she went through her rôle—shading here, a bit more vehemence there. She was analyzing the heroine's emotions. Living them. Interpreting them. By morning she was very weary, but vibrating with a sense of triumph. She went back for another tryout for the rôle—and it was hers! From then on her success was assured. Her name became important at the box-office.

To this day Ann Harding turns to Jasper Deeter for inspiration and advice. He has always been able to give her new courage and a proper sense of dramatic values. To Jasper Deeter's influence, more than to anything else, Ann Harding, the woman, owes Ann Harding, the actress—and her career.

Two Men Made Janet Famous

LITTLE Janet Gaynor has two men to thank for her career—her step-father "Jonesy," and Herb Moulton, one-time editor of a motion picture magazine in Los Angeles. Between them she climbed steadily—the one giving her that faith and inspiration she needed so desperately in those first discouraging days when it seemed as if, after all, she would be chained to a typewriter forever. And Moulton, who was not without influence, sought and secured opportunities altogether out of proportion to her experience.

Moulton and Janet were in love. They were always together. And he gave her that practical help and that urging hand upon her elbow which eventually resulted in her greatest rôle as *Diane* in "Seventh Heaven." From then on she was safely embarked on her chosen career—and she no longer needed a man's guiding shadow. But Janet Gaynor, who counts time by heart-throbs, undeniably owes her fame to the absorbing devotion of these two men.

Ruth Chatterton's debt to Henry Miller is historical. An unknown in New York, living scantily with her mother on ten dollars a week and less, opportunity eluded her. There was no forecast of the future greatness that Fame held in store for her. Disappointment and disparagement met her on every hand. Then Henry Miller talked to

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her over the telephone in answer to her application for a rôle in one of his shows—he heard that matchless vibrant voice, and he promptly told her to report for rehearsal.

From then on, her climb was steady. She was taught, guided, helped and loved by the master. Until she emerged the great Chatterton—linked with the *Open Sesame* of the Miller name. And when their relationship and understanding association came to an end, and Ruth Chatterton came to Hollywood to start anew—it was again a man who discovered her—and gave her her chance.

Jannings Fought for Ruth

EMIL JANNINGS, in search of an actress for a rôle in his "The Way of All Flesh," fought for her, pleaded for her, demanded her! And Ruth Chatterton and her clear-cut enunciation were the sensation of the studio. From then on, she was re-established. Compared to the resonance and beauty of her voice, the voices of the stars of the silent screen were spineless and flaccid. Again she emerged as the Great Chatterton. But in a new medium.

Even cyclonic Lupe Velez found her niche only through the machinations of a man—Richard Bennett, father of Joan and Constance. It happened that Bennett was seeking a violent, electric personality to play opposite him in a production of "The Dove." A friend of his saw the dynamo called Lupe cutting capers in a Mexico City cabaret and immediately wired Bennett of the find.

So she was brought to Hollywood, and while she was found too young for the lead in "The Dove," it wasn't long before the motion picture studios heard of her arrival, and Harry Rapf, now an executive of M-G-M, induced her to take a screen test.

And such were the results that after a few preliminary and inconsequential pictures, Douglas Fairbanks selected her for the feminine peril in "The Gaucho." And from then on, the Pride of Mexico became so important that even the best-entrenched stars eyed her with suspicion.

Clara Bow still maintains that the stubborn confidence of B. P. Schulberg, now with Paramount, in her latent talent was responsible for evolving out of a Brooklyn hoyden the famous "It" girl who entranced the world, and now is coming back again.

Norma's Husband Her Guide

AND as for Norma Shearer—few deny that the amazing Shearer vogue is a monument to the genius of her young husband, Irving Thalberg, M-G-M executive. She has developed from a somewhat pretty, somewhat colorless ingénue, into the arresting, sophisticated personality we see on the screen to-day. Her stories were selected with care; her casts were models for casting directors; her gowns and the stage mountings were perfection. Norma Shearer has one of the finest minds in Hollywood—but that is never enough to achieve stardom. Irving Thalberg imparted to her, through his very practical aid, an assurance that reflected itself in the emergence from the cocoon, of a very gorgeous butterfly indeed—the Shearer of to-day!

Gloria Swanson has her first three husbands to thank for her evolution into La Swanson. There was Wallace Beery, impersonator of raw-boned servant girls in the incubating days of the motion picture industry. He made it possible for Gloria to come to Hollywood—he gave her the security of a meal-ticket. That was a boost up step No. 1 on the ladder to fame.

Wealthy Herbert Somborn, her second husband, gave Gloria an air, a polish—the manner which made it possible for her later to achieve a French title. When their daughter Gloria was born, Hollywood said, "Here is a perfect marriage." It seemed that the future Marquise had climbed as far as one conceivably could from such obscure days as

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her first ones were. She had a definite place on the screen. Her home-life was rounded out with the birth of the child. Her social position was solid. But Gloria was a bit too grand. Her work lacked that spontaneity, that enthusiastic rendition, which is the hallmark of the unassailable artiste.

So Gloria Reached the Heights

SO HER third marriage—by its very grandeur—gave her simplicity. She had, indeed, become a great lady. And therefore, by its measure, a greater actress. As the wife of Marquis Henri de la Falaise et de la Coudraye, she achieved the pinnacle. One of those impregnable heights reserved for princesses and the Cabots of Boston.

Gloria's first three husbands were instrumental in detaching her from all mundane things. They left her free and untrammelled, free to know herself, to develop her intriguing characteristics and her distinctive talent—and to stand before the world finally as an extraordinary actress only by grace of self-training and self-study and by the comprehending indulgence of three husbands who made her growth possible.

Marlene Dietrich—the unknown German actress who was skyrocketed to fame through the directorial brilliance of Josef Von Sternberg—has been variously described as a *Trilby* to his *Svengali*, and as a lute on which his expert fingers improvised shining melodies. This is true—that the slumbrous Marlene's name would not be heralded on advertising posters or in laudatory newspaper and magazine articles if it were not for her discoverer. He found her an obscure bit-player while he was vacationing in Germany. He saw her promise. He brought her to Hollywood. And to-day she is the greatest example of supremacy achieved—due to the guiding shadow of a man.

Frank Believed in Barbara

HOLLYWOOD speaks with awe of the slavish devotion between Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, her husband. She is a great actress—yet at a word from Frank she would chuck her fame, her prospects, her vast salary, her unassailable position as a star—all of it, if it would make him happy. It has never been a question of sacrifice between them—rather an attuning to each other, which would make an abandonment of the screen by Stanwyck understandable—and which illumines her beginning!

Fay was a comedian of note in the theatre when he met the little novice—who was then a cabaret dancer named Ruby Stevens. And after they were married and came to Hollywood, it was still Frank's name that commanded attention at the studios. Barbara had made a picture with Rod LaRoque. It was so bad that it almost wrote "Finis" to her career. Other tests made by her also failed.

Frank, knowing Barbara, realized that failure meant irreparable injury to that proud spirit of hers. So he went to Harry Cohn of Columbia and offered to pay her salary secretly if the producer would give her another chance. (Barbara didn't know of this.) But it wasn't until she was cast in "Ladies of Leisure" that she emerged as a great emotional actress. And that rôle was hers only because Frank had private tests taken of Barbara and through them had convinced Frank Capra, the director, that she was of star calibre. From then on her success was assured—but without Frank Fay it is very doubtful that Barbara Stanwyck would have arrived.

Still another man casting his very helpful shadow athwart a coming star!

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The Girl Who Wouldn't Be Like Garbo

(*Continued from page 47*)

Tala, now, doesn't like to talk about it. She says, "I dislike using it for publicity." And it was only when I told her that if she makes a mystery of it, she is apt to get more, rather than less, publicity about it, that she consented to tell me all that she did.

Born in Roumania

TALA was born in Bucharest, Roumania, and lived there, on a large and comfortable estate, until she was seven years old. She was the youngest of five children. There was a brother two or three years her senior, and there were three older sisters. The only shadow over her first seven years was caused by the gradual elimination of one after the other of the sisters and then her brother, when school claimed them. When it came her brother's time to go, and her sole remaining and most beloved playmate was taken from her, she followed him to school on his first day and made a most awful scene. So awful that the shame-faced lad declared he didn't know who she was, but that she most certainly was *not* his sister!

Outside of which those first seven years of Tala's life were very happy ones. The five small Bierls ran free and wild within their own domain. They were sufficient unto themselves. They needed and they had no other companionships. But they did have all sorts of gymnastic apparatus and loads of books, and there was love and comfort and security all about them. Their father's business was oil, and oil seemed to gush plentifully from the good earth to fulfill all their wants and whims.

During summer vacations, the small Tala went to her uncle's estate in Poland. This uncle, the husband of her mother's sister, was also a scion of the royal blood of Poland and so vast was his domain that Tala could spend the entire day on horseback and never leave the ancestral grounds at all. There, Tala learned about agriculture, about the rotation of crops, and sowings and reapings and the triumphs and the tragedies of farming. She thought, then, that when she grew up she would be an agriculturist and always be close to the soil . . .

On days when she was not riding with her uncle, she visited the peasantry with her aunt. She learned, there, the problems of simple folk. She came to know how they live and what their dreams are about. On that estate in far-off Poland, she came very close to primitive living conditions, and to the long patience and hardy sacrifice of peasants. She has never got very far from things like these . . .

Almost Starved During War

THEN came the War—and the end of their little world for the young Bierls. They knew the terror of air-raids. They were forced to abandon their beautiful home in which Tala had been born, where all her small life had been lived. And they could take with them, of all their vast accumulated possessions of the years, only one trunk. Oh, the time that was—to decide what was most precious of all, what to take and what to leave behind! Tala still remembers her mother's white, strained face, her reluctant hands, sorting, taking out, putting in again.

Tala, herself, had a little doll that she wanted to take. She wanted it terribly. It couldn't go. When the family goods of seven people must be stowed into one trunk, there is no space for a child's doll. There, in that moment, Tala learned the meanings of grief and sacrifice and loss and compulsory desertion of a beloved object. Many and vital are the lessons this girl has learned in the space of her twenty-three years!

The Bierls went to Berlin. They had no money, and nothing they could sell. M. Bierl had to look for a job and he wasn't accustomed to asking favors, but to conferring them. And no favors were given. The children were hungry and ill-clad. They lived on the bread tickets allotted to them, and on turnips. To this day, Tala told me, she cannot see a turnip without a fearful revulsion in her tummy. At night, their mother would make up for them the sandwich apiece they were to take to school the next day. And often, Tala tells me, she would steal out of bed in the dark of night and down to the cheerless, barren kitchen to eat her sandwich. She simply couldn't wait. The result was that she had to go even hungrier the next day. She knew the ignominy of gathering crumbs from the sandwiches of other girls . . .

Has Never Been in Love

DESPITE all this, Tala looks back on her childhood with regret that those days are gone. She hated to finish school. In school, she felt protected, cared for. When the doors of the school closed behind her for the last time, she knew that she was on her own, that she must make her own living, battle the world. She felt frightened and unprepared. Compared to the American girl of to-day, she was singularly innocent. Her life had been circumscribed by the circle of her family. She had never played with boys. She didn't like boys, at close hand. Now and then she had a distant crush on some dark lad who passed her window; she dreamed vague dreams and then forgot them. *She has never been in love.*

Shortly before her school days were over, Tala realized what it was she wanted to be—an actress. She can't remember just how this desire came to her. No one in the family, of course, had ever been on the stage. But she suddenly knew that she loved to go to the theatre, she loved to hear theatre-talk. She wanted to be on the stage.

She had studied voice with Nietta Schubert, a noted singing teacher of Vienna, and she heard talk here and there of parts to be filled. The first one she applied for was refused her. She tried again and again and finally was given a bit in "Madame Pompadour." Max Reinhardt saw the production and signed her immediately for the lead in "Es Liegt in der Luft" in Berlin. Her success was as immediate as Max Reinhardt's decision, and she was rated as a star, with offers to consider. Her name was now Tala Birell, not Natalie Bierl.

Her first picture was with British International, under the direction of E. A. Dupont, who made the famed "Variety." It was called "Cape Forlorn." And her next seven-league-boot step was to America to play in the German version of "The Boudoir Diplomat," for Universal. By the time she had finished it, the Laemmles knew they had a real "find" and promptly signed her to a long contract.

And now Tala is a Hollywoodian, with a home in the Hollywood Hills, and with her sister and inseparable companion, Gabriella, with her. And with her second American picture now in preparation. Tala loved her rôle of the peasant woman in "The Doomed Battalion," because it took her back, in spirit, to her uncle's estate in Poland, and to the feel of the soil and the peasantry and the clean and unstifled emotions of earthy things. And because she didn't have to be "a fashion model and look sirenish."

Tala is naturally blonde. She is five feet

five inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She dresses, simply, in sports clothes and is less theatrical than any actress, Continental or American, I can think of at this writing. She speaks German, French, Austrian, Roumanian, Polish, Czecho-Slovakian and English fluently. She is a talented musician. She loves gardening and takes a two-hour walk every day in sunshine or in rain, with her sister. I warned her that walking in the rain was Garbo-like and she wrinkled her nose, but declared that, nevertheless, she could not give up her walks. She reads constantly—with Galsworthy, Oscar Wilde and Knut ("Growth of the Soil") Hamsun—her favorite authors.

She saw Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and sat through the picture three times. When she saw Helen Hayes, she told me, all other actresses were swept off the screen, so far as she is concerned. She admires Miss Hayes with a passionate and profound admiration. Here is Art. Here are fifty women rolled into one. If she were to copy the work of anyone on the screen, here is her model. But she will not copy anyone.

Among the men she admires Ronald Colman and, especially, Leslie Howard.

Her intimates call her "Talusha"—and very few give her that name. For Tala is reserved, not easily given to intimacies nor to enthusiasms, slow to give her friendship, slower to give her love.

She believes that love and marriage are sacred things and she cannot understand the glib and transient manner with which such precious matters are handled in Hollywood. It takes time, Tala says, to fall in love, to perfect and mature and *be certain* of your love. There is only one human being for every other human being, and one must be very careful, very sure to recognize that single mate. When he comes for her—and he may, of course, at any hour of any day—then Tala would willingly give up her career for the more vital career of marriage and of motherhood.

A serious young person, this girl with the memorable past, this daughter of the royal blood of Poland. The intelligence and the sensitiveness of the aristocrat is in her veins—and also the peasant's love for the soil. This is the woman who would not be like the Garbo of to-day. This is the girl who was Nominated for Stardom in the May MOTION PICTURE!

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Did You Know That Sally Eilers is a "Mother"?

(Continued from page 64)

modern little lady, her school training had allowed her considerable freedom. It was, indeed, a serious responsibility Sally had assumed.

Child Tested Her Out

DURING the first months, there were numerous differences of opinion and occasional rifts in the home-life of Mother Eilers and Daughter Lois. The child seemed determined at times to see just how far she might go without parental restraint. It was not that Lois was a particularly disobedient child. She was simply intentionally testing, as all children do, the limits to which she could go.

In struggling to restrain Lois, Sally imagined that the little girl resented being dictated to by a person not so very much older than she. Sally then had two complexes—her own age and the onus attributed to a step-parent. Yet she wisely refrained from enlisting the aid of Lois' father. Hoot's intervention would have done little more than postpone the issue.

Sally's friends report a sudden and intense interest on her part in discussing proper methods of raising children. She is a very straightforward sort of person, but she regarded her problem as a strictly personal matter. What occurred between her and Lois was held inviolate. Her friends never definitely knew details. All they knew was that Sally constantly led conversations into the channels of child welfare and listened avidly to learn what she could from real mothers.

There is no doubt that the rôle of Mother Eilers is the most difficult Sally has ever played. But Sally apparently does not know the meaning of surrender, as her five-year fight for screen fame will attest. When she has a problem to solve, she does not stop short of the solution. One look at the determination expressed in the shape of her chin should tell you that.

Sally Saw the Joke, Too

THEN, suddenly, Sally found that Lois had a sense of humor.

Lois had been told that she could not do something or other. She persisted in doing it. In vain, Sally attempted to reason with the child. She threatened mild punishments, if the disobedience continued; and finally, at her wit's end, promised a whipping. Lois had never felt the weight of her stepmother's hand and the threat of a spanking was a last resort.

In again disobeying, Lois forced the issue. Sally steeled herself and marched resolutely to the closet. She hoped to find a soft slipper, one that would not hurt too much. But there was no slipper to be found. She could not waste time searching for one and, in desperation, she grabbed the first thing at hand—a coat-hanger.

Holding the weapon somewhat gingerly, she approached Lois. Doubtless she made a comic sight and Lois, unable to control her sense of humor, burst out laughing. Pointing to the coat-hanger, she asked, "You're not going to hit me with that thing, are you?"

Sally caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror. Then she, too, joined in the laughter. She threw her arms about the child and together they rolled on the bed, nearly hysterical with mirth. Forgotten was Lois' minor disobedience. They were just two girls giggling as only two girls can.

Hostilities between them ended that afternoon. True, Lois has not always been strictly obedient since. What child of six or seven or eight is? But Sally has had no trouble in controlling her through the child's newly-discovered sense of humor. To-day they are just two pals—simply mother and daughter—with no "step" between them, though Lois calls Sally "Mimi," instead of "mother," as being a younger word.

Stick-to-It-Ive Sally

THIS story of Sally's triumph gives a keen insight into the fundamentals of her personality. It is indicative of her fighting spirit—a spirit that has triumphed over other similarly difficult adversities.

Why Sally Eilers was so long in reaching the screen pinnacles that she has recently attained is one of the mysteries of Hollywood. There have been a number of occasions during the five years she has been in pictures when it seemed that success was just around the corner. Yet the corner was not turned until "Bad Girl."

Numerous people had loudly stated their belief in the Eilers gal. She was a Wampas Baby Star in 1928. Mack Sennett "discovered" her with much ado of publicity. Finally, no less of a beauty expert than Florenz Ziegfeld called her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

Still Sally failed to "get there." She played an innocuous ingénue in a picture every now and then and eventually became Hoot Gibson's leading lady in a Western.

Hoot was frequently seen escorting Sally about town and reports concerning their budding romance were heard. Sally is one of those girls who are always being reported engaged to someone or other, so Hollywood paid them little heed. Then a definite wedding date was announced and Sally's friends became alarmed.

Several attempted to convince her that a marriage would be suicidal to her career. It was permissible to be engaged or even to marry after one was established, but for up-and-coming ingénues—oh, no.

"Up-and-coming, your eye," Sally answered. "I've been 'up-and-coming' so long, I don't believe I'll ever get anywhere. I'm going to be married and if that will ruin my chances, it will just have to ruin them."

Almost Didn't Marry the Man

SALLY is like that. Once she is sure that she is right, she will go through with anything. Her mind was definitely made up. Love was to be preferred to a doubtful career, all her friends to the contrary. Her determination to marry Hoot wavered only once.

They had gone to his mountain ranch to spend a week-end, chaperoned by two married couples. The week-end lengthened to twenty days when they were snowed in. Unable to leave the cabin, both of the married pairs sickened of constant enforced association with each other and the husbands and wives quarreled violently and continually. Such demonstrations of connubial bliss caused Sally and Hoot to pause momentarily in consideration of their own intentions. If this was marriage, they wanted none of it.

Toward the end of the twenty-day hibernation, Sally and Hoot attempted to make a break for freedom. Saddling two of their best horses, they bucked the heavy snowfall. But the drifts were too deep and Hoot's horse floundered and fell down.

There wasn't much Sally could do and, as she sat looking at the snow-covered landscape, she murmured drowsily, "Oh, Hoot, it's so beautiful. The snow, I mean. All violet and golden and coral and—"

Slap. The flat of Hoot's hand landed on her cheek. Sally was furious. So this was



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the man she had planned to marry? A brute, that's what he was! Slapping defenseless girls. She should have known all men were beasts. No wonder those poor wives had quarreled with their husbands. The husbands probably beat them, too. But no wedding bells for Sally. The engagement was off.

While Sally raged, Hoot got his horse up and they started back to the cabin. There Hoot explained his action. Sally was slowly freezing on her feet. Making her mad saved her life. To-day there is a little white place on the end of Sally's nose upon which powder will not stay. It is a constant reminder of the time she nearly froze to death.

With the exception of this single incident, Sally's determination to marry the man of her choice never deviated. She preferred personal happiness to success on the screen.

Successful, Too, as Mrs. Hoot

AS THINGS turned out, she was destined to have both. A part in "Quick Millions" led to a contract with Fox and after playing in "The Black Camel," she won the coveted rôle in "Bad Girl." The new romantic team of Sally Eilers and James Dunn was born, and the rest is history.

She has been equally successful as Mrs. Hoot Gibson. Whether it fits into your conception of her or not, she is a most competent little housewife. Very early in their life together, she surprised Hoot by preparing the evening meal on the servant's day out. It was an elaborate meal featuring broiled squabs, cooked to a king's taste, and a cake. She worked hard getting everything ready, but dinner over, Hoot refused to believe she had cooked it, herself. His disbelief led to their first spat.

There is really only one rift in their happiness. Sally is an incorrigible practical joker. She was once guilty of a series of telephone gags that nearly resulted in the telephone company's removing the instrument. Hoot must constantly be on guard against his wife's joking proclivities. If the fun gets too rough, he retaliates by smoking villainous-looking black cigars. Sally doesn't like to have him smoke cigars and it is therefore his only method of getting even.

To-day Sally's life might be said to be divided into three equal halves. Mathematically, such a thing is impossible, yet this is how it works:

She is half of the movie team of Sally Eilers and James Dunn.

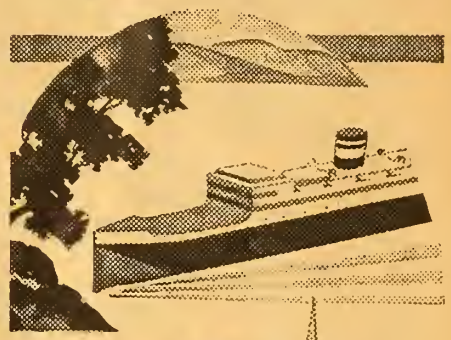
She is half of the matrimonial team of Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson.

Finally, she is half of the maternal team of Mother Eilers and Daughter Lois. And she is equally and deservedly happy in all three co-starring engagements.



Like most small boys who live in houses with backyards, Jackie Cooper has a "shanty." And his Mom lets him raise rabbits!

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 81*)

MINNA GOMBELL got a wire from the Associated Press the other day, marked with the symbol that means Rush Ahead Of All Other Matter. "Please verify your engagement to San Diego banker," it read. "There's nothing to it except a nice friendship," said Minna—but she blushed, actually turned red like a schoolgirl! We didn't know there were any blushes left in Hollywood. Minna admits she has been married unhappily twice. Perhaps that's why she's hesitating now.

BEFORE George Arliss left for England for a vacation, a feminine writer went to interview him. After their talk, he saw her to the elevator. But she drew back, paling. "I'm sorry to have to admit it," she said, "but I'm afraid of these automatic elevators. I'm going to walk downstairs. I walked up."

"But my dear young lady!" remonstrated George. "It's nine flights!"

BACKSLAPPERS, AHOY!



Mary Doran has a gown designed to tempt people to pat her on the back, and who can resist after seeing her in "Miss Pinkerton"?

She still affirmed her intention to descend on foot.

He sighed, waved her into the elevator, and followed her in. "I see I must demonstrate," he remarked. The elevator went down—and up again. For ten minutes, George Arliss ran it from top to bottom of the apartment house and back again, occasionally turning to raise an ironic eyebrow at the abashed writer.

RUTH WESTON seems to be one of the ladies who consider comical Charles Butterworth in romantic light. We were calling on Ruth the other evening, when the 'phone rang. Ruth, answering, said, "Certainly, bring him. No, I don't mind at all. What does he like for dinner?" She explained, returning, "Charles wants to bring his new Sealyham puppy to dinner." A few moments later Mr. Butterworth arrived, in immaculate evening attire, puppy under his arm, and carrying two gorgeous pink roses, which he presented to Ruth with a bow.

"Oh, Charles," said Ruth, touched, "did you buy these for me? How sweet!"

"Not at all," said Butterworth, with his blankest stare, "not at all. Don't thank me. I picked them off the bush just outside your door here."

SINCE he is a bachelor and much younger than his characterizations would lead one to suppose, many gorgeous Hollywood ladies smile on Butterworth. He saw one of them home the other evening from a party in his apartment, wearing a dinner jacket and red-knit bedroom slippers, and still she raved about him! He's in the new Chevalier opus, "Love Me Tonight," as is that other clown, Charlie Ruggles.

WILL Sari Maritza, the "second Dietrich" whom Paramount has under contract, ever appear in a picture? She has been here months, without starting one. Which caused Jack Oakie to wisecrack: "Ha! You can't fool me! That Maritza gal is just Carman Barnes revamped, redecorated, and put back into circulation!" Meanwhile Carman, who was discovered in the studio writing department and was publicized as a coming overnight star, yet never appeared before the camera, is on the stage in ingénue rôles.

Sari Maritza's unusual name was derived from two of the Viennese operettas of Emmerich Kalman—"Sari" and "Countess Maritza." Her real name is Patricia Detering-Nathan.

But the studio announces that Sari *is* to be a star (particularly now that Dietrich has rebelled), and her first picture is likely to be "The Forgotten Commandments" the talkie version of "The Ten Commandments."

GEORGE RAFT, the sleek-haired Valentino-like villain of "Scarface" and "Dancers in the Dark," is going places with Peanuts Byron, one of the cuties in "The Tenderfoot." George is a night owl from Broadway and boasts a "secretary" or bodyguard or something who studies all interviewers. Thirteen years ago, George and Valentino were working together—dancing in a New York café, with women who gladly paid for the privilege.

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S home was visited the other night by a burglar. Her mother was awakened by a slight sound and saw the dim figure of a man against the hall doorway. Her shriek awakened Jeanette, who rushed to the window in time to see a shadowy shape hotfooting it across the lawn with a peculiar gait. This gait was explained the next morning when they found the burglar's *shoes*—a small, neat, fairly expensive pair—in the lower hall. We are disappointed. It was Jeanette's cue to sing to the burglar, and she acted exactly like a girl, instead of a siren!

ELISSA LANDI'S fourth novel, "House for Sale," is just out and she is working on another one now. Why doesn't she write the story of her life, which would be more thrilling than any plot she could make up? Born under the shadow of a throne, she has had amazing experiences. Her life has been in danger from international plotters. Once she and her brother were almost kidnaped.

WHEN an artist sued Tom Mix recently for thirty-five hundred dollars for a painting of himself, Tom laughed loud and long. "The only thing worth that much money in the world is a good hoss," said Tom, "and you don't have to pay thirty-five hundred for a good hoss, either. Tony cost me twelve dollars and fifty cents."

IT IS said that Paul Lukas didn't take the sale of his contract by Paramount to Universal very kindly, and did considerable sulking. But perhaps in the four years the contract has to run, Universal will do more for Paul than Paramount has done. That frequently happens. Look at the way Bette Davis has bloomed since she changed studios.

WHEN celebrities come to Hollywood, the movie stars become just fans. The celebs, whether Russian Grand Duchesses or authors or Vice Presidents, are fêted and entertained. But there is one celebrity in town now, whom nobody sees except by buying a ticket to "The Merchant of Venice" at the theatre. On the opening night the front rows were filled with the socially elect of filmdom, there to do honor to Maude Adams. There were George Arliss and the Barrymores, and the rest.

When Maude Adams makes her exit, she vanishes into thin air, so far as Hollywood knows. But there she was the other morning—a small humble figure—quietly walking along our Boulevard, buying an orange drink at a stand, looking into windows—and there was the latest movie queen flashing by in her glittering imported sports car. . . .

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